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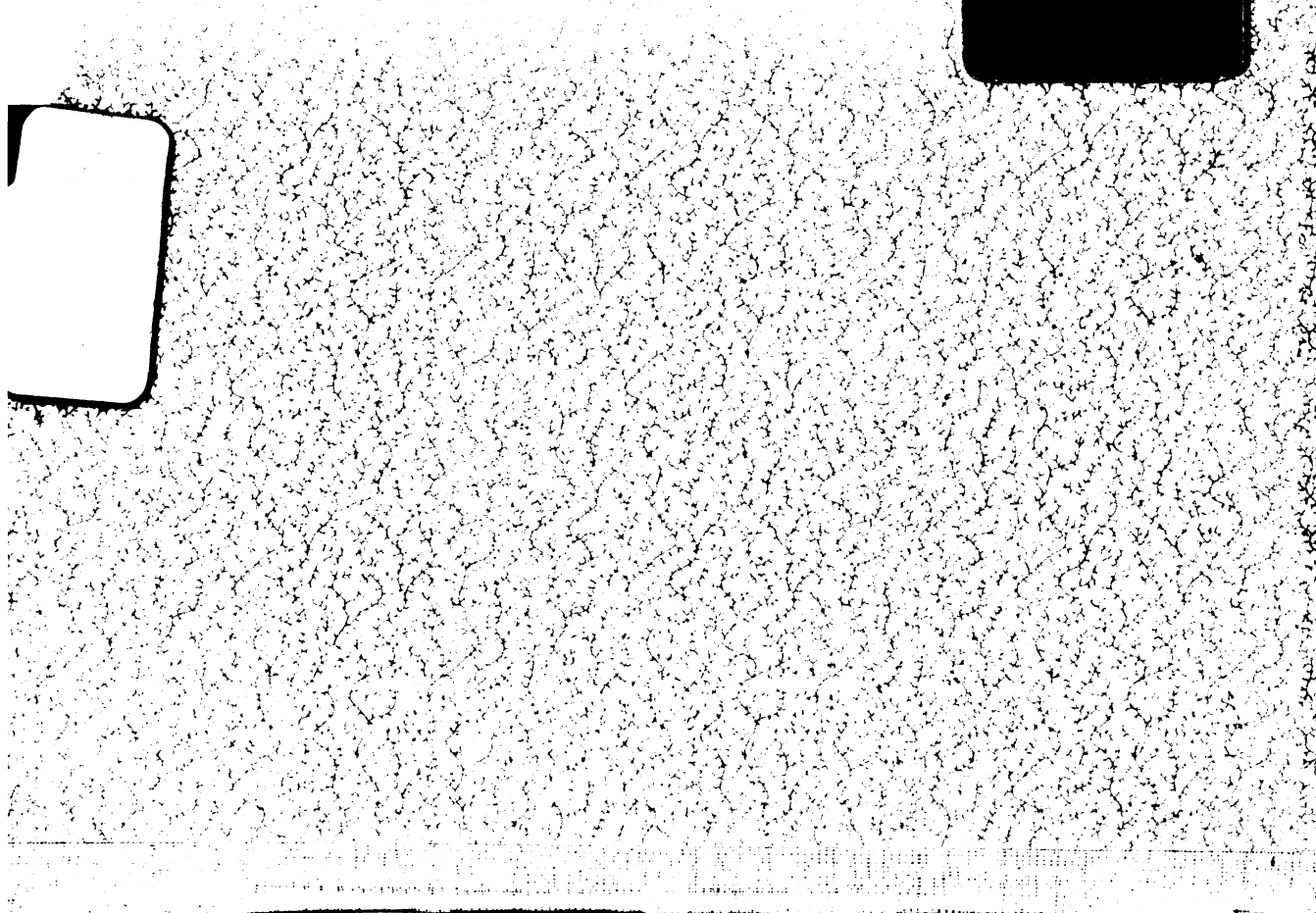
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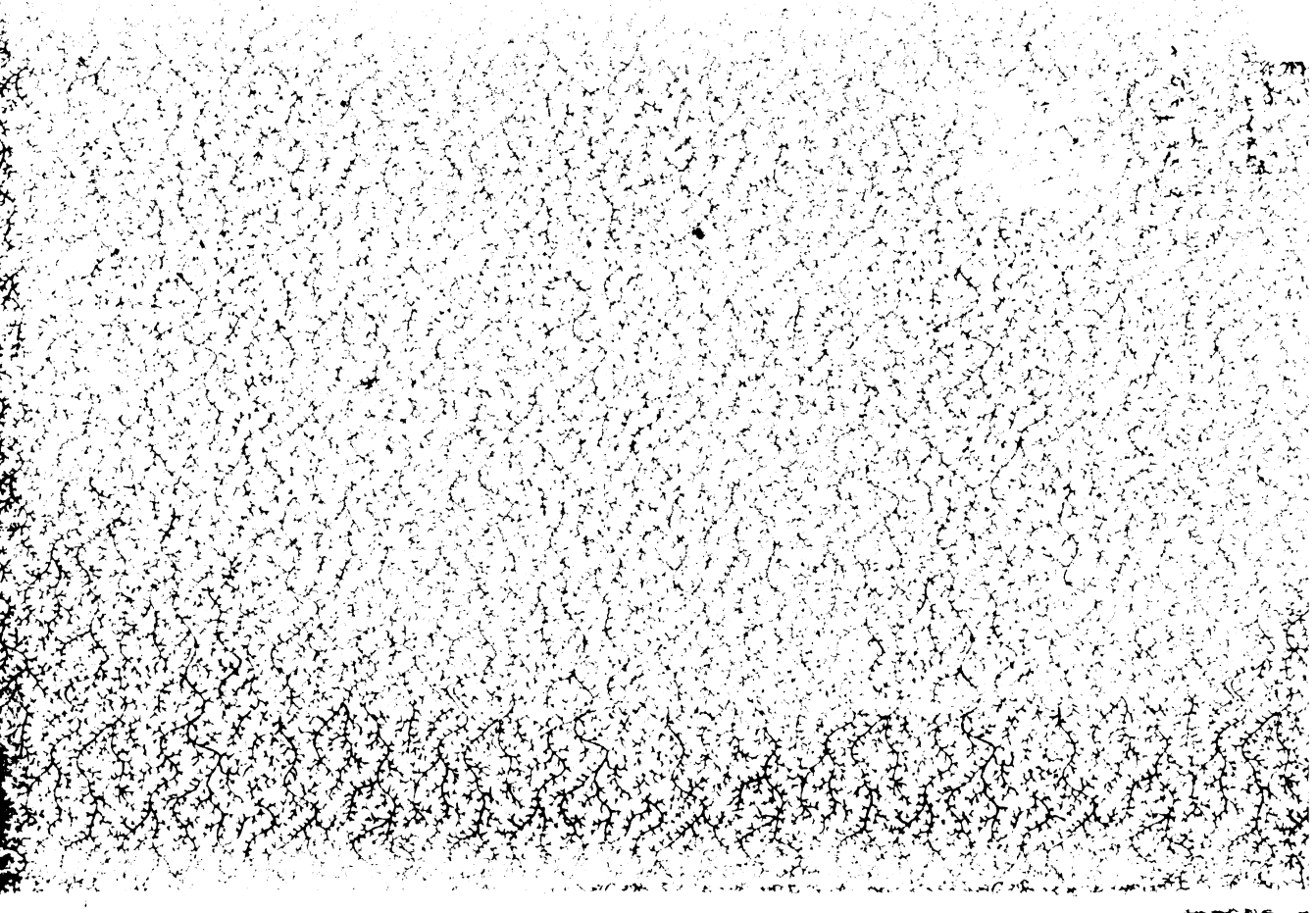
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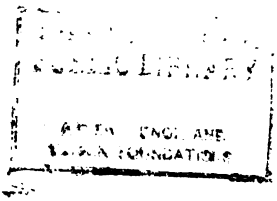
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NEW ENGLAND



Mountain Climbing. (See page 91)

A TRIP TO EUROPE

AND

FACTS GLEANED ON THE WAY

Observations, Narratives and General Notes of Travel as Viewed and Given by a Primitive Pennsylvania Farmer. Also a Collection of Numerous Interesting Facts Relative to the Places and Countries Visited

WITH TWENTY-SIX ILLUSTRATIONS

AND

A COMPLETE MAP OF GERMANY

By Jonathan B. Fisher

Much of This Matter Pertains to Life Throughout the Remote Parts of Europe, Usually not Accounted by Travelers

1911

J. C. MILLER, Printer, Sugarcreek, Ohio

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Dedication.

To the readers of my articles contributed for the several papers while on my trip abroad, and to those who so earnestly solicited and so kindly encouraged me in executing this work, this book is affectionately dedicated.

Dedicated expressly for the above by the author himself.

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TYPE COMPOSITION AND PRESS WORK
BY J. C. MILLER PRINTING HOUSE, SUGARCREEK, OHIO

PREFACE.

During the summer of 1908, my desire was at last gratified, in that I was able to leave on my previously proposed European trip. This intended trip had been stirring my mind for a number of years previous to my departure. On different occasions I made partial arrangements to leave, but it seemed there were always obstacles in the way.

At last, on a bright and starry September evening, I had my luggage all packed and boarded an eastbound train, which sped along at a rapid gait for New York city. I must admit I felt a sort of a heavy lump in my throat, which was rather hard to remove, as I thought of the friendly, familiar faces and the dear parents, brothers and sisters, whom I was leaving behind, and facing a land beyond the wide sea, where not a single soul was personally familiar to me.

It was with a two-fold sadness I left home on this identical evening. Two of my nephews, bright little boys, two and three years of age, were lying in their death shrouds; both died the same day and were laid side by side in one coffin. To many it may seem strange to leave under such circumstances, but I had previously purchased my passage ticket, so I was obliged to either lose the cost of the ticket or go before the day of the funeral, and the latter was chosen.

From youth I had a yearning to see the "old country," but at that time I scarcely dreamt that this yearning would at some time in the future become a realization. As I attained manhood the desire became greater and greater and it gradually formed, clung and developed in my mind so much that at last I could not resist any longer. Consequently I set out on my little expedition. Expedition act-

ually is an appropriate name for it, as the route, as previously planned, was to be made in exactly three months. In this I was somewhat frustrated, as I was detained by sickness and on different instances extended the route somewhat. At all events, I made the trip in four months and one week, covering six different countries and traveling nearly 12000 miles on steamship and rail alone.

In all this time many private letters were answered, besides contributing regular articles for several papers, and keeping the arrangement of travel in order. All this kept me excessively busy. One should, for deriving the most benefit, travel more leisurely. I admit, my nerves were sometimes almost unstrung; nevertheless, I do not in the least regret the trip; I rather feel sorry my time was so limited, and that I was in consequence thereof compelled to travel so fast. In being so urged and "pushed" one will, however, learn to keep his wits and senses together and will undoubtedly experience and note more than when his time is more at leisure.

Traveling alone also has its beneficial feature and points. While traveling alone one naturally will mingle with his fellow passengers to a greater extent than when he has some cheerful companion to accompany him. When the latter is the case one would of course be conducting a conversation, but very likely of things you have seen or review the many incidents which you experienced, while on the other hand, when one travels alone he is more readily noticed by fellow passengers, who frequently open a conversation with you. With every one you come in contact and associate with, you are sure to glean or learn something; that is, providing you are at all sociable and try to make yourself agreeable to them. Many points or notes contained on the pages of this book were thus obtained.

Previous to my departure the suggestion was made by friends that I write a book of my travels. I gave the sug-

gestion thought, and well it was I did, for many an item contained between the covers of this book would likely never have been noted if I had not previously considered the project. Some of the items herein contained, may, to a number of my readers, not be worthy of their consideration. I admit, that if I had to do it over, I would omit some of them and add others in their stead.

This "book-making" is no easy task. As stated in another article, it is not the writing that makes the work so tedious, it is the collecting of items, notes, etc., which takes up the time. Then, too, the separating and deciding which ones or in what style, or where they are to be placed so as to make it interesting and distinctly understood by the supposed average readers, is the greatest hinderance of all. Different articles in this book, I acknowledge, will be found rather indifferent reading matter for many, while to others these same articles, I feel assured, will prove to be intensely interesting.

It was my aim to furnish at least some material for those interested in travel and sights abroad, for people of all conditions and walks of life. However, the main substance is for those of the middle class. At all events, I hope there are none who can not find at least something of interest to them.

Some of the facts and contents which constitute various articles have been gleaned from ordinary guides of travel, old records, city guides, etc., consequently, if any mistakes have unwillingly occurred—which may have happened—I will not vouch for same. In several instances the encyclopedias were resorted to. Much valuable information has also been taken from a large German school book donated to me by friends abroad.

The "Strassburg Legend" was taken from "The Hand Book of Legendary and Mythological Art." The poem on "Strassburg's Clock" has been selected from a number of poems contained in another book.. It has, however,

been somewhat revised to more properly fit the occasion.

In addition I will say, I gratefully acknowledge the indebtedness to several parties who assisted me in this work. I especially wish to thank David M. Wenger, formerly of New Holland, Pa., for assisting me in revising the proof copy of a number of the chapters; Dr. S. H. Metzger, Lancaster, Pa., for advice and suggestions conferred to me; J. C. Miller, formerly of the Budget Printing Company, for criticisms and also furnishing suggestions. The late Dr. Kieffer, deceased, of the Franklin and Marshall College, also gave me much valuable assistance in helping to gather certain desired information and in kindly granting me the frequent use of the College's library.

I trust that those who have been so long in waiting for the product of my pen may have patience with me for not getting it completed any sooner, and that they may feel recompensed for their waiting in the additional accounts that have been added from what was at first stated.

As this is my first attempt in book-making, I earnestly entreat every one of my readers not to be too severe on me. I humbly ask your pardon wherever occasion calls for or requires it. To critics I will say: Take out the best and leave the rest.

To those who may feel inclined to rather praise my work, I say: Give honor to whom honor is due. Honor, if there be any, it belongs to the same God who so safely guided me through all my voyage and delivered me from the several narrow escapes in incidents that transpired while abroad. With these closing remarks, I now sincerely leave and submit this to the use of my fellow beings.

THE AUTHOR.

New Holland, Pa., April, 29, 1911.

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Part First.

A Trip to Europe, and Facts Gleaned on the way.

CHAPTER I.

The Departure.

Arriving in New York city early one morning, in the fall of 1908, I soon boarded the good ship Adriatic, which was to be my home over the vast, boundless ocean, until we could step on European soil.

I had the satisfaction of boarding the huge vessel sometime before the hour of departure and watch the surging mass of humanity come on board. Such farewells! Some were cheering, others shedding tears and crying bitterly, showing the sad parting of friends, probably brothers and sisters or sons and daughters, who never expected to see each other's faces again. Then there were also groups standing around, mostly well-to-do people, who came to see some friend off on a tour to the continent.

Last, but not least, were the cries and shouts of the men tugging the mass of baggage on board.

Promptly at 9:00, a. m., the hour set for the departure, the "big house," as it seemed, became alive and slowly moved away from shore and out of the harbor. Such bye-byes and waving of handkerchiefs!

I felt as though I was all alone among a vast mass of humanity, and many serious thoughts passed through my mind, but these soon vanished and I began to feel more comfortable; I soon found out that there were many more on board, traveling like myself, all alone, and these, too, were only too glad to form an acquaintance. One can always form acquaintances while traveling, but I assure you it is nowhere easier than on board ship. Traveling on water is very different from traveling on land; being together so much you soon become attached to each other and feel as though you were among your neighbors. Everyone on board seems to have a desire to get acquainted with fellow passengers, which acquaintance oftimes becomes so intimate that when the hour of disembarking comes you leave the ship with reluctance, although one is glad again to step on "solid footing," after so long a jostling motion.

I was so fortunate as to form an acquaintance with the valet of J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr., the rich millionaire, and renowned railroad man of New York city. This rich banker was on his way to his London home. The valet showed me a photograph of the residence and related quite a number of details concerning it. It is an old mansion, seventeen miles out of the city of London, located on a big tract of woodland where all kinds of game abound.

The Mighty Ocean.

One would think it very monotonous on water for a whole week, without seeing land; but not at all; a person will not tire of it. The ocean is a mighty work of God to behold. It seems to the eye you were all the time "going

up hill," or in other words, looking out a distance, the ocean looks like a gradually rising slope, or mountain, while the white crests at a distance resemble so many white buildings, peeping out of the tree tops, with the trees all the while swinging from one side to the other, the white buildings appearing and disappearing all the time. Of course different persons have different ways of describing it. Indeed it is hardly to be described.

It is stated that the surface of the sea, observed from a balloon above it, at a considerable elevation, resembles the inside of a huge hollow hemisphere. While this appearance is merely an optic illusion, there is still a real peculiarity of the ocean's surface that makes the ship's course not altogether a level progression, and requires the vessel, in effect, to "climb up hill," for at least a portion of the voyage across the ocean. The attraction or "pull" of the sun and moon, in production of the tides, considerably elevates the surface of the ocean and causes a greater height of the sea level at the point where this attraction is strongest. If this tidal elevation is ahead of the ship, she is really, as well as apparently, "climbing up hill." If behind the vessel, she is going "down hill," despite the illusive heights of water that apparently lie before her. This real elevation of the surface of the deep sea varies in the different oceans. In the Pacific it is only from two to three feet, while in the Atlantic ocean it is from nine to twelve.

The first evening on board ship I beheld a most beautiful sight, watching the sun, as it were, sink into the sea, when half disappeared it resembled a big mass of a bright, lightish red color, swimming on top of the water, about two miles in the distance. The spectacle was indescribably pretty.

We passed over the Libbey and Sigsbee deeps; the latter named after Captain Sigsbee, of the ill-fated U. S. Battleship, Maine; also over the Sulm deep. These

"deeps" measure over 3,000 fathoms. The greatest ocean depth known was discovered by the U. S. cable ship, Nero, in 1900, near the island of Guam, where a depth of 5,269 fathoms, or equal to nearly six miles, was discovered.

The principal maritime nations of the world are all the time engaged in sounding the oceans' depths, and new facts are frequently discovered. Occasionally we passed a shoal of porpoises, a peculiar sort of fish. They dart right out of the water and take a leap of about ten feet above the surface.

By the route the transatlantic steamers take, at the season of the year I made my trip across, they touch the Newfoundland shores within several hundred miles. During spring and early summer they take a more southerly course on account of the ice-bergs. A vast expanse of shoal or shallow water is passed over, which is only thirty fathoms (180 ft.) in average depth; there are many places where it is much less. In shallow water the surface of the sea is very calm or smooth, save for the tiny ripples caused by the breeze, although in a high gale they become very large. Frequently shoals of fish are sighted; these are noticeable by the peculiar ripples of the water, immediately above the shoal of fish, as they swim along. Fishing vessels come out from Newfoundland to fish on these shallows. This vast expanse of shallow water extends 330 miles south from Newfoundland. On either side of this shoal the water deepens abruptly to thousands of fathoms.

In the vicinity of these shoals ships generally encounter heavy fogs. The princinpal cause of these fogs is the mingling of the waters of two strong ocean currents—one coming from the tropics and the other from the frozen north. These two currents coming together, the one from the north being ice cold, while the one from the south being very warm, causes an inevitable cold, damp and disagreeable fog. While crossing it the fog horn was blown every minute, as a warning to approaching vessels.

Passing Time on Board Ship.

We had exceptionally good sailing on our outgoing trip, with the exception of the fourth and fifth days being somewhat rough. You could walk on deck, but our good ship had somewhat of a swinging nature. At meal times the plates and saucers, and especially the apples and oranges that were served, began to have a very lifelike aspect, moving about on the table, if no care was taken. A few on board felt the effects of seasickness; however, on this trip I managed to escape this dreaded disease.

Shortly before leaving home, an old acquaintance of mine advised me using aromatic spirits of ammonia, and I found it very effective as a preventive. Should any of the readers ever happen to take a voyage, I advise them providing themselves with a small quantity of this simple drug.

A voyage on the ocean, on smooth sailing, is indeed one of the most delightful trips one can take, but in stormy weather, vice versa. If you wish to you can sit in the big library room, with which all modern passenger steamers are equipped. Here you can spend your time reading or writing, feeling as though you were at home at your own desk, save for the jostling motion of the writing desk. Then again by walking a few steps you will find yourself on deck and behold the mighty sea.

There are also many other places on board ship where you can pass the time—the companionway, a walk to the upper deck, a stroll to the galley (kitchen), your state room; also in some alleyway (passageway), and peep out the port hole. Then also, if you wish, you can take a walk along the gangway, or take a rest in the lounging-room and have a friendly chat with your fellow passengers.

On Sabbath morning we had services in the dining saloon (dining-room), conducted by the ship's second cabin assistant chief steward. This dining-room accommodates nearly 300 at one sitting, and extends the entire breadth of

the ship. We also had services in the evening, conducted by Geo. W. Verity, missionary to China, formerly from Appleton, Wis. This pleasing minister also gave a very interesting lecture on the country, and the characteristics of the Chinese people. He has charge of several schools at Tai an Fu, Shan Tung, China. Should anyone be interested in giving aid to the educating of these poor heathen, he will be glad to receive same.

One morning I took a stroll, or rather a climb, down into the tug-hole and watched the men firing the immense boilers, or passing the coal, as they call it. A dozen men are continuously passing the coal. Thirty-six to forty comprise the gang. They change off every watch of four hours. This is a very hot place and will soon cause the sweat to form on your brow. I could not leave the place without pitying the poor fellows who have to work continuously for four hours in succession.

On another day I was down to the very bottom of the ship, in company with Pierpont Morgan's valet, and another young man. We were previously granted a permit by the chief engineer. Here we saw the tremendous engines, which are working continuously, furnishing power to propel the ship. It is a twin-screw vessel, therefore they have two engines, one for each screw or propellor. A 160-foot solid steel coupled shaft, 20 inches in diameter, extends from each engine through the bow of the vessel, to the propellors outside, and at full speed makes about eighty-six revolutions per minute. The engines combined were 20,000 horse power. To run these tremendous engines it requires on an average 300 tons of coal for every twenty-four hours.

First Steamships Used for Ocean Travel.

To those who are not aware of the facts it may be interesting to give a description of the first steamships used for ocean travel. The first steam vessel to go to sea was

the Phoenix, a screw propellor, built by John Stevens, in Hoboken in 1806. She made the voyage from New York to Philadelphia in 1807 and was afterwards regularly employed to sail between the latter city and Trenton.

The first steam vessel built and designed to cross the ocean was the Savannah, launched at Corlears Hook, N. Y., in 1819. Her length was 99 feet, width 26 feet, depth of hold 14 feet. Her first trip across the ocean was made from Savannah to Liverpool and occupied 35 days, only 18 of which were under steam propulsion, her machinery proving unsatisfactory. The return trip was made under sail.

On April 23, 1838, the Sirus, a British steamship, came into New York harbor. The same day another British vessel, the Great Western, arrived in the harbor. This double arrival marked a new era in navigation and was appropriately celebrated. The Great Britain, built in 1845, was the first iron screw ocean-going steamship.

The Great Eastern, which was in her time one of the most famous of vessels, was launched in 1850. She was only recently surpassed in length by a few of the latest transatlantic liners. The proportions of the Great Eastern were: Length over all, 692 feet, width, 83 feet, depth of hold, 58 feet, capacity, 18,915 tons, displacement, 32,160 tons. Her horse power was 8,000, and her consumption of coal, 400 tons a day. She had both paddle wheels and screw propellors, but her horse power was not sufficient for her propulsion and 6,500 square yards of sails were used on her six masts. The most prominent employment of the Great Eastern was the laying of the Atlantic cable.

Signals Exchanged at Sea, Traveling Towards the Sun, Etc.

All seafaring nations have now adopted a signal code, by means of which information may be exchanged at sea

between two passing steamers. Twenty-seven different flags are employed in this code. The flags composing the signal, are hoisted one below the other and are read downward. The twenty-seventh flag is the signal pennant; the others stand for the letters as indicated.

A vessel becoming unmanageable or in distress shows two red lights, one above the other, in the foretop. A vessel overtaken by another shows a white light at the stern. An observation, to find out the exact position of the ship, is taken daily, and this, together with the distance traveled from the starting point, is marked upon a chart and placed in a conspicuous position, usually in the companionway, for the information of the passengers.

On an easterly trip four minutes are lost for every degree of longitude (69 miles), and on a westerly trip, four minutes are gained. The average length of a day, going eastward, on a fast steamer, is 23 hours; going west, 25 hours. I was therefore short about an hour each day on my trip across; while returning we had nearly 25 hours to the day. Each day at midday the ship's clock is turned forward, on an easterly trip, and backward on a westerly trip.

The crew consists of a sailing, engineering and victual department. The first two are divided into two equal sections, while the latter comprises only one section. The sailing and engineering sections alternately take the "watch" or "spell" of duty, in their respective departments. A "watch" consists of four hours; hence six watches in a day of twenty-four hours. The coal passers, who belong to the engineering department, however, consist of three sections. The crew of the victual department consists of those who prepare the meals, the cooks, waiters, etc.

The Ship Adriatic.

We will again return to our own ship, the Adriatic.

She is a new modern vessel, built at Belfast, Ireland, and required two years in building. She belongs to the White Star Line. As this is an English line the crew are mostly British; are very kind and obliging, being quite different from their forefathers, the British we used to read about when we went to school. They are a sociable, intelligent class of people. Many a little chat I had with them on the voyage across.

Her crew consists of 503 men—sailing department, 56 men; engineering department, 124 men; victual department, 323 men. Then there is also the captain, and the ship's physician or surgeon. The meals were served in style, with a change of menu daily. Of meats we had beef, pork, lamb, veal, mutton, chicken, wild game and numerous kinds of fish, served in many different ways. Vegetables: Potatoes, peas, onions, cauliflower, spinach and salad. Fruits: Oranges, apples, pineapples, bananas and huckleberries. Deserts: Many kinds of pudding, tarts, ice cream and melons; also had cheese, jam and marmalade, with many kinds of nuts. The third-class, or steerage passengers, do not fare quite so well, but have an abundance of a more plain food.

Some of the Chief Items in the Adriatic's Larder.

It requires a large supply of food to feed so large a floating populace. By a mere coincidence the Star vessels of the two great lines, the White Star's "Adriatic" and the Cunard Line's "Mauretania," left New York on the same day. Both had been running just a little over a year, the former between New York and Southampton and the latter between New York and Liverpool. The chief steward of these giant liners gave the Journal of Commerce many details of the supplies being taken on board for the current trip to England.

It is customary to store aboard on the average for each round trip at least 25,000 lbs. of beef; the mutton and lamb supply to the extent of 20,000 lbs.; loins of pork to the extent of 2,000 lbs. are required. Moreover, 200 bbls. of flour; 30,000 eggs, purchased about half and half at each end of the line; 8,000 pounds fresh butter and 2,000 lbs. of salt. An immense supply of fresh vegetables is also obtained from both sides in about equal proportions. In the steward's opinion New York can not be beaten as a fruit market and all the year round the ship is supplied from the southern states, the West Indies, or California. About the only exception are English hot-house grapes; also in their brief season, English strawberries, gooseberries and picked apples, in limited quantities only. These latter fruits excel the American product.

Following is a list of the fruit line required: Fifty cases grapes, fifty cases lemons, thirty bunches bananas and one hundred boxes of oranges; also a large supply of nuts and canned goods is taken on board. The regular supply of tea and coffee is supplied from Liverpool. Irish potatoes figure to the extent of thirty tons, or exactly 1000 bu. in the diet of the ship's passengers and crew. Four hundred pounds of turtle are also purchased to make the turtle soup, considered so delicious by many of the aristocratic people.

Stop to think! Would not this vast amount of food seem sufficient to feed a good sized city for a week? Most assuredly it would; but much of this amount of food is thrown overboard. How glad the poor steerage passengers would be for the victuals left over by the first and second-class passengers, and which are merely dumped overboard. I could not help but think of the many poor we left behind in New York city, who would be too glad for a morsel of the victuals thrown overboard.

The Adriatic has accommodations for 3,000 passengers, has a net tonnage of nearly 25,000, and is capable of carry-

ing 40,000 tons. Length, 726 ft.; breadth, 75 ft.; depth of hold, 49 ft., with a mast 100 ft. high. Can you possibly imagine the vastness of this huge house afloat? For example: Take ten ordinary sized barns, stand them in one long row, one against the other, then all the out buildings generally belonging to a farm, set them on top, and you will have a fair idea as to the size of this vessel.

The passengers are divided into first, second and third cabin passengers. The different classes are not allowed together in the same quarters. The first-class occupy the very uppermost cabins, and the cabins nearest the bow (front of vessel), on the middle deck, while the second-class occupy the cabins nearest the stern or end of vessel; the third-class quarters being in the hold and at the extreme stern and bow of vessel. The latter class are hoarded together, hundreds in one room, and sleep on cots, one above the other. They have also a part of the deck at the extreme stern and bow, where they can promenade on and come up to catch the sea-breeze.

I traveled on second-class. Boarding and all necessities were included in the passage ticket. The different stewards waiting on you will, however, be expecting a "tip" for their service before you land. If one keeps on the good side of them you will be well attended to, but if the opposite, vice versa.

Fastest Vessels Plyiny the Ocean.

The fastest and largest vessels plying on the transatlantic lines, up to present date, are the Lusitania and Mauretania, sister ships, of the Cunard Line. Their tonnage is 32,500 each, with engines of 70,000 horse power. Length, 790 ft.; breadth, 88 ft. The White Star Line is building two sister ships, which are to excel any vessel afloat. Their names are to be the Olympic and the Tetemic. The names of the latter line's vessels all end with "ic," while the former's (Cunard Line) vessels end with "ia." These two Star

vessels are to be nearly 1,000 ft. in length, and are expected to be capable of carrying 60,000 tons. The cost to build both vessels is estimated to be 3,500,000 pounds, English money, or equal to about $17,000,000. Both these lines are backed by the English government, and would first be called upon, in case they should be needed by the government. It is interesting to put in comparison the first vessel of any kind known to have crossed the Atlantic. Columbus' vessel, the Santa Maria, was 60 ft. long, while her tonnage was only 233 tons.

Sighting Land.

After being on the ocean for one week, a tiny speck is noticeable far ahead in the distance, which gradually became larger. What a tumult, as the passengers crowd on deck to see the first sight of land. Such shouts as "land ahead," "land is sighted," etc., are heard. A beautiful sight indeed to see land again springing as it were out from the very ocean. Nice slopes of green became visible. In contrast to these are the lines of white, chalky-like cliffs, in many different forms.

Eddystone lighthouse, a tower of masonry, 135 ft. in height, built on a rock, far out in the channel, is also passed. We move along, with land in sight for several hours, then another course is taken, to touch Cherbourg, France. Here a small vessel came out to meet us; a number of the passengers disembarked, while others came on board. A short stop, and we are again heading for English soil, our destination being Southampton. Before reaching Cherbourg, we also touched Plymouth, where a number of passengers came on board for Cherbourg, and to leave off mail. A number also disembarked here.

Three curious pointed white chalk rocks, rising from the water, several hundred feet in height, are among the first things noticed as we move on towards Southampton. These project out from the Isle of Wight and are in the

neighborhood of the grandest scenery along the English coast. The uppermost part of these white cliffs extends up in many different sharp looking points, hence they are called the Needles. The outermost "Needle" bears a lighthouse. Farther on, on the high downs of the Isle, laying 495 feet above the sea, the memorial cross, erected to Tennyson, can be seen. It lays in from the shore some distance.

As we near Southampton, a great change takes place on board ship. The passengers who formerly, as it seemed, idled away their time, and took everything leisurely, became all in a bustle. Trunks had to be packed, traveling cases filled, everything in readiness to disembark.

Soon the ship ceases its vibrating and the big engines are stopped; the vessel is roped to the docks; the gang planks are let down, and the big mass of humanity begin stepping down on solid footing again. Their walk is something like that of a duck or fat goose. One becomes so accustomed to the motion of the ship and naturally spreads his steps while walking, so that after getting on "solid footing" again, walking goes rather clumsy at first. We were on the water exactly eight days. The distance to Southampton by the route taken was 3,200 miles, or about the same distance as it is across the United States, from the Atlantic ocean to the Pacific.

CHAPTER II.

On English Soil.

After being eight days on board ship, we step from American soil on English soil. Passengers wait their turn on the pier for the inspection of their baggage by the custom house officials. Having passed this by many an objectionable feature, you receive a pass and are then at liberty to go where you choose.

On arriving outside the docks, I boarded what they term a buss. This is a conveyance somewhat similar to our American stage coaches, but smaller in size, having a double deck, and a winding stairway leading from the rear to the upper deck. A twopence is the fare into the heart of the city, about a mile distant from the docks. Another comical feature of conveyance are the "trams," as the Englishmen call them. These are their trolley cars, which are built much in the same order as the busses, having also a double deck, with a winding stairway.

We now drive through the streets of the modern city, but very different from our American cities. The principal streets are wide, but many of the other streets have a quaint appearance, being very narrow and winding, with sidewalks only a few feet wide. The houses, too, are very odd, being low, having a very steep roof and covered with a sort of red brick or tile. I was shown into a room of one of these quaint, yet picturesque houses, by a courteous occupant. The room was small, the one side being oval shaped, with a hearth in the side of it. The housewife was busily engaged and had a big fire in the hearth. They informed me that many of the houses are hundreds of years old. They are all built of stone, even the modern houses are built either of brick or stone. I did not find one frame dwelling in all my ramble about the city.

In taking a stroll about the city, I was hailed by two of my fellow passengers of the Adriatic in a cab. They had hired a cabman, a jovial "son of Britain," for a shilling per hour, and were taking in the sights of this curious old English town, and having invited me into the cab, I of course accepted the kind invitation witout further parley. We were driving past the old wall. This is a portion of the wall which in ancient times surrounded the city, and was built in King John's time, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and is yet in good state of preservation. The portion remaining is about one-half mile in length and

about forty feet in height.

At one place along the wall on the outside, two heavy barred gates or doors are to be seen. The key to these doors can be procured from the guide living at an elevation above the wall. In the opening of the doors there is a big cave, containing numerous relics of ancient warfare, and weapons used by different knights in the earlier centuries.

We now leave the old wall and its many adventures. The route now took us out to the suburbs and through the "commons;" this being a magnificent forest with occasional cleared tracts of land, covered with a green sod. I inquired of an aged lady as to the area of these commons, she replied, "there are three acres more than the days in a year, sir."

On the way we passed several little inns, at which the Britain looked longingly. One of my acquaintances now informed him to stop at the next one, saying he could see he was getting "dry" by the looks of his ears, whereupon he wistfully smacked his lips and urged his horse on with occasional lashes with the short, knotted lash he continuously held in his hand. On arriving at the next inn, we found ourselves at a little place called Basset, just beyond the forest. In ordering his drink he called for a "5 penny a stout" this being a big cup of beer. The English, especially in the rural districts, and the business men, talk in a sort of a slang and ofttimes you can not "catch" on to their meaning. It was with some difficulty I caught on to their "slang" in handling money.

The route was now extended through the forest again. On the way we passed the old Cowherd Inn, which generations ago was frequented by men of bad character and could the old building speak, many a murderous tale could it relate, which occurred within its walls.

I had to get my American money changed into English money. The money in general circulation is as fol-

lows: The half-penny=1c, American money; the penny =2c; sixpence (silver)=12c; shilling (silver)=24½c; two shilling (silver)=49c; ten shillings or half-sovereign (gold) =$2.43; (£) pound or sovereign (gold)=$4.85. Notes are also issued by the Bank of England for 5, 10, 20, 50, 100, 200, 500 and 1000 (£) pounds. The guinea (21 shillings) is not in circulation any more. Sovereigns and half-sovereigns coined previous to the reign of Queen Victoria (1837) are now withdrawn from circulation, and should be avoided.

The half-penny is called "haypenny." Two pennies are termed "doupens." Whenever a purchase is made of several pennies more than a silver or gold coin, the pennies go by the "doupens" and "haypennies." For instance you buy an article worth a half-sovereign, one shilling, eight pennies and one half-penny; the Britain folks will term it eleven shillings, four "doupens" and a "haypenny," and this in such a fast, brogue sort of style that a Yankee can hardly keep trace of what is said. These old-style English people have what we Americans would think, many peculiar ways. For instance, all their fruit, and nearly all the vegetables are sold by the pound. Apples, pears and plums sell from two to four "doupens," grapes, 6 to 8d. Potatoes, 3 shilling per hundred lbs., etc.

The carts chiefly used by the country folks to haul their produce to town are low and clumsy, drawn by a little donkey. If heavily laden the courtyman or ofttimes a woman, walks all the way to town. The poorer class have little push carts and drag or push these into town to dispose of their crops of vegetables grown on their little tracts of land, tilled by hand.

I noticed, what I took to be a more flourishing farmer, having a motor wagon, resembling a traction engine, minus the boiler; instead of having a boiler it had a wide body, extending forward of the cab, and was stacked up with baskets. Here one does not see the square boxes, so

much used by our farmers; instead they have a "carton," or high, narrow basket, which holds one hundred pounds of potatoes. These are also used for their other vegetables.

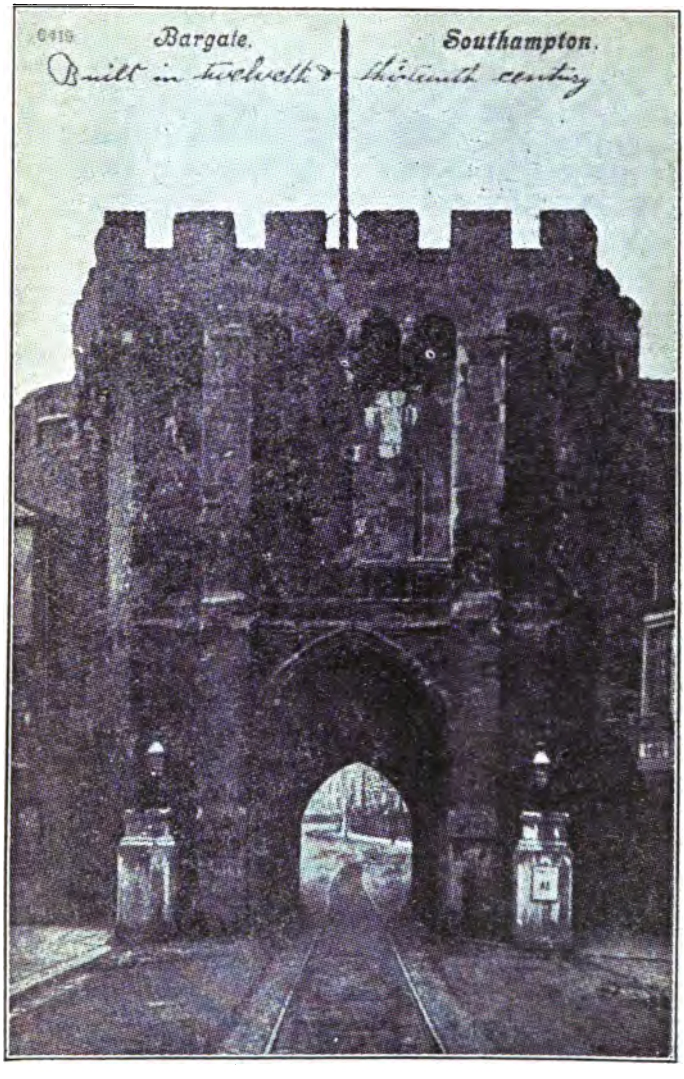
Cycling seems to be all the rage, without any exception of age or sex. Young damsels, with their hair hanging lose over their backs, are very frequently seen, driving on the much crowded streets.

Southampton.

Southampton is a name with which every Englishman is familiar from childhood, on account of its historical and commercial records. When we stop to consider, we Americans are also familiar with the name Southampton, from our early schooldays. I presume you all recollect the historical event, which we learned in history, of the embarkation of the Pilgrim fathers from Southampton. It causes an inspiring feeling, standing and facing the very same waters from which those early settlers commenced their perilous voyage on the "Mayflower" in 1620, nearly 300 years ago.

In ancient days, when the massive walls yet surrounded the city, it had seven outlets or gates, with a fortified tower extending above each gate. One of these gates, the Bargate, through which one of the city's chief streets passes, yet remains. (See Page 18)

When Winchester was England's capital the Normans used Southampton as their port of communication with the continent, thereby forming the birthplace of the vast trade with foreign lands. On the same street, which is crossed by the bargate, is also an ancient building, called the audit-house, and yet serves the purpose of a Town Hall. A valuable collection of ancient charters, regalia, etc., is kept here. Conspicuous among these is an old warrant of Edward, the Black Prince, dated 1339. One of the committee rooms contains a good painting of the "Mayflower." Near the audit-house stands the well-preserved Tudor house,



The Only Surviving Gate, With Fortified Tower Overhead, Which Done Service in the Earlier Centuries.

with overhanging stories and quaint gables, and is said to be about five hundred years old. Henry VIII used this house during his visit to Southampton. Another old relic is the tapering spire of St. Michael's Church, in the immediate neighborhood. The tower of this ancient building dates from early Norman times.

One of the proudest days in Southampton's history was June 26, 1897. On that memorable date the great naval review in honor of the late Queen's diamond jubilee was held, just off Spithead.

On that occasion tens of thousands of enthusiastic Englishmen, who came via London and elsewhere, were conveyed from the docks in specially appointed vessels to the different rocks, small islands, and all points of vantage from whence the maneuvers could be clearly seen. The entire extent of these quays, or docks, comprises, if reckoned by acres, a vastness of forty-four and one-half acres. The last extension was built in 1890, 3,460 square feet being then added.

The first quay was constructed at the beginning of the fifteenth century, and was in constant use until 1877, when a reconstruction, alteration and extension was made. Visitors to the docks are astonished by the numerous mechanical contrivances in use at this busy port. A look around certainly affords pleasure and instruction to the ordinary landsman, of whom I consider myself one.

The coaling of American liners is in itself an astonishing feature. As I have already referred, 300 tons a day are consumed by many of these floating palaces. The docks for the "colliers" (immense coal barges), on the banks of the Itchen, presents a very busy and interesting spectacle, as the big coal scoops alternately go up and down, unloading the coal from the colliers into the ship, rising about thirty feet alongside the vessel. The command given by the man who manages the rope to the one who handles the throttle reminds one of the whoop of an Indian.

Space will not permit me to mention all the great ship lines whose vessels may be seen at Southampton, but I will say that there are vessels here from nearly all parts of the world.

The city now has a population of over 100,000 inhabitants. The visitors will find the whole district marked with numerous historical events of many generations ago.

We will now bid adieu to the quaint, old-fashioned city and take a trip to the pleasant, and delightful Isle of Jersey.

CHAPTER III.

Jersey Isle—A Garden Spot set in the Silver Sea.

Much has been written about this garden spot of the British possessions, the native home of the Jersey cattle and the tall stemmed cabbage, but your dreams will not be realized until you actually pay a visit to the island, and then there are yet many surprises in store for you.

After sailing 122½ miles in a southerly course we reached the beautiful isle of Jersey. Nothing worthy of note occurred on the way. Having retired for the night before the steamer left shore, I was not aroused until the fastenings were let down at the pier on the island. It now seemed I dropped into another world, after my long sleep, and gazing at the beautiful island before me, I soon set foot upon it. Leaving my "luggage"—as the Britains call it—behind, I set out on foot for the town, St. Heliers, about a mile distant.

The first day I spent in taking in the sights of the town.

Here again we have the Englishmen in the small towns, and in the good sized city of St. Heliers, while in the rural districts and among the farmers a dialect of the old Normandy is spoken. As the isle is a possession of Great Britain, I again had the "haypennies" and "doupens" to contend with. I soon procured the hire of a small rowboat for a sixpence. This ride I enjoyed very much; and even though I was an inexperienced oarsman, I managed to paddle my little boat out of the inner harbor to the outer one, where the "Alberta" was fastened to the pier. Rowing to the stern of the big vessel, I climbed up on a ladder, and soon secured my belongings in my little craft below, and paddled back to my starting point, being gone just one hour.

This island, taken throughout, is the most nicely kept place I came across in all my travels. Think of a spot of land, about fifty square miles in area; 12 miles long and about 4½ miles in average width, surrounded by the mighty sea; the coast fringed with delightful bays, lined with high, rocky cliffs, extending out from its shores, and set apart by deep, echoing caverns; other places with hills sloping down to the very water's edge, rich with a verdant pasture and shrubs of various colors, while here and there you see the fine Jersey cattle, for which the island is noted, grazing on the green slopes, and you will have a slight idea of the grand sight one can see.

Sitting at the window of my lodging place, I had a most magnificent view over the bay, which is dotted with many small craft of different size and built; fishing boats, yachts of all descriptions, small row boats, pilot boats and naval military boats, in which the soldiers row back and forth to their different posts of duty. At low tide these small craft, for a distance of about one-fourth of a mile from the shore, rest on the bottom of the bay, the water having gone out with the tide. This makes a sightly contrast to the deep blue water to be seen when the tide is in.

Then, also, I had a fine view to Fort Regent, several

hundred feet above the slope, just east of town. It is said to have cost the English Government one million pounds. The fort commands the town and harbors, as well as the more ancient fortress of Elizabeth Castle, located on a rocky island, about one and one-half mile distant. This old fort can be approached on foot at low tide, over a concrete pathway, constructed a few years ago. The construction of the old castle was commenced in the time of King Edward VI, 1551, and completed in that of King Charles II, 1665. It derives its name from Queen Elizabeth, who gave £500 towards its completion.

The island all through affords very beautiful scenery, although one sees no creeks, brooks or ponds. Even the public roads are cleaned of all rubbish and manure every two weeks. The saving farmer buys the refuse for fertilizer. Trees, shrubs and ivy grow on both sides of the public highways, forming, as it were, delightful avenues, appearing as though you were traveling through some pleasant park, rather than on a country road. Occasionally one passes shady lanes, leading to the dwellings of the Jersey farmer. The buildings are all of stone and mostly have red tile-covered roofs.

The Jersey farmer is noted for the breeding of the fine Jersey cattle. Hundreds of these famous cattle are exported every year. Once they leave the island, they can never return. Their regulations are very strict. A few of the farmers here enter their best cattle for the yearly cattle show held in London, but they must then dispose of them, not being allowed to return them. Those who win good prizes are easily disposed of, but woe to those who are not so fortunate.

The Jersey Cattle in Their Native Land.

The careful breeder of these famous breed of cattle realizes a goodly sum for his young stock. It is nothing unusual for a Jersey farmer to sell to the American buyers,

one or more animals out of his herd each year for from $250 to $400 per head, or even more. These animals bring fabulous prices, when imported into America.

At an annual sale of imported Jerseys, held at Coopersburg, Lehigh county, Pennsylvania, I saw them sell for $500 and upward. A few of the young cows and a number of grown young sires brought several thousand dollars. One especially worthy of note brought exactly $12,000. Another one, which I witnessed being marked on the Island, previous to shipping to the American buyer, brought $8,200. This latter animal was of a very vicious disposition, and I well remember the incident when he objected to the marking process. I saw a brother of the former animal, on the island, for which the owner had refused an offer of $5,000.

Cattle shipped from the island to other countries are required to have a light chain slipped over their horns and fastened with a lock, with a different number on the lock for each animal. This is called locking. A brand is then made upon one front hoof, inserting the number correspoding to the number on the lock, while the other is branded with the initials of the purchaser. All this is done to enable the cattle to be entered or registered into the books of the country they happen to go. Hundreds of these fine cattle are sold off the island every year.

Every animal on the island is a thoroughbred Jersey, not another breed having yet been on the island that they know of, and none are allowed to be brought there. Tuberculosis is unknown here. They have cows here with a record of producing more than three lbs. of butter per day. This seems exaggerated, but it is a fact, as tests are made at the shows where everything is recorded.

The cattle are all "tethered" while on pasture. By this we mean they are tied with a rope, usually about twelve feet long, slipped over their horns, and tied to either iron or wooden pegs, driven into the ground. The pegs are moved each day. Usually a whole herd is tethered in

one long row; thus a line-up of cattle is gradually advanced from one side of the field toward the other, the recently pastured part looking like a newly mown lawn.

By this method the Jersey farmer is able to keep more cows than there are acres on the entire farm. They are also fed on roots; mostly a sort of rutabaga, and on kale. This supplementary feed is however mostly fed whenever there is shortage of pasture, through drouth.

One farmer informed me he kept sixteen head, and on inquiry, I ascertained that he only had ten acres of ground. It would seem a puzzle to the American farmer to have so large a herd on so small an acreage. The Jersey dairyman is enabled to do this from the fact that the soil is extremely fertile, causing an extraordinary rank growth of pasture, and the favorable climate, enabling him to pasture the cows almost the entire year.

The principal dairy product is butter, and for this the dairyman realizes good returns, as there is a great demand for this Jersey butter. The profit in the business, however, is dependent upon the sale of cattle at fancy prices, to foreign countries, as their tracts of land are too high in price to be a profitable business in butter making alone.

America takes the lead in patronizing the Jersey stockman, and Denmark comes very near (if not altogether) being second. I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with several Danish buyers, who were there at the time. The Danish market has a good outlet for the markets of other countries.

Agricultural Pursuits on the Island; Methods of Farming, Etc.

Besides Dairying and stock raising, the Jersey farmer also grows potatoes, root crops, kale and tomatoes. They also make some hay for supplementary feed, when needed during their short, mild winter, or during a drouth.

The grape growing industry is carried on to some extent, more so, however, on the sister isle, Guernsey, a number of miles distant, where it is carried on extensively. They are raised under glass; thus grown, they bring a high price and are noted to be the finest grapes grown. Other fruits are also raised.

Hemmed in on all sides by the boundless ocean, the inhabitants can not expand their industries *extensively,* so they are forced to carry it on *intensively,* or by extreme closeness. Their farms are very small, compared with the prevailing size in America, ten to twelve acres being considered an ordinary sized farm; however, occasionally you find them larger, a few being twenty to thirty acres; others are as small as five acres. It seems to them exaggerated when you tell them that in America we have farms of 100 acres, and even more.

As stated before, being so hemmed in by the ocean, the country so densely populated, and the farms so small, they are cultivated to the greatest possible extent. It is nothing unusual to raise from 300 to 400, and frequently more bushels of potatoes to the acre. The majority of the farmers are renters, paying annually from $60 to $70 rent per acre. As a rule a renter lives on the same farm all his lifetime. Land does not often change hands, but on inquiry I was informed that the price of good land averages at least $1000 per acre. If the farmers were asked whether they can make money on so heavy an investment in rent on the farms, many would not seem to understand the question put to them. It seems if they can keep their own they are contented, but if a neighbor has any stock which drew a good prize at the show held on the island, they envy him, and will be very apt to find fault with his stock. Along this line I could easily notice that they were very jealous of each other.

Stock raising seems to be the Jerseyman's leading topic of conversation, and when you visit any of them, the sub-

ject will soon turn to the above, and they will give you the pedigree and history of their stock back from one generation to the other. The fortunate stock raiser, who received medals won at the Jersey cattle show, will take you into his house and exhibit with great pride the medals won. The careful breeder who sells off several head each year at fancy prices, and who tries at all to be saving, can not help but have a surplus at the end of the year.

Their laws and customs are very peculiar. One old custom to which they sometimes still adhere, is worth noting—the Clameur DeHaro. Any Jerseyman, who considers himself aggrieved by an act of his neighbor, may fall on his knees, in his neighbor's presence, and exclaim: "Haro! Haro! a l'aide mon Prince! On me fait tort!" (Ha Rollo! Ha Rollo! to the rescue, my prince; I am being wronged). On hearing this the aggressor is bound to desist, even if only a trivial matter, till the case has been tried.

Previously I made mention about potato growing on the island, and will add a few more thoughts along that line. They set their potatoes, intended for planting, edgewise into long, low crates, which are placed under a roof, but where the light can easily get in, until they are quite green, then they are stored away in the same crates in the upper story of the stable. In the early part of February they will have sprouts about an inch long and are then planted whole—not cutting them as we do. During the latter part of May or early in June they are dug; and a crop of beets started. Their plowing is done in winter. Sometimes they have a light snowfall, but it soon melts.

Tons and tons of potatoes are shipped from the island every year, to England. They are sold—like nearly all vegetables and fruits—by weight. In wholesale lots they are sold by the ton. The greatest quantity shipped in one year was 66,840 tons, valued at £487,642, equal to about $2,000,000 in American money. Just think of this small

island, scarcely 50 miles in circumference, with an area of 36,000 acres, producing such an amount of potatoes, and last, but not least, bringing such a large income. This enormous crop was harvested in '91 when potatoes were somewhat scarce in continental Europe.

The advantage they have in growing them is in being able to have them considerably earlier than any of the adjacent countries, thereby realizing a high price for their crop. I was told that the ordinary run of a crop of potatoes is over ten tons to the acre, and in some instances as high as twenty tons—300 to 600 bu. We may not wonder now that farm rent is so high; but, as before mentioned, they have the greatest income through stock raising.

Their soil is remarkably productive, and made still more so by increasing their herds and adding more manure. Even the urine is saved and hauled upon the land. I dare say their soil is richer than the soil of the average American vegetable garden.

A Stroll on the Island.

One sunny afternoon, during my stay on the island, I took a stroll into the country. What a beautiful sight to behold! As I walked along the highway, I could see through the heather and evergreen growth, well tilled patches of land, with not a weed upon it, and the famous Jersey cattle, tied by a rope from the horns, to a stake, driven into the ground. No fence in sight, but wherever the roadbed is lower than the surface of the farm land there are nicely set walls of square stone. In many places there are trees on both sides of the road, with a very heavy foliage, while many shrubs of different colors grow wild along the side. The roads being narrow, the rich growth of both shrubs and trees shut out the sun entirely. The center of the island lays many feet higher than sea level.

St. John's, near the center of the island, is about the

highest elevation, having an altitude of 450 feet above sea level. The high plateau of this island is intersected by rich valleys. An interesting feature, as noted before, is that one sees no creeks, ponds or brooks; the land all having slope enough toward the sea, to avoid water to remain standing after a rain.

One, and the only drawback I could ascertain, is the poor drinking water. Its effect upon my system was not at all agreeable. The people here are so accustomed to the tea drinking habit that they drink very little water.

After walking three miles out of town, I returned by "buss," but not until I had taken a walk down a shady lane to the "farmstead" of a courteous old farmer, with whom I had formed an acquaintance on the day of my arrival, and who wished me to come out to see his cattle. He was a very sociable and entertaining person. He showed me all around—to the fruit orchard, pasture land, farming land and to the different stables, describing and explaining everything definitely. Before leaving he asked me to partake of a luneh, which the good housewife soon had set. He took great pride in showing me the different prizes which several of the best of his herd had taken at different shows.

Previous to parting we had a spiritual and very touching chat of the scriptures, and he seemed to be a serious christian. Most of the religious bodies which prevail in England are also represented on the island. Another denomination, called Jesuits, are well represented here, who being expelled from France, settled here in large numbers.

The following day, being Sunday, I remained quietly at my lodging place, during the greater part of the time. On Monday morning I met, by previous appointment, Mr. Perree, secretary of the Jersey cattle association, and an extensive cattle breeder. He was going around that day marking the cattle, which a Mr. Cooper, of Pennsylvania, had purchased, for shipping, in which I assisted. Conse-

quently I had the grand opportunity, both of taking in the sights to be seen on the island and having a genial, talkative companion in the person of Mr. Perree, who could speak the English language as fluently as any good Britain should. Then, too, I was enabled to glean information along various lines, concerning the island.

One thing which was somewhat amusing to me was to hear Mr. Perree and different farmers we met, conversing in a language, which I could not understand. In the city and the large towns the people mostly speak English, but out in the country they speak a dialect of the old Normandy and French. It is not a written language, and by the way I am informed it bears the same relation to these two languages, as our Pennsylvania Dutch does to the English and German languages.

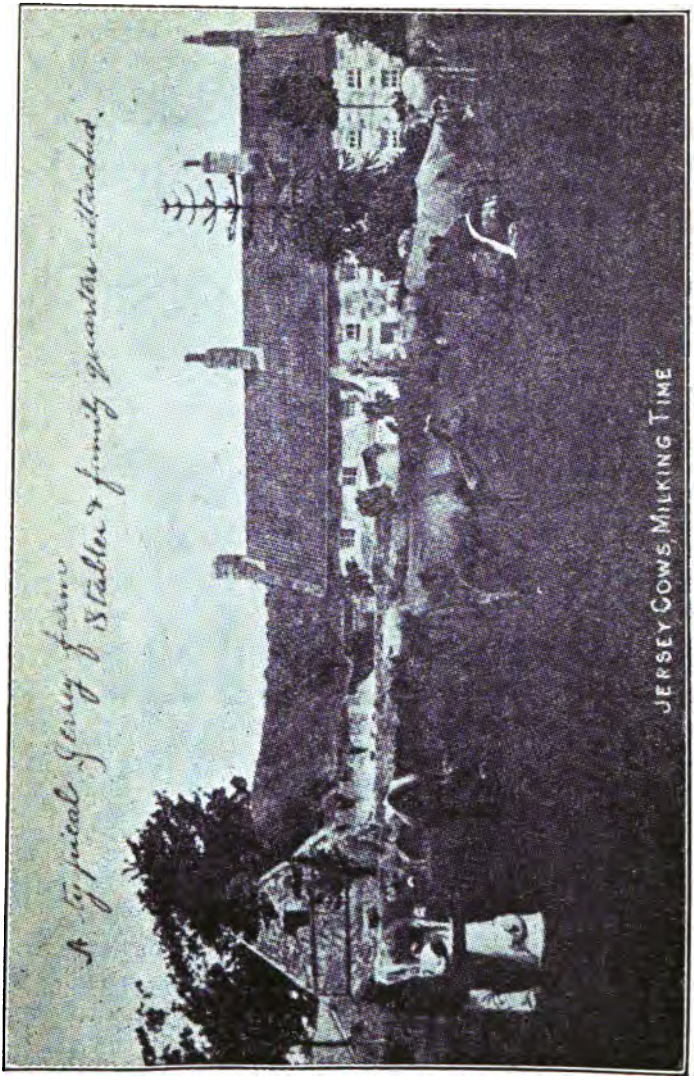
Another amusing feature was the heavy, yet neatly constructed, two wheeled-carriage, called "trap." In order to get on, you have to climb, rather than step into the carriage, the seat being up very high. When two rigs meet each other from opposite directions, they turn to the left instead of to the right side.

Many a fine Jersey herd was seen, in making the round of "marking" them. Very frequently when we arrived at a place the farmer would invite us in to show the medals won for the best of his herd.

At high noon we reached a place called Bouley Bay, where we stopped and had the horse fed and partook of a lunch of cold lobster, bread and milk, also cheese and nuts. Here, upon this high, sloping elevation from the sea, we could see the shores of France.

Leaving this place, we again drove through the winding country roads, in and out of shady lanes, passing neat little fruit orchards of apples, pears and plums. I should also make mention about the neat, yet quaint and odd-look-

[See illustration of Jersey scene on page 30]



Usual Dwelling and live Stock of the Jerseyman.

ing farm dwellings. They are all built of stone, and mostly roofed with a sort of a red brick or tile, but some still have the old-fashioned straw-thatched roof. At a number of places the stables and the residence of the family are all under one roof. I marked down the date of some of these ancient buildings; one was dated 1679 and another one 1643.

On arriving at Mr. Perree's place, we saw a cottage, in which his foreman lives, dated 1279; several hundred years before a white man ever set foot in America. All these old dwellings are remarkably well preserved and do better service than many houses in America, when only fifty years old, though changes at the windows and on the roofs have taken place at different periods.

At Perree's homestead we branded and locked about a dozen head, and had quite a time with one big sire of the herd. He objected to the branding process and was in a great rage. I saw one here—Noble—the chief sire of the herd, and one of the most famous on the island now, for which Mr. Perree refused $5,000. A son of this famous animal (Distinctions Noble) was in the bunch going across to America. When sold at Mr. Cooper's annual sale the following spring, he was just one year old and brought $2,050. Quite a number of heifers of the same offspring were also in the bunch.

After getting through at Perree's place, and partaking of a lunch, which they term tea, having it regularly at about 4 o'clock (these people eating four times a day), we again set out in the "trap" for another place, not very far distant. Here I saw, what I consider the best and most showy cow I ever laid eyes on. A picture could not form her any better. At this place we met a friend of Perree's, with whom I again returned to the city, bidding adieu to the kind and entertaining companion, Mr. John A. Perree.

Mr. Perree gave me a few of his potatoes to take along back to America, to give them a trial and see what they may do here.

A few Additional Remarks Concerning the Island.

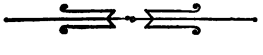
What helps to make this island so extraordinary pretty, is its many varieties of flowers, shrubs and ferns, which grow wild and unprotected. Botanists claim that the island has about nine hundred different varieties of these pretty gifts of nature.

It is impossible to describe the brilliant hues of the flowers. The climate is so mild that Glorie de Dijon roses often bloom on Christmas day; ripe strawberries growing wild have been gathered as early as April, and tomatoes in the beginning of June. Camelias bloom in abundance in the open air, and are as common as cockleburrs in Kansas or burdock in Pennsylvania.

Were the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland peopled in the same proportion as Jersey, they would have a population of 140,000,000. At the last census—1901—there were 52,636 people on the island, St. Heliers alone having over 27,000; a large number of these were English residents, who spend the winter on the island, on account of the mildness of the climate.

I notice that my article on this chapter is already quite lengthy, but much could yet be said of this delightful little island. We will now turn to another chapter and bid farewell to this little "paradise" on earth. Well may we think with the poet:

"Little gem, set in the silver sea,
Full of memories, that forever shall cling to thee."



CHAPTER IV.

Enroute to Paris, and Things Observed on the way.

Boarding a little channel steamer, only a little more than 200 feet in length, we were soon out on the English channel, at the mercy of the rolling billows. Our little steamer was headed for Granville, one of the ports on the French coast.

This channel is always rough, even at its best. If one wishes to go through an experimental course on seasickness, he need only take a voyage across the English channel, which will prove whether he is a good seaman or not. Such a tossing, swinging and pitching! We were scarcely an hour on board until over one-half of the passengers contracted this dreaded—though not fatal—malady. The sights witnessed on board ship were not in the least inviting. I was informed that, as a rule, most of the passengers become seasick when crossing this channel, especially when on board the smaller steamers. I managed, however, to keep my stomach in shape by walking around on deck, and having a chat with one of the sailors, from whom I was taking lessons in French.

On the way we passed Chansey Isle. This is a small island in the English channel, having about seventy-five inhabitants. They make their living by fishing. They have a school to educate their children. On arriving at Granville we were again obliged to go through the process of having our "luggage" examined by the custom officials.

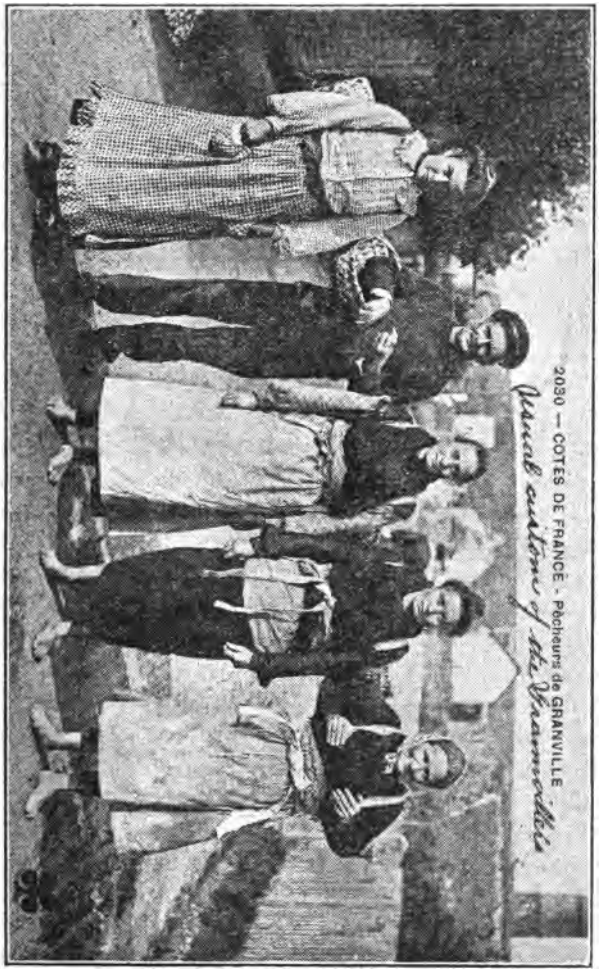
Previous to leaving Jersey, I provided myself with French money, and therefore felt safe in that respect.

The French money is very easily learned; it is called centimes and francs. It requires 100 centimes to equal one franc. A franc is equal to twenty cents in American money, therefore it requires five centimes to equal one American penny. A five centime piece is frequently called "ung sou" (one penny). The money is in different coins, as follows: 5 centime, 10 centime, (bronze); ½ franc, 1 franc, 5 franc, (silver); 5 franc, 10 franc, 20 franc or Napoleon, (gold). Notes are issued in denominations of 50, 100, 500 and 1000 francs. Paper money is very little in general circulation—as compared with this country—while gold is used considerably more than in America.

I imagined there would be many English-speaking people in Granville, because it has an English name. I was, however, much disappointed in this respect. It took all my French, and more, too, to make the quaint people understand my wants. The vocabulary of my French was exhausted, and still they could not understand me, so I referred to my English-French text book, which I procured before leaving Southampton. I found the book to be indispensable during my stay in France and on the trains. The inhabitants of Granville are mostly poor and depend on fishing and other labor for a living. (See illustration on page 35).

Here one sees the women doing manual work; aged women trudging along with heavy burdens and very poorly clad. One woman was shoveling sand among a gang of men. I watched the proceedings for a little while, and soon saw the woman was outdoing most of the men in shoveling the sand, about shoulder high, into large dumps. I could not help but feel sore at heart for the weaker sex of this dreary town.

The streets, as in most of the English towns, are narrow and winding, with smooth surface, but in all other respects there is an almost indescribable difference between them. One does not see the clean and well-kept streets



Some Inhabitants of Granville, who Make Their Living by Fishing.

and houses you see in England. Here the houses have a dirty and black aspect, matching well with the appearance of the occupants.

I had an idea that here one could get lodging at a low rate, but again was disappointed. I presume some of the people here make a living off travelers, at least they should be able to by the rate they tax them. It seems the French people, in general, think Americans to be all very well-to-do. In my opinion they are noted for their flowery comments and compliments and expectations of tips. In this I refer to those you come in contact with in a "business" way. There are, as well as in any other country, people of all characters. I find a great number among them kind and liberal, who refuse a tip when you offer it to them for any aid they may have given you.

The morning after my arrival at Granville, I left for Paris, going overland by train. Such trains! The American traveler will regard them with a comical smile to himself, as he pictures the big spacious coaches, with the nicely cushioned seats, and the large locomotives drawing them, which he was accustomed to riding on in America, in contrast to these seemingly toy-like trains. The coaches are very small, being divided into two compartments, with two long seats, in each compartment. One seat generally holds four or five persons, the two seats in each compartment facing each other. Instead of boarding these cars from a platform at the end, you merely step in through a small side door, each compartment having its own door.

It may be interesting to describe the sights seen on the way. As we left the town we came in sight of nice fruit orchards. The scenery is, indeed, grand. The trees are low, set close together, their foliage being very heavy and thick. As the railroad bed is higher than the surrounding surface, the view is over the tree tops. As above remarked, their foliage being so thick, one sees nothing but a heavy drapery of green, and dotted very thickly

with many-colored fruits, forming an attractive and rather appetizing spectacle.

The roadsides resemble those of America, having a wild growth of weeds. The roadbed, however is smooth. Fences are all hedges, some nicely trimmed and others neglected. The fields are divided into small patches of one-half to about six acres, only a few being larger. Many of them are pasture patches. Cattle are seen on them, tethered to stakes, driven into the ground.

They are not of the fine Jersey type, but of a mixed breed. All are spotted, not a solid color to be seen among them. Fields of a dwarf variety of broom-corn, cut and put on little shocks, are also seen. The shocks are nicely set up, set apart all over the patch in such a dotted fashion, one can not see any in rows. Small, long buildings, either of clay or stone, having straw-thatched roofs, tell us the farmers have not advanced to the front in modern farm improvements. The farmer's family and his live stock are all under one roof. The buildings are narrow and low, but make up for that respect in their length. The farmers are engaged either in harvesting their grain or plowing. The plow is pulled, mostly by three head of horses, the third horse being in front of the other two. The plows are outlandish-looking implements, with two low wheels. The fields, which have already been harvested of their grain, are all dotted with neat, round stacks, with a straw-thatch covering upon them. As we come nearer to Paris the fields are larger, and are divided into about ten or fifteen acres. Big herds of sheep are occasionally seen grazing on the pasture. The cattle are loose, instead of being tethered. Wire fences are used. Occasionally a large tract of woodland is passed. Here and there a spick-and span-looking farm building appears, and commodious barns, with slate roofs. The farmer and his family live in a neat house, set apart from the live stock's abode. The trees along the highways are tall and erect, being trimmed out

very nearly to the top. It appears this is done to allow the sun to shine on the crops underneath the trees.

After being well shaken and somewhat fatigued from my ride on this small French train, I reached my destination, being about five hours on the way, although we had a through train. The distance covered was only a little more than 200 miles.

Paris and its Environments.

Here I was among these gay French people, renowned as the leaders in fashion. Here you are bamboozled by a glabbering of strange tongues and flowery compliments, which is enough to confound the ordinary landsman. Previously I had collected sentences on the French language, and found them to come in handy. If the glabbering became too difficult I would refer to my English-French text book.

Paris, from an ordinay farmer's point of view, is noted for the following different things: Its extremely and most extravagantly wide streets and pavements; costly and immense public buildings; fine, flowery parks, with big statues; its many cabs and two-wheeled express and dray wagons; its automobiles of all descriptions; well-bred and heavy draft horses, that are poorly kept or run down; poor and ill-bred driving horses; its wicked and reckless horsemen; its immense market place; big and peculiar styled stock yards; many boulevards, which are the dividing streets; fine, wide and costly "ponts," or bridges, crossing the Seine; irregularity of numbers on the doors; its many hotels, restaurants or saloons and its few churches.

I will describe the different subjects in the order given above: The chief streets, as before stated, are exceedingly wide, while the pavements themselves are wide enough for an ordinary street. Nearly one fifth the space or area of the city is in public streets or "rues" (French word for street). The streets, however, are not all so wide. I con-

sider this city to be rather extreme on both sides. If a part of the money invested in the extremely costly buildings and streets would be put to use among the poorer class of people, I think the city would be better off. If the pavements are narrow in some of the English towns, here in the more neglected streets they are worse, not allowing two persons, carrying a traveling case or valise, to pass each other without the one stepping to the street. The people residing in these streets have no better wearing apparel than those of Granville. The streets mostly have a very smooth surface, being covered with a layer of asphalt, and are kept very clean. In the early hours of the morning one sees men, and women as well, at work, cleaning them.

The streets at times are almost blockaded with cabs; some driving along at an ever-urging gait, and many standing in one long string, waiting for some one to patronize them. They are controlled and owned by different companies, and are provided with a taximeter, giving the distance and the price of fare as they drive along. One who had visited the St. Louis Fair in 1904 will have an idea of the large and costly buildings, with their statues upon them. While those were built temporarily of wood and covered to give them an appearance of stone, these are real, solid buildings.

The parks have walks paved with the same substance as the streets, with nice flower beds or patches of grass. Statues of every description, also are erected here and there.

The express wagons are a sort of a two-wheeled "trap," not much unlike the "traps" in use in Jersey; are light and neat in appearance. They are, however, provided with a top, resembling the top of an American bread wagon. The wagons used for all draying purposes are also two-wheeled ones, somewhat similar to our dirt carts in America. The wheels, as well as the entire cart, are built very heavy and

clumsy. The largest ones, I dare say, do not fall short of being 16 to 18 feet in length. These carts are used to do all kinds of hauling, from the mercantile goods, freighted to the stores, to the rubbish and refuse, carted to some out-of-way place, ofttimes onto barges and then floated down the river. They are loaded so the load balances on the two wheels, with a slight weight on the saddle horse. Sometimes five head of horses are seen pulling these heavy traps. The "trap" mostly in use is a long two-horse one. Hitched in single file, they are all fastened at the collar to the same chains or long traces. No singletrees are used. These French horsemen are very reckless and merciless teamsters. Little do they care whether only two or even one horse drags the load, just so the gait goes to their satisfaction. In order to keep up their required gait the poor animals are given a severe cut with the heavy lash whip, which every French teamster possesses.

The cab drivers, as well, seem to have no mercy on their horses whatever. They all possess a heavy lash whip, and the way they urge the poor creatures along with these would soon stop nearly every cab driver on the street if a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, like we have in our modern American cities, would be organized there.

The cabs and all public conveyances are nicely kept, every one of them having rubber-tired wheels, but little attention do they put on the appearance of the horses and gears. In order to enable the foot-traveling person to hear the approach of these noiseless vehicles they have little bells attached to the horses.

The horses used for draying purposes are all stallions and of such a style which we Americans would be proud of owning, although they are mostly thin in flesh. The cab horses are a cheap-looking kind. The Frenchman, it seems, puts all his pride in his fine hat and the keeping of his vehicle in apolished state.

The aristocratic class of people do most of their traveling about the city in automobiles. Automobiles! One has to do a lot of diving and dodging to avoid them. In the more important streets they run so thickly at times that a "foot-padder," in crossing the streets, has to use all the nimbleness in himself to avoid being run over. Their coarse, "toot, toot," is almost continually ringing in one's ears. They are of all descriptions, from a one-seated motor cab to a big "bus," with a double deck, and capable of carrying forty passengers. (See illustration below). The inside fare is thirty centimes, or equal to six cents, while the top fare is only one-half.



The market place is worthy of note. The noise and tumult is astounding, many of the sales people crying out their different stock for "vendre." As in England, nearly everything is sold by weight. A fruitarian can live cheap in Paris. I had the satisfaction of tasting the fig in its natural and most delicious state. Different nuts abound, and grapes in plenty. The Halles is the building where they have their market place, the most commodious market

house, I should say, in use. For long distances outside the streets are crowded with goods for "vendre" (sale). Every morning from six to nine o'clock this is a much crowded, noisy place; although the market is open all day long, the early morning is the busiest time. Here you see "traps" or carts of every description coming in. The little donkey "traps" figure quite extensively among the poorer country folks. Comical is their appearance indeed. Think of little donkeys, about three and one-half feet in height, hitched to carts twice their height and proportionate in length.

As I walked through the market place I noticed a kind of fruit or vegetable, not knowing which, but thought it to be some sort of an onion. A further investigation disclosed that they were figs, in their natural state, ripe and juicy. I certainly got my share for one meal, and also provided myself with some, when I left Paris, to eat on the way.

The stock yards were interesting in the method the cattle are handled and also the difference in the breeds from American cattle. They were mostly the spotted cattle, but also a solid cream-colored breed, which were of an enormous size, with large horns. There were many which weighed close to a ton, and a few even more. I inquired about the name of the breed, but they informed me it was no special breed. They come from northern France and are principally used there in place of horses. The cattle are all put close together in long rows and tied short by their horns to iron railings. The alleys running through the yards (all under roof) are so arranged that the cattle stand with their hind quarters towards the alley, the animals facing opposite directions. These alleys are just wide enough to easily pass through behind the cattle. In this way many hundreds go into quite a small space. In passing one ox, a little larger than the average, I stopped to take a better look at him and found I could not look over his back, and I consider myself within three inches of six feet.

The sheep were carefully packed side by side in little pens of about sixty in each pen. They were brought to the yards by the aid of well trained dogs.

The hogs, too, are worthy of describing. Here, and also in Jersey Island, the hogs have enormous ears; twice the size I ever saw in America, flopping down the sides of their head, precisely in the same style as the ears of a poodle dog. The color of all the hogs is white. The hogs are brought there on their famous big "trap" carts, even many of the cattle and most of the calves were brought in the same way. The calves were, as a rule, heavier than I ever saw any before. Well can they be proud of their big horses and cattle in France.

The "ponts," the French name for bridges, are the same as the streets—extremely wide—and are built in arches of solid masonry. In crossing over the river on these wide "ponts" one ofttimes does not notice being on a bridge, as they are paved, the same as the streets. They also have a wide walk or pavement on each side.

What I meant by the irregularity of the numbers of the houses, is that where the numbers begin they keep on in numbering until the end of that street is reached, not commencing with another hundred at every block, like American cities. On one street I noticed the one side of the street having a number several hundred beyond the one on the opposite side of the street.

The hotels are very numerous, and the restaurants even more plentiful. What they term restaurants, we would call saloons. The street front of the buildings being wide, they have little round tables, each having two chairs grouped about, on the pavement, with an awning overhead to keep out the rays of the sun. On a hot afternoon or a sultry evening you will here see these gay French people, leisurely indulging in their favorite sipping of the sparkling wine, and even worse, the strong, ruinous champagne. This last drink, when indulged in too frequently, will cause

the user to become so attached to it that he can scarcely refrain from drinking anything but this—to some extent—poisonous drug. It takes about the same place in the drinking habit, as the cigarette habit in the smoking line, or the Turk's opium habit. Here they sit idling away the time, as though there was nothing else in this wide world to do. In fact a large number of the people in Paris live a life of idle luxury.

Experiences in the French Metropolis.

In traveling one sees sights, and often encounters difficulties, which are not in the least appreciated. The first night of my stay in the great metropolis—Paris—I experienced a little lesson. I secured lodging at one of the "restaurants," on a narrow street, in order to avoid paying the high price at one of the larger hotels, but paid well for my experience. I laid awake the greater part of the time, during the night. The room was a small, damp, dingy one, with only one little window in the corner, immediately under the ceiling, not any larger than a small transom. The air in the room was so bad and unwholesome that when I finally did fall asleep, it was only for a short time.

Finally I got up, took my belongings with me, and promenaded the street until daylight. As the "darkey" says: "Never a wind a blowin' fer nodding," so it was the case in this experience. During the night on the street I saw and experienced things which I would scarcely ever have learned, even if I would have spent many days in the metropolis. Here I saw the poorer class of people, women as well as men, cleaning the streets. Every morning the streets were as nice and clean as they could possibly be made.

An Incident of Cruel Horsemanship.

Just beyond the Eiffel Tower, along the river Seine, I witnessed a spectacle which made me feel sad at heart.

Here they were hauling immense loads of earth and stone with their customary "trap" carts, to the river bank and dumped them into big barges or boats. In order to get close enough to the edge of the bank so as to allow the loads to be dumped on the barge, the poor horse, which happened to be the one next to the cart, had to back the entire load slightly up grade. One driver was lashing his hindmost horse in a most cruel manner over the head, because the innocent horse could scarcely hold the load from coming forward. Besides this, the driver also gave the poor animal incessant jerks with the cord he held in his hand.

Many of the drivers have a light chain slipped around the jaw of the hind or shaft horse, and then a light rope or cord fastened to the chain. By this method they jerk their respective horses to the satisfaction of their own surly and vulgar feelings. Sights like these will cause you to wish to have the authority of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The Bon Marche.

This is the name of an immense department store, located in the heart of the business center. Its name, Bon Marche, is very appropriate to the vast business that is transacted. The name in English means, "Good Market."

The establishment of the Bon Marche is reputed to be the best organized and the only store of its kind in the world. It is considered by many as one of the most remarkable sights of Paris. Thousands of visitors are received here each year. A certain Monsieur Boucicaut and his wife, now both deceased, are given credit to its present prosperity, and the system by which it is managed.

Many of the employees are lodged and boarded by the Bon Marche. The principal dining-room is nearly 400 feet in length, and has a capacity of holding over 1000 people at one sitting. It is lighted by 130 incandescent lamps. Eighty windows are to be counted in this large room. In

adjoining rooms the cooking is done. Nine enormous boilers serve the purpose of cooking by steam.

Worthy of notice are the grills upon which 600 steaks or chops can be cooked in twelve minutes; also a special system by which they are enabled to fry over 1700 lbs. of potatoes at one time. Besides this there are special ovens for the cooking of eggs, and a steam stove for the warming of plates. A new apparatus for preparing 300 liters of coffee (about two and one-half barrels) also figures in the appliances to be seen in the cooking room.

For their evening meal the employees have a right to soup, a plate of meat, vegetables, deserts, etc. A bottle of wine or beer is served with each meal. Such whose health requires it, are given a special diet, without charge, of whatever food and drink a physician may prescribe for them. Two physicians are employed by the establishment, and consultations to employees are given free. All employees having a credit of five years' service become participators in its benefits.

A pension fund is provided, and after twenty years of service, the employees receive a pension, however, not until they have attained a certain age—the men when they are fifty and the women when they are forty-five. It is a life pension and varies from $120 to $300 per annum. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Boucicaut endowed this pension fund with the sum of 5,000,000 francs from her own personal fortune.

Altogether it is a cooperative store between the employees and the company. In fact, as indicated, the employees being share holders themselves, causes them to work in unison. The Bon Marche sends on application, free of charge, to any part of the world, samples, price lists, catalogues, designs and information of every description. A purchase made by anyone residing in the United States, get the goods delivered free, the charges being prepaid by the "Good Market."

Museums, Renowned Buildings, Etc.

We will not begin to describe the many museums and other buildings of note; their careful description would make a book in itself. Will merely name a few of the leading ones, as follows:

Palais du Louvre, with musee, the largest building in Paris; Palais du Luxembourg, with musee; Musee de Cluny; Tombeau de Napoleon; Notre Dame Cathedral; Palais Royal; Halles Centralles (Market-house). A partial description of the latter has been given in the forepart of this chapter. (Musee is the French word for museum).

At Sevres, a suburb of Paris, I visited the Sevres Porcelain Factory, which is also worth mentioning, but space will not permit to go into details. The admirable product of this factory has a world-wide reputation. The best urns and vases made here are sold at fabulous prices. The design and artistic workmanship add much to their value.

Getting About the City.

Can one live cheap in Paris? Yes, very cheap, indeed, if one learns the art of doing without. As previously stated, Paris is noted for its many hotels and restaurants (saloons), but they tax one's purse pretty heavy.

A person can, however, by merely securing night's lodging at a hotel and live on a fruit and nut diet, reduce his expenses considerable. These can be purchased very cheap at the "Halles," or from the cart "venders," who pull their little carts along the streets, offering their fruit for sale. Sometimes they put up at a very busy corner and cry out in a loud and boisterous manner, to make known the various products they are offering for sale.

One can get about the great city very cheaply by procuring a guide book and studying it. The fare on the double-deck "tromwoys" (street-cars) is from one to three

"sou" (penny), according to the distance you wish to go. The fare on the big double-decked automobiles, of which nention was previously made, is also very reasonable.

Another cheap way of traveling about the city is the double-deck coach or stage, of which I had not made mention in connection with other conveyances, under the heading of "Paris and its Environments." They are built in the same style as the trolleys here, or the big automobiles, although they are much lighter, and only accommodate from twenty to twenty-four passengers. In these the horses are hitched three abreast, instead of single file. The horses are the heavy Percheron breed, mated in color. Gray is the prevailing color, being from a dark dapple to a very light gray.

The Eiffel Tower.

A brief description of this—the highest tower in the world—may not be amiss. It is 300 metres (over 900 feet) in height. From a distance it somewhat resembles the frame of a windmill tower, minus the wheel. Unlike other monuments, it is built of steel, very wide at the base, and tapering towards the top. There are two ways in ascending the tower—a winding stairway and a sort of a winding cable elevator. In ascending I preferred the latter, as it costs the same, whether you ride on the elevator or go on foot. The fare to the top is 3 francs. Three platforms are built around the inside of the tower, the first one being about one-third the height of the tower. The cable elevator makes a halt at each platform.

A grand sight indeed! In looking down upon the earth from such an elevation the sight is very inspiring. The streets, which before seemed so wide, now have the appearance of lines drawn across the seemingly miniature buildings. People moving about on them are mere dots. Street-cars and other conveyances have the appearance of mere toys. The winding river, Seine, helps much to make

the scene very picturesque, as do also the dots of woodland in the distance and the apparently various colored fields. Altogether the scenery afforded has more the semblance of an artist's picture than the city and surrounding country itself.

Before starting another chapter, it may be interesting to add a few more facts concerning the city of Paris. The population of this city—formerly the second largest in the world—and, according to the census of 1906, was more than 2,700,000. The area included in the city limits is 7,802 "hectares" (19,278 acres); its public streets alone having an area of 3,785 acres.

We now take a trip to a more quiet place, so *au plaisir* ye city of voluptuous living. May you live to see the day wherein you will learn to know thy folly, before it is too late.

CHAPTER V.

A Primitive French Town and the Adjoining Country.

Reaching the town of La Fertie Bernard, I spent some time there, taking in the details as well as I could, with my little French; also took in the country scenery and the Percheron breed of horses, for which this place is so much noted.

On arriving I secured lodging at the same hotel where two of my former acquaintances were staying. They were two Iowa farmers, and were buying up Percheron colts to import them to this country. These two gentlemen I formed an acquaintance with when aboard ship.

They had induced me to change my route somewhat

and come down to see them where they were buying "fillies." This side trip, I must say, was certainly worth the time, as you will see later. When one is in a foreign country, among strange people, it does one much good to meet someone whom he knows and can talk with in his own language.

This quiet, old-fashioned French town seemed to me a home-like spot, and formed a great contrast with the "gay life" in Paris and from high living to plain living again. I also soon formed more intimate acquaintanceship with the people I happened to come in contact with here, than among the vast multitude of Parisians. By this time I could master a little French, although I was not able to hold a general conversation. Sentences like the following were readily learned and came in handy:

Combien yatil d'icia—? (How far is it to—?).

Ung route a gauche. (First road to the left).

Ung route a droit. (First road to the right).

Tout droit. (Straight ahead).

Ou est bureau de la post? (Where is the post office?)

Ou est a la gare? (Where is the depot?)

Donnez moi le tasse chocalaw. (Give me a cup of chocolate).

Tasse a lait. (Glass of milk).

Du paing. (Some bread).

For the more curious, it may be interesting to devote a page in French and translation thereof, which see in latter part of this chapter.

The rates here for lodging are comparatively cheaper than in Paris; a neat bedroom can be had for a franc (20c). Not the style to be had at the former place, but just as good.

A fruitarian can live very cheap on nuts and different kinds of fruit. They are but one-half the price they are in America. Bread, cakes, etc., are rather high in price, especially cakes and biscuits. Ham or bacon and eggs are a rare article and chiefly indulged in by the well-to-do people. The poorer classes live chiefly on the meat of the hare,

vegetables, fruits in season, and rye bread. The loaves of bread are long, rolled round and thin. Their length, I dare say, is very near (if not altogether) three feet. Little oblong biscuits, about one fourth as large as a rusk, cost one sou (cent) a piece.

The people, as a rule, are poorly clad, wearing big wooden sandals on their feet. Children going to school, wear them as well. This makes a rackety noise when a number of them are walking together on the roughly paved street. The farmers wear a long, loose cloak or coat, which hangs down to the knees. It is made exactly like a shirt, very wide, and has wide sleeves. It was a comical appearance, when I first saw a group of these farmers, as it seemed, with their shirts arrayed over the outside of their other garments. The goods used in the making of these cloaks are a sort of a shambra. The women, when advanced over middle age, chiefly wear a fringed white cap.

The streets, as in nearly all the old-fashioned towns, are narrow, having narrow sidewalks. The houses, too, are very old-fashioned and are all built of stone, most of them having a coat of cement. Some of these houses, as in England, are very old; I was in one which was built in the fifteenth century. Everything (or as near as possible) is built of stone; the window sills, door sills and even the eaves are of stone.

Thursday is the French woman's day of washing. All the European countries I passed through seem to have adopted this day as a day of washing. In the larger towns and in some cities I noticed they have places built for that purpose. This is merely a shelter, with the side facing the water entirely open. They are always built along a brook or canal, or whatever stream happens to flow through the place. It has a floor, which is just a little higher than the water level. Here on the day indicated you will see the washerwoman kneeling at the very water's edge, pounding and flopping out their wash, occasionally dipping them in

the stream. Even during the cold winter, if the stream is not entirely frozen over, they will not hesitate, if the weather is not too inclement, to do their washing in the cold stream. In spite of all this, they look robust and healthy. I did not learn of anyone becoming rheumatic through this exposure, rather more the opposite, having the glow of one who knows no ills. While staying in the town of La Fertie Bernard, I noticed many small brooks or canals flowing through the town. I did not inquire about the matter, but attributed them to be dug to do the service of both drinking and washing purposes.

The town has a population of over 6,000. One can scarcely see where all the people are. The area of the town is not greater than many of our towns having but one-sixth the population. In passing down street one day, I stopped and peered into what I formerly thought was an alley, leading back to the rear of the houses, but found it was a narrow court; extending back some distance, with doors opening to what seemed to be a high wall on both sides of the narrow court, with the exception of having windows. Here in these hovels many can live in a small space and there are many of these courts. The odor coming out of these places was not very wholesome at all, but I attributed this to the use of their strong cheese here which I had forgotten to mention.

A Stroll in the Country.

It may be well to take a stroll in the country, where the air is purer. I took a walk one afternoon, going as far as the premises of the Chateau of the Princess of Monorca, three miles out of town. This is a lady of great title, tracing her ancestry back to the former Kings of France. Here she lives in great luxury, in a large mansion, surrounded by forest land. I was not permitted further than the gateway so I did not even get a glimpse of the grand mansion. A guard living in a neat little brick structure is stationed

inside the gateway. On returning to town I was overtaken by a young farmer boy, who invited me into his clumsy cart. On the way we tried to learn each other the opposite language, which was interesting to both of us.

The country roads are well and smoothly kept, but along the side different shrubs, thorns and bushes grow rampant. The fences are of hedge and mostly trimmed. Blackberries also grow wild and to a large size. They hang in clusters, wonderfully thick on the bushes; one could soon pick bushels of them. I certainly helped myself to many a mess while leading a "French country life." It seemed strange to me that none were offered for sale among fruit and other berries at the markets, but presume they are too plentiful and cheap to bother with. They are somewhat tasteless, much like the mulberry.

On another day I took a ramble in the country, breathing the pure country air, and stopping at different farmsteads. At one place I stopped where they were threshing oats; not in the style of our western farmers, neither the way my fellow farmers in Pennsylvania separate their grain. They used a small odd-looking machine; the straw coming out of the rear on the ground. It was then tied into bundles with rye straw bands and handed up on the straw stack, where it was carefully packed. The power was furnished by a small steam engine, which seemed to be a kind of a combination of an upright and horizontal style. They had a force of hands sufficient to operate what the Pennsylvanian would call a "western machine." Here it is quite different from America in regard to farm help. Farm laborers are plenty, and are obliged to work for less than one-half the wages paid in America.

Farmers that can afford it work very little, always having plenty of help around. The farmer is easily distinguished from the townsman by his long loose cloak, as previously mentioned. The couutry is mostly lowland; although at places it is somewhat rolling; woodland abounds

in the highest places. The crops are buckwheat, wheat, oats and barley. No corn in sight.

The fruits grown are mainly apples, pears, peaches and figs. The two former do not compare with the American product in quality, but yield extraordinary well. As late as the latter part of September, different berries are yet in season. The climate is healthful. Rainfall is not heavy, but regular. The small streams flowing through the level country furnish sufficient moisture.

In passing a smith shop, I took the opportunity of watching the European method of shoeing a horse. There are always two men in shoeing, one to hold the horse's foot, and the other to nail on the shoe. It requires sometime to fit and nail on a shoe; everything must be "exact." Then, too, they work slowly. I doubt if any of the European smiths ever over-work themselves, as is often the case with the American blacksmith. One thing I am certain, and that is, the American farmer would lose his patience in waiting so long to have his horse shod.

In some localities there are nice farm dwellings, with house and stables separate. The farmer and his family also dress neatly. This refers to the well-to-do class. They are generous and obliging. There is also quite a contrast among the town folks; while the majority have but small means, there are many of the aristocratic class, who take life easy, living in luxury and spinning around on their automobiles, for which the French people are noted.

Sunday a day of Merry-Making by the French People.

Sunday is a day of merry-making for the farmer boys and the French people in general. I arrived at La Fertie Bernard on Saturday, and the following morning Monsieur Tacheau, a well-to-do farmer and careful breeder of Percheron horses, living some distance out of town, sent his

chaffeur in with the automobile to bring us Americans out to a fair, held at a rural town named Scauvx.

Here a large number of farmers had assembled, many bringing their mare with the best colt. Big cattle were also brought there. They were of the beef type, being very well formed and much resembled the shorthorn breed. On inquiry I learned they were an old breed, which has been the only breed in these parts for generations. Horses are however, given the most careful attention. Some of these poorly clad and coarse-looking farmers brought mares with fillies that many of our well-to-do farmers in my native country never saw any to compare with.

On our arrival at the fair we were invited to dine for breakfast, which invitation we were not slow to accept. The menu was indeed fit for a king, in the way it was served and in the many varieties. The rich and juicy meat of the hare constituted the chief meat; also the very best of beef, chicken and bacon. Tarts and richly flavored biscuits, puddings, fruits, etc., were also among the good things served, not saying anything of the many kinds of wine, of which one kind was said to cost ten francs per bottle.

At noon a large banquet was given, with a menu comparing with that in the morning. Music was given by a good band and at intervals speakers arose at the table and made speeches on agriculture and stock raising. Of these the one made by the host of the banquet seemed to be the most appreciated. The host was an old gentleman of some title, and is said to be very wealthy. His expenses for the day were estimated to be over one thousand dollars. He paid all expenses for the whole fair. At the banquet given at noon he fed hundreds of people from tables set under an immense canvass roof, or tent. Here they sat, ate and drank to their heart's content for nearly three hours. After going away from the table the people left for their homes.

Our kind farmer friend had business to transact in looking after "fillies" he had contracted for among the different farmers. We accompanied him and were given a long ride on his automobile. Many were the sights to be seen, and in stopping at different farms I took in all I could with my eyes, when I could not gather many details from this glabbering French language.

The farm dwellings were, as mentioned in a former article, long and narrow, with the farmer's quarters and that of the live stock all under one roof. Frequently the family's quarters did not appear any cleaner than that occupied by the live stock, although, as a rule, quarters of the live stock, especially that of the horses, were kept much cleaner and nicer than the average horse stables in America. Some of the dwellings were also very old. It was night before we returned to our lodging place.

At the fair, buying and selling was done. They do not think of spending the Sunday quietly. I neglected to mention that prizes were given to those having the best stock. These were distributed while sitting at the banquet, the names being called out one at a time and the prizes passed to the lucky ones, from the hands of the noted host. It was easily noticed that they felt very much elated and pleased on receiving their prizes. Such was the way one Sunday was spent among these merry French people, but hope by the Lord's help I may not be lured to so worldly a place on the Holy Sabbath again.

The Percheron Breed of Horses in Their Native Land.

These famous Percheron bred horses find a ready sale at high prices to the American buyers, much the same as do the Jersey cattle on the Isle of Jersey. They are imported into the United States, free of duty, for breeding purposes. Thoroughbreds alone are permitted to enter

this country as stated—free of duty. In this respect the civil laws work for the stock raiser's benefit, so that if he choose he may improve his stock by breeding to the best stock obtainable. In this the western farmers seem to grasp the opportunity and are far advanced in this respect from us eastern farmers. Why should not we in the east also try and improve our stock, by aiming to breed more in the line of some thoroughbred stock?

(I am getting somewhat astray from my subject, so I humbly beg your pardon and will try to proceed with my writing of matters pertaining to the native land of these fine horses).

I presume the most of my readers, especially those who are farmers, are aware of the fact that the Percheron breed of horses originate from France. Formerly they were called Normans; France, in the earlier centuries, going by the name of Normandy. Formerly all horses of this breed were of a gray color, but they aim now to breed them of a darker color. Either black, a dark dapple gray or dark roan is now the color preferred. Other colors, however, are now noticed; among them I saw a few bays; also one sorrel. The American breeder would think it almost impossible for this breed to produce the two last mentioned colors, but such is a fact.

France is not adapted to the raising of corn, consequently the horses which are sold to the American buyers after they are fully matured are accordingly much higher in price, than they are when sold as "fillies" (colts). My friends, the two Iowa farmers, took advantage of this and bought mostly fillies under six months of age.

The way it is often managed; some well-to-do and careful breeder keeps several head of sires, then the poorer class of farmers or breeders breed their mares to these sires. The owner of the sires makes a contract with the farmers to take the colts at a certain price, to be paid when the colts are old enough to wean. Sometime late in the summer when

the farmer thinks the colts are about all ready to wean, he appoints a day when the farmers are to deliver their colts. One of the last days of my stay in the district happened to be a receiving day for fillies.

This was a day of great interest to myself and the Iowa farmers. Here the poorly clad farmers in their long blouses came in with fillies, as the American farmer would say "filly all over," meaning they are perfect all over. It costs the receiver of these fillies considerable for the boarding of them. By appointment, other farmers—some from a distance—come on the receiving day to select the fillies which they want to board at a given sum, for their owner. A fixed price is made for their boarding per head, by the year; a certain sum for the first year, with an advancement each year. They are usually received at the railway station, and then shipped the same day to the respective farmers selecting them. As a rule one farmer takes a number of them.

On this particular receiving day they were shipped in many directions, quite a number of them going to America, my friends having bought pretty extensively. I had also purchased a trio, which my kind friend, Mr. Lowery, gave me privilege to ship with his bunch, if I so desired, and for which I had an order to purchase for a friend in America. The following day I started on my way back to Paris, stopping over night by mistake at Versailles, a city of over 55,000 inhabitants, nineteen miles southwest of Paris.

Getting off at Versailles by Mistake; More About French Trains.

The reader may wonder how it occurred that I stopped off here by mistake, and I will endeavor to explain. These French trains often have no conductor going with the train. Why need they? The train goes along if it only has an engineer and a fireman. Wouldn't it be nice if we had no conductors on our trains in America? I dare say some peo-

ple would take the advantage and travel very cheap. You can not board a train, however, without first having your "billet" (ticket) examined by a man who is placed at each station for that purpose. Then, too, in leaving a train you can not leave the station without first handing over your billet, which has to correspond with the station where you leave the train. Not so easy after all to ride without paying your fare. Iron fences are constructed at every station, so no one can escape without first giving up his or her ticket.

In order to know what station you arrive at, another man, who is also stationed for that purpose, comes running along the outside of the train and calls out the name of the station, and this in such an indistinct way, that it requires all the French you can command to "catch on" to the name cried out. Then, too, a person is liable to fall asleep on a train, especially when going quite a distance. Woe to him who sleeps too long and finds himself beyond the station for which the ticket calls. They can remedy all this as far as the train officials are concerned, by paying the difference in the fare from the station they get off and the one the ticket calls for. Now he can sit down and sleep until the first train comes the opposite direction, when he can buy another "billet" for the intended station.

I recall one incident when a man with his wife and several small children happened to be in the same compartment I was occupying. I soon had a genial talk with them; through this conversation they missed their station, and, being a through train, they were taken quite a distance beyond their station. They felt greatly mortified in their situation, not having enough money to procure a return "billet." At the first stop I also got off and helped them out of their trouble, by paying their fare back to their destination.

When I got off at Versailles it was the opposite with me, I got off the train too soon. Having taken a nap, I was awakened just as the train pulled into the station at the

above mentioned city. I was under the impression we were at Paris and got off the train. Immediately after the train had "pulled out" I found to my chagrin that I was not yet at Paris. After that I was more particular to heed the French motto: "Prenez garde" (Take care).

There was nothing else for me to do but wait until the following morning to get a train for my destination. After transacting business in Paris, I left the same day for the land of the Swiss.

A few Pages in French Vocabulary.

ENGLISH.	FRENCH—AS SPELLED.	FRENCH—AS PRONOUNCED.
How are you?	Comment va la sante?	Kommaung vah la [sauntay?
Pretty well.	Assez bien.	Assay beeaing.
Very well.	Fort bien.	For beeaing.
How do you do?	Comment vous-por-[tezvous?	Kommaung voo por-[tay-voo?
Good morning.	Bonjour.	Bongjoor.
Good evening.	Bon soir.	Bong swahr.
Good-bye.	Adieu.	Ahdeeya-er.
That is too much.	C'est trop.	S'ai troh.
What is the price?	Quel est le prix?	Kel a le (r) pri?
It is too dear.	C'est trop cher.	S'ai troh share.
Cross the road.	Traversez la rue.	Trah vairsay lah rue.
How far?	Combien y-a-til?	Kong beeaing yahted?
About a mile.	Environ un mille.	Aungveer ong ung [meel.
Go quickly.	Allez vite.	Allai veet.
Morning, evening.	Matin, soir.	Mahtaing, swahr.
Day, night.	Jour, nuit.	Joor, nuit (nwee).
Midnight, noon.	Minuit, midi.	Meenwee, needee.
At what time?	A quelle heure?	A kell eur?
Of course.	Cela va sans dire.	S'lah vah saung deer.
How cold it is.	Qu il fait froid.	Keel fay frwah.

The other day.	L'autre jour.	L'otre joor.
You are right.	Vous avez raison.	Vooz ahvai raizong.
You are joking.	Vous avez plaisantez.	Vooz ahvai plaisaung-[tay.
I am going to town.	Je vais a la ville.	Je (r) vazeah (la veel).
Up stairs.	En haut.	Aung (o) (short).
Down stairs.	En bas.	Aung bah.
I am in a hurry.	Je suis bien presse.	Je (r) swee beeaing (pressay).
Where have you come from?	D'ou venez-vous?	D'oo venay-voo?
Listen.	Ecoutez.	A kootay.
Come in.	Entrez.	Engtray.
What do you want?	Que voulez-vous?	Ker voolay voo?
It snows.	Il neige.	Eel nashee.
Thank you.	Merci.	Mairsee.
Yes.	Oui.	Wui.
No.	Non.	Nong.
Do you speak French?	Parlez-vous Francais?	Parlay voo Fraungsay?
English, German.	Anglais, Allemand.	Aunglay, Almaung.

THE MONTHS.

January	Janvier	Yaung veeay
February	Fevrier	Fayvreeay
March	Mars	Marss
April	Avril	Avreel
May	Mai	May
June	Juin	Shooaing
July	Juillet	Shoouillyay
August	Aout	Oot
September	Septembre	Septaungbr
October	Octobre	Octobor
November	Novembre	Novaungbr
December	Decembre	Daysaungbr

THE DAYS.

Monday	Luindi	Lungdee

Tuesday	Mardi	Mardee
Wednesday	Mercredi	Mairkidee
Thursday	Jeudi	Jeuhdee
Friday	Vendredi	Vaungderdee
Saturday	Samedi	Samdee
Sunday	Dimanche	Deemaungsh

SEASONS.

Spring	Le printemps	Le (r) praingtaung
Summer	L'ete	L'aytay
Autumn	L'automne	L'otomn
Winter	L'hiver	L'eevair

NUMBERS.

One	Un	Ung
Two	Deux	Doo
Three	Trois	Trwah
Four	Quatre	Kahtr
Five	Cinq	Saink
Six	Six	Seece
Seved	Sept	Set
Eight	Huit	Wheet
Nine	Neuf	Nuff
Ten	Deez	Deez
1909	Mil-neuf-cent-neuf	Mil-nuff-saung-nuff

CHAPTER VI.

The Land of the Swiss.

Heading for Switzerland.

Left the "city of fashions" on an evening train, from Gare de Lyons (Depot of Lyons), heading for the land of the Swiss. On board the train I soon formed an intimate acquaintanceship with a very sociable and obliging gentleman, who could speak both English and German. This gentleman was able to give me much information concerning the rural districts I wished to visit in southern Switzerland. The rural districts are not definitely given in the guide books, therefore his information was of some value to me. Afterwards I visited his parental "dorf," mention of which will be made later, and also relate several incidents which happened while there.

I also formed an acquaintance with another party, a young German Jew, formerly residing in Jerusalem, who had come to Paris to learn pharmacy. This latter party disclosed facts about the Oriental city heretofore unknown to me. At Pontarlier, the last city, previous to reaching the boundary line, we changed cars.

We then boarded a Swiss train, which seemed more like an American train, being in charge of a conductor, also being able to pass from one coach into the other, and were no longer "boxed in" in a small French train. In boarding the Swiss trains you step up into them from either the

front or rear of the car, same as American trains, instead of entering through a side door.

Just as the morning dawned we awoke, among different sights. We passed through a rolling valley, one-half mile wide, with mountains on either side, and came into Switzerland.

Entering Switzerland.

Entranced by the beauty of hills and dells, we soon came in sight of higher mountains, with white, perpendicular cliffs. Tunnel after tunnel was passed through at short intervals. Behold! suddenly, as from a dreamy sleep of mountain sceneries, we dropped into a wide, rolling valley, rich in color, with verdant pastures and large vineyards. Occasionally we saw a group of merry, young Swiss people—boys and girls—picking the juicy grape. As we stopped at a way-station we heard, what I at first thought was some musical band, coming nearer and nearer, and it seemed to be coming along the bend of the road near the train. All at once we saw a herd of Swiss cattle, each cow had a bell attached by a band to the neck, and every bell had a different sound, making a very melodious and musical concert. The band never stopped to bid us "good morning," but passed on back of the train, with their tink-tinkle-tinkling. The Swiss seem to have a liking and natural talent for music. A Swiss boy entering the train soon showed us his talent with the mouth organ. It was passed around to several others, and I must admit, I never heard music before to compare with it, on a similar instrument.

The atmosphere, too, is much cooler. It is not the mild climate of Central and Southern France, nevertheless it is altogether as healthful. Soon we came in sight of the ancient city of Neuchatel. On arriving I had to again turn my watch one hour forward, and was then seven hours ahead of Eastern American time.

An Ancient Swiss Town.

The city is charmingly situated on the northwestern border of Lake Neuchatel, and is the capital of the Canton of that name. The German name is Neuenburg. The inhabitants are mostly French-speaking people, but the German language is also used.

On a high elevation, in the heart of the town, stands an old church and chateau, with a cloister on the north side, which dates back to the tenth century. The church and chateau were built in the twelfth century and restored in the fifteenth--seventeenth centuries. The latter does service as the seat of the capital. It is an immense structure, with a large opening or court in the center, somewhat similar to that of the public building in Philadelphia.

The elevation on which these old buildings are erected is a kind of a peak or cliff, projecting, as it seems, abruptly from the very heart of the city. The area being small, the buildings are rather crowded upon it and built at places to the very edge of the cliff. To reach this place one is obliged to climb a long series of wide stone steps, walled in on both sides. At a short distance below the west side a big garden is terraced up high above the street, and is surrounded by a high wall.

A little farther below is a narrow ledge of road, also high above the houses. A splendid view of the lake and the Alps is enjoyed from this elevation; in fact a splendid view all around is afforded.

Neat little vineyards lie at the foot of the north side, one terraced above the other, like so many steps. At some elevation above, a row of houses are located, and farther above, the mountain. Magnificent scenery, indeed! Some of the streets, too, are terraced, one above the other, in the same style as the vineyards. The depot lies above the main town to the northeast. On the southeast is a view of the harbor and lake, with the snow-capped mountains far beyond.

On the streets you do not see the heartless French driver, but, instead, a kind and patient Swiss horseman, who grooms his horse well and keeps him fat and sleek-looking. The geldings, however, are not the heavy well-developed Percherons formerly seen. The Swiss are a very merry and amiable people, and, as before mentioned, very fond of music. At the place where I secured lodging I had the pleasure of hearing, what I thought, the best music I ever heard. I had already retired, and, as the music issued from the rooms immediately below my quarters and the windows being open, I could plainly hear it. I concluded it was made by one instrument, but could not at all think what instrument could bring forth such fine and stirring notes. On inquiry the next morning I was informed that three instruments were used—a flute, violin and one other. These were handled in such an expert way that it sounded as though it was but one instrument. The music was kept up almost continuously for two hours.

On my stay here I visited the market place, which was very interesting in the method their country produce is sold. If fruits and vegetables were cheap in Paris, here they are cheaper yet. I gathered a list of prices as follows:

Apples, per liter, 20 centimes, (4c). Apples, per 20 liters, 2 to 5 francs, (40 to 60c). Beans, per 5 liters, 50 centimes, (10c). Beans, per 20 liters, 4 francs, (80c). Cabbage, per head, 20 and 30 centimes, (4 to 6c). Cauliflower, per head, 30 to 50 centimes, (6 to 10c). Carrots, per 5 liters, 30 centimes, (6c). Eggs, per dozen, 80 centimes, (16c). Fowls, live, per head, 40 to 60 centimes, (8 to 12c). Grapes, per kilo, 35 centimes, (7c). Nuts, German, per kilo, 60 centimes, (12c). Onions, German, per 20 liters, 2 francs, (40c). Onions, German, per 2 liters, 30 centimes, (6c). Plums, German, per liter, 25 centimes, (5c). Plums, German, per 50 liters, 1 franc, (20c). Peaches, per kilo, 40 to 50 centimes, (8 to 10c). Pears, per liter, 30 centimes, (6c). Potatoes, per 100 kilos, 5 francs, (80c). Quinces,

per 100 kilos, 20 francs, ($4). Quinces, per 5 liters, 80 centimes, (13c). Radishes, red beets and turnips, per 5 kilos, 30 centimes, (6c). Tomatoes, per kilo, 30 centimes, (6c).

The above is given as the methods used in trading here. One kilogram is a fraction over two pounds. A liter contains about one quart. In comparing the above prices with those prevailing in America, you see several articles are about the same, but most of them are considerably cheaper.

A Side Trip--City of Watchmakers--Enchanted by Swiss Sceneries; Swiss Hospitality, Etc.

I took a side trip, twenty kilometers northwest, by rail, to Chaux de Fonds (Chodefond), a watch manufacturing city. On the way a company of soldiers entered the car and helped to keep things on the "move." One of them, who seemed to take a liking to the plainly-dressed American, formed an acquaintance with me, and before we parted handed me an "Edelweiss," the Alpine flower, which is so hard to get, as it grows mostly along the steepest and most dangerous places of the Alps.

After coming to a town named Chambrelien, the train headed off the main line, turning northward, with a gradual ascent along the Jura Mountains until we reached the summit. Many hundreds of feet below we saw the valley, and also had a splendid view of the town of Fountainemelon, at the very foot of the mountain, and the town of Cernier, not far distant. Now we are again in the midst of the hills, shut off from distant views. Soon we entered a tunnel, which required three minutes in passing through, and after another short run, we came in sight of our destination.

This is a modern city, located right in the midst of the

mountains. The streets are laid out in squares, not winding, like those in the more ancient cities. They are also wide and roomy. The houses, too, have more of an American aspect, are tall, and built in modern style. The city lies 3,260 feet high, and has a population of nearly 40,000. It is noted for its watchmaking industry. Some fifty big manufactories and nearly two hundred local factories furnish ample work for its inhabitants. The Leon Schmid Company alone put out 60,000 watches annually. It is a very busy and thriving town. Outside the requisite necessaries, the people are all engaged in clock and watchmaking.

At sunset I started by "poste" (stage) for Flanchettes, a rural district, some nine kilometers distant. Here, again, I had a good example of the kind-hearted and patient-like Swiss driver. I imagined I could have walked to the place in less time than he drove it with his one-horse rig. When traveling, one should, as near as possible, practice the same methods and get accustomed to the same nature as those of the people you come in contact with. So here I had to practice trying to be patient, like my fellowman, the driver. But the time was not altogether wasted; on the way I had ample time to take in the sights. The country was a very hilly and rolling plateau, being open, no hedge fences to shut off the view. Fences are few, and these are of stone. The land was mostly used for pasture, and on it herds of cattle were grazing, with the ever jingling bells ringing in one's ears. I could as yet not ascertain how the farmers manage to find their cows, or whether they are trained that they will not go astray. They have a very wide range.

One thing seemed puculiar, that among so many different herds not one male animal could be seen. The farm dwellings here are just opposite from those in France, being very wide, built low, and having flat roofs. The country roads are wide, and wind around the hills in order to

lessen the grade. While it is nine kilometers to Planchettes, it is only about three miles straight across by the pathway.

Well, at last we arrived at this out-of-way place, but not before night had altogether set in. The reason for going to this place was on account of an old acquaintance of mine in Pennsylvania, wanting me to make a call on his old aunt and relatives living there. On arriving, I found this old lady to have been dead for the past four years, and the descendants were of a type that I did not care to associate with, and by all appearances they cared just as little for my company. Remained at a cafe (lodging place) over night, and the following morning walked back along the path to Chaux de Fonds.

Passing over pasture lands, I soon came to a dense wood of spruce and pine, so thickly set that the rays of the sun were entirely shut out, causing the ground to be altogether bare. The path led off to the side, up an incline. On reaching the summit I found myself on a large, rolling plateau, from which I had a most magnificent view. To the front was a bare, gradually inclining slope, extending for many miles ahead, dotted with the red tile-roofed farm dwellings, and far to the rear were the high peaks of the Alps. I presume there is no other spot on earth which affords so many different beautiful scenes from one point than that seen from the high elevations of Switzerland.

To the immediate left there is a deep gorge, with perpendicular, white rocks rising from the opposite side, all speckled with an occasional growth of green shrubbery. West of this there is a deep, narrow valley, with a growth of evergreen trees. Coming back to the city again, I took dinner with a party who had formerly worked twelve years on a street-car line in America. My host could, therefore, entertain me in English. Had met this kind gentleman the previous day, who had then given me the invitation. After enjoying a real American chat with my host, I went

by rail to another rural district, Les Convers by name. My newly made friend accompanied me all the way to the latter place.

At this place I found myself in a deep, narrow valley. The sun's rays does not reach the middle of the valley until nearly noon. At different places perpendicular rocks extend upwards many hundred feet. In entering, the train passes through a long tunnel, and on leaving the valley it passes through another tunnel, seven kilometers in length. The train passes crossways through the narrow valley, a long train having just space enough to stand between the two tunnels. I walked on down the valley, which seemed to become deeper. Different scenes again, but we can not stop to describe them all.

I fear I have already tired the readers in trying to express my thoughts in describing sceneries, so I merely beg pardon and will change the subject for the presnt.

A walk of a little over a mile brought me to a certain party on whom I wished to make a call, and with whose address I was furnished sometime before leaving America, and seemed very glad to entertain me. Here I ate my first plain Swiss meal of soup, rye bread and coffee, prepared by the mother of my host. She was far advanced in years, but for all that, was able to perform her household duties all herself. One cause for this may be that eating very plain food, the people here will not be liable to overeat themselves, as is often the case with us Americans.

This was also my first night spent in a house, with stables attached. To enter the kitchen one was obliged to pass through the quarters occupied by the cows; nevertheless, everything was kept in a state of perfect cleanliness.

The following morning I again retraced my steps to the little station at the upper end of the valley, when I returned by train to within the last station on this side of Neuchatel.

Visiting a Swiss Vineyard and an Immense Chocolate Factory--Magnificent Scenery.

Here I stopped for the purpose of seeing the gathering, and taste as well, the tempting and juicy grapes, which one sees on either side of the train as he passes along the southeastern slope of the Jura Mountains. I soon came to a place where they were pressing the grapes into wine. The proprietor of this vineyard, who proved to be an obliging old gentleman, showed me through, describing and explaining the methods of grape culture for wine. Wine is so plentiful and so much used that one can scarcely get enough water to drink. If you demand a drink of water at a restaurant or any public place, they will stare at you as though you were asking for some rare poison. (In fact, while in Paris, if I wanted a drink of water I was obliged to go into a restaurant for it. These restaurants all kept wine for sale, so imagine their gaze on my demanding a drink of water).

Well, we will keep this courteous old gentleman on the program. He was the owner of 13 hectares of vineyard (about 26 acres), divided into several patches, one of which he informed me has been in continuous grape culture for over one hundred years. He had three gangs (mostly women) at work, picking grapes; about one dozen in each gang. The women received two francs per day, and the man who carried the grapes in a deep box on his back to the press outside the vineyard, was paid four francs. This did not include their board. The grape vines are set about three feet apart, and kept trimmed back to one single vine, from three to five feet in height, supported by a stake driven into the ground. The cultivation is all done by hand.

After leaving this place, I walked across to a town named Serrieres, where one of the largest chocolate manufactories on this side of the "pond" is located. My vineyard host having given me a recommendation paper, I was courteously shown through this big establishment. Here 800 men and women are employed at this delicious occupation. I was invited to taste the different grades, in their different stages of manufacture, and of course accepted the invitation. On leaving the factory I presume I had a chocolate scent, anyway I tasted chocolate for several hours afterward. This company was formed in 1826 by a Philip Suchard and still goes by that name. It has branches all over Europe and has some fifty traveling agents, booking orders filled by many wholesale houses. No matter where you get to, you see the advertisement of Suchard Chocolate. Before leaving, I was presented by a good sized, round, souvenir box, containing the various kinds of chocolate candies manufactured here.

Later I went by "tram" to Neuchatel, where I boarded a train for Berne, the capital of Switzerland, using the same ticket I purchased at Paris exactly five days previous, and which expired after the fifth day. On my arrival at Berne, I went by "tram" to the "Gurten," a high hill outside the city. At the foot of this high elevation I boarded an incline tram and went up to the summit. It was shortly before sunset when I reached the top and cast a view across to the range of ice-capped peaks, some forty miles distant.

The scenery was magnificent, made more so by the red glow of the setting sun. One will think of the beautiful mansions prepared for God-fearing and obeying people and wonders if the Golden City will look similar to the sight before you. The many small and variously shaped peaks, rising from the larger ones, give it the appearance of a city, all lined with pure white and gold. It was with a soul-stirring heart I again returned to the city, many

hundred feet below. The following day I spent in strolling about this famous old city.

Berne, the Capital City; a City of Toys and Novelties; Ancient Buildings; Reminiscences of Former Centuries.

Berne is the capital of the Canton bearing that name, as well the capital of entire Switzerland, and has a population of over 70,000, according to the census taken in 1904. The city was founded in the year 1191, by Duke Berchtold V, of Zahringen, and built on a peninsula formed by the river Aar. The grouping of the lower town buildings and street life in that section gives the town somewhat of an Italian character.

Along the river, in the lower end, is located the oldest part of the town. Here there are many private houses, with beautiful facades, overhanging gables and steep roofs, which are well worth seeing. In this part of the town are located the old Rathhaus and Dominican church, with which we will deal later; also the old "Stalden-brunn" we read of in the Haslibacher hymn.

The Chief executive body of Switzerland is the Federal Council, composed of seven members, one of whom is elected president each year. The legislation is in the hands of the Federal Assembly, composed of a National Council, elected by popular vote, one member representing about 20,000 inhabitants, and a Council of States, two members from each Canton. (The different states or provinces of Switzerland are called cantons).

In no other city have I thus far come across so many and so great a variety of novelties, as are seen about you, in the stores, which are many, taking the place of drinking restaurants in Paris, and all along under the arches of the street they are offered for sale. In the business center of the town the pavements are all under roof. From the sec-

ond story up the street fronts of houses, which are nearly all either stores, restaurants or bake shops, extend out to the street. Big arches are all along the pavement, which support the extensions above.

At the comparatively low prices things are offered for sale here, a traveler coming from a country where goods are much higher in price, is greatly tempted in buying many things to take along to his native land. I done considerable shopping here in the line of jewelry, glassware, books, post-cards, sterescopic views, souvenirs, stationary, etc.; also requisite traveling necessities to make the trip to the high altitudes of the Alps.

The restaurants here are altogether different from those in Paris. Here dainties, cakes of all descriptions, chocolate, milk and sometimes soft drinks are served. The people also have a more busy and hustling disposition, not idling about like the Frenchman, spending his time leisurely as though this world could be traveled through without earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. To my eye this city is noted for its busy people, many toys, musical instruments, varieties of glassware, picture books, post-cards, its many water fountains, ancient buildings and gateways, and its immense cakes of Swiss cheese and the large quantities offered for sale on the markets.

It was my intention on arriving in this city to visit these parts made famous in the days of the Reformation, or where our forefathers were condemned to death for being steadfast in their faith. I felt well paid for hunting up these places.

For a further description see "Execution of Haslibacher," in third part of book.

A Stroll Through the City.

The city has many fountains built in the middle of its streets. If the water was scarce in Paris and the French towns, here you could for once get all the water you wished

to drink, without hunting it and without arousing curiosity. Each fountain has a monument or memorial extending to some height above the fountain. No two fountains in the city are alike. The water issues out of pipes, generally from the four sides. These many ornamental and ancient fountains form one of the chief adornments of Berne. Most of them date back from 1542 to 1545.

The Ogre (child eater) fountain attracts the stranger's attention. The statue represents a gigantic Jew, in the act of devouring a child, and is supposed to commemorate some ritual atrocities performed, according to tradition, by the Jews, in 1294. Another one which draws attention is the Sampson fountain, and still another the Riffli or Stalden fountain (most ancient part of Berne).

The gateways are also worthy of note. Only three of the numerous gateways have remained intact, but these give good evidence of the strength of the ancient fortified towers or gateways.

The Zeit glockenturm (Clock tower) was formerly an entrance gate of the town. This gateway, in its present form, dates principally from the fifteenth century. It has a celebrated clock, with rare mechanism, dating back to 1530, which causes this tower to be one of the chief sights of the city. To see the clock strike to advantage, one should arrive at least five minutes before it strikes the hour, in order to see it perform all its various functions, which are very interesting, indeed. (See page 76).

The Kaefig turn (Cage tower) marks the second fortification (1226); in its present form it however dates back only to 1641 and 1643. The tower is used at the present day yet as a Cantonal Archive. (A place where records are kept and preserved). The Muenztor gateway was rebuilt as late as 1793, on the site of a very ancient one.

St. Vincent church was also visited. Entrance fee was only 20 centimes (2c). It was founded by a certain Matthaus Ensinger, in 1421. In 1896 a tower of over three



Street Scene, Showing the Appearance of the Arcades or Arches, From the Outside; Ancient Water Fountain; Zeitglockenturn in the Rear.

hundred feet in height was added to it. Outside the principal entrance there is a rich sculpture representing the day of judgement. In the interior the ancient, beautifully colored glass windows attract one's attention; also the rare old carved choir stalls, dating to the period of former centuries, and the celebrated pipe organ, with a 66 register and 5,000 pipes. Nine bells are stationed in its tower, of which the largest weighs 13,350 kilograms, or equal to nearly one and one-half tons.

Another interesting church is the formerly Dominican, now known as the French church. It is of early gothic style, built in 1235 to 1269, and is the most ancient building in the city.

Immediately opposite is the old Rathhaus (formerly the old Cantonal Townhall), which was built in 1404—1416, and is remarkable for its gothic ornamentation and fine flight of steps, built along its front. It has, however, since been remodeled. The old Council room remains unchanged, with the old "lockup" adjoining. A low, rusty iron door leads to the narrow entrance of it. Seeing it, causes one to think of the many innocent persons that were confined here temporarily for trial in the days of the Reformation.

I will mention but one more building of interest, among the many museums, public buildings, old cafes, etc. This is the Swiss Alpine Museum, and contains most remarkable reliefs of the high Alps, among them being Simon's "Jungfrau Group" and Professor Heim's "Santiss;" also exhibits Alpine animal and vegetable world; Alpine equipments, Alpine Club hut models; rescue appliances; in fact everything pertaining to or required in traveling over the Alps; very interesting and of valuable information to one preparing for an Alpine tour.

The bear pit was also visited. The bear is the ensign, and apparently all the fake of the town. One sees him hewn in stone, cast in bronze, carved in wood, or formed

from gingerbread and other dainties. According to the legend, the city derives its name from the bear. It is stated that Duke Berchtold V, christened the newly founded town after a bear he had slain on the spot. Live bears have been kept in the bear pits since 1480.

We now take a more modern stroll through the city, and take in the cattle market, nearby. It happened incidentally that this was the Bazaar day for the farmers, which is held semimonthly. Here they bring their Simenthal breed of cattle, which alone abounds in the surrounding country, and offer it for sale. Those who wish to buy, come here to invest on an average cow about 600 francs. Their cows are valued about the same here as the French farmer values his horse. The cows, as in Paris, are all tied by their horns, side by side to low railings, with two rows facing each other.

It also happened to be market day. Whenever I happened to be in a city on a market day I took a stroll among the plain and pleasant country people. A few prices on their produce here may be interesting, I have, I think, several times before mentioned them, but each country has its methods of selling and different prices prevail. Potatoes, apples and pears were as a rule sold alike. Price per 5 liter measure, 30 centimes; equal to six cents. The measure contains about one sixth of a bushel. (One liter is equal to two pounds). Many vegetables also abound, some which I could not make out what it was and forgot their peculiar names. Bread, buns and cake abound in plenty.

Cheese—never saw the like before. One would think enough cheese is offered on the market in a single day to do an ordinary American city a whole year. It is cut and sold by the pound from big, round cakes lying unprotected and uncovered on the low tables, or market stands. The largest of these cakes weigh 100 kilograms (200 lbs.). The Swiss are a great cheese consuming people, and I had also become partly acclimated in that respect. It has a more mild and

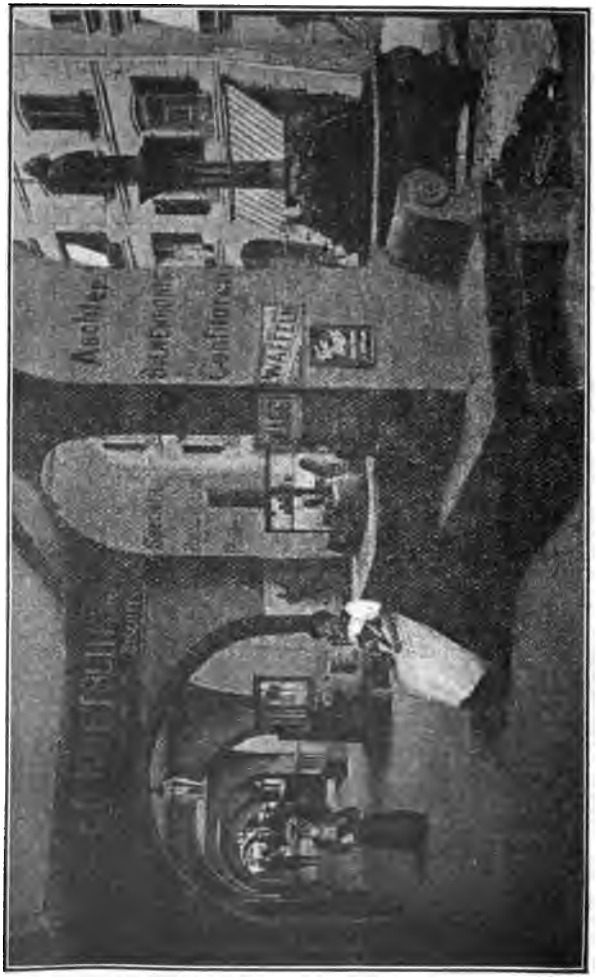
delicious taste than our so-called Swiss cheese in America. The general country produce, like on most all the foreign market places, is distributed on the surface of the street, allowing wide passages in the middle of the street for the prospective buyers to pass up and down. On market days one sees no wagons and vehicles pass on these streets until the market is over. There is in every city a big open market place, but these generally are too small for all the country folks who wish to dispose of their produce, so they generally spread out along the outside of the arcades, on one of the principal streets and along its thoroughfares.

A peculiar and very frequent sight on the streets of Berne are the little hand carts, aided in pulling them by a big dog hitched to the side of the short pole, but not tied or fastened by the neck. I presume our American dogs, when seeing a cat, or any other object to draw their attention, would soon turn in the opposite direction of the course of the cart and tug into his harness with whim.

These odd-looking carts are mostly used by the milkman in retailing and delivering the milk from door to door to his respective customers. The vessel containing the milk is a deep, oval shaped wooden cask. (See page 80).

One thing in particular is certain to be remarked by strangers, and that is the old Bernese style of architecture in its arches or arcades, all along the principal streets. Underneath the arcades sit many of the merry Swiss damsels, offering their wares for sale, either knitting or sewing all the while. Evidently they aim to keep busy all the time and do not idle away any time whatever. As before mentioned, you can easily discern the Bernese folks; they are quite the opposite from the Parisian French folks in above respect, and do not waste their time leisurely in idle luxury, like the latter.

During my stay here, I made a side trip to Langnau, in the Emmenthal district, to locate a certain young Mennonite minister, who had spent several years in America.



Pavement Under the Arcades, Made in the Style of the old Bernese Architecture.

After some delay, I finally located my party at Konolfingen, where he was employed as a bookkeeper in the Bernese Alps Milk Company. (For further particulars concerning above party see "Among the Swiss Mennonites" in part second.

Here the milk was sterilized and condensed, mostly without sugar, packed and shipped in this stage all over Europe, parts of Asia and Africa. The milk is received direct from the dairy farmer twice a day. The Emmenthal district is a much noted dairying center. The milk sterilized by the above company is noted for its purity.

Returning to Berne, I prepared myself for an Alpine mountain tour. Among other necessaries I provided myself with an Alpine knapsack and stuffed it with different eatables, such as rye bread, cheese, condensed milk, canned fish, nuts and fruits, suitable for a lunch while climbing the Alps.

We will now leave, with no little reluctance, this busy and most interesting old city, and head for the high Alps, some forty miles distant.

Heading for the Alps--More Swiss Sceneries.

Purchasing a circular ticket prior to leaving Berne, I soon sped on my way, in a southeasterly direction, for Interlaken. In buying a circular ticket one plans out the route he intends to travel, always returning to the starting point, but in as much of a round-about way as he chooses. The route chosen, it is then handed in to the tourist office, where the exact price of the ticket is made by certain fixed rates. The route I selected included about 350 kilometers of both railway and steamer travel, the price being fourteen francs and thirty centimes; this being equal to a rate of about three-fourths cent per mile. The mountain railways are not included in this or any other ticket, as they are mostly independent roads, and therefore are not in-

cluded with the general railroad traffic.

Reaching Scherzlingen, on the Thuner Lake, I went by steamer to Interlaken. This was a delightful ride on a lake, eleven miles long, and only two miles wide at the widest part. It lays between the mountains of the Alps. High mountains run out, as it were, crossways to the very water's edge. Village after village was passed, at some we stopped to let off or receive passengers. Back of nearest mountains rise higher ones, with projecting bare cliffs. We soon came in sight of the Jungfrau group of mountains, which are covered with snow the year round. With the aid of my spyglass I could discern the different and very picturesque forms of the snow peaks, although yet away quite a distance.

After enjoying the scenery on the lake for two hours, we arrived at Interlaken. This is a beautiful scattered town, on a level surface between the Thuner Laka and Lake of Brienz. This place reminds me of some of the level country seen throughout my travels in some of the Western States, in America. Outside the town is a large stretch of level pasture land, bare of trees, as level and green as any lawn can be made. This level stretch of country is surrounded on all sides by high mountains, with the exception of several narrow gaps; the mountain to the north of it is 4290 feet in elevation. At the top of this high mountain is a big hotel, built to the very edge of the precipice. The hotel is reached by cable railway, having a gradient of 58.100.

Here, a little to the one side of the town, is located the old Monastery of Interlaken, founded in 1130. This, if I remember correctly, is the oldest building I found on my whole European trip. Different parts of the old church are now used by the Anglican, Presbyterian, French Protestant and Roman Catholics. (See page 83).

I remained in this picturesquely-set village over night, at an old-fashioned inn, where I was the object of no little curiosity.



Man and Dog Pulling a Milk Cart; Method of the Bernese Milkman in Delivering his milk; the old Church in the Background.

CHAPTER VII.

An Extended Alpine Tour.

First Steps in Mountain Climbing--Advancing Towards the Snow-Capped Peaks.

The following morning, after my one night's stay in the beautifully located town of Interlaken, I arose much earlier than usual, to prepare myself for an Alpine tour. This was the chief object of visiting Switzerland, so now I was at "the bottom of the ladder," as it were, to my long dreamt of Swiss Alp adventures.

Having dressed myself extra heavy, I proceeded to do a little stunt in climbing the nearby, steep, wooded mountain, lying to the immediate north of Interlaken, of which I made mention in the latter part of chapter VI. At first the climbing was easy enough, as I followed a winding pathway leading up through a steep inclining grove of fir and the beautifully colored linden trees.

Having reached the end of the pathway, I still continued ascending the steep incline of loose rocks, with an occasional small fir tree growing out of the rocks; clinging to these small fir trees, I still continued pulling myself upward.

At last I came to within the very foot of the rocky precipice on the summit of which the hotel is located, of which I gave a description in the latter part of the foregoing chapter. The height from here up to the top is apparently about three hundred feet, rising almost perpendicular. From this point I had a splendid view over the

scattered village below; the level pasture land; and beyond that, through a narrow gap, the noted Jungfrau group of peaks were plainly visible.

Retracing my steps down the mountain, I again reached the winding pathway in the grove, but not without some difficulty. Frequently the loose rocks would give way and roll down the steep grade, and on several occasions I nearly lost my footing, and when finally I did reach the grove below, I heaved a sigh of relief. I reached the station below in time to take an early train for Lauterbrunnen.

After crossing the rich and level plain of Interlaken, we entered through a gap into a narrow, winding, wooded valley. The railroad winds along a frothy, foamy, white creek, called the "Weisse Lutchine" (White L——). Occasionally the valley widens, but is bounded all the way with grey limestone cliffs, from 1,000 to 1,500 feet in height. These, however, are mere toys in comparison to the high perpendicular mountain cliffs, with their upper portion one solid grey rock. On the summit of one of these high cliffs is a large, white rock, shaped like the head of a man, with face upward and mouth wide open.

A ride of seven and one-half miles brought us into a much scattered village, called Lauterbrunnen, lying in a deep valley, about one-half mile in width, and into which the sun's rays, in winter time, do not penetrate until 11:00, A. M. It derives its name (Nothing but springs) from the numerous springs, which flow out of the rocks along the mountain sides. The Staubbach, one of the best known of these springs, falls from a jutting rock, 980 feet. Much of it, before it reaches the ground, blows into spray, which bedews the meadows and trees all around. Far above to the one side of the town is the Jungfrau group of snow-capped peaks, while on the other side rise precipitous cliffs upon cliffs, to thousands of feet in height.

Enroute to Lauterbrunnen, a company of twelve Austrians happened to be on the same train. Several of the

youngest men were college students, and could talk the English language fluently. With these I became very intimate. The company altogether were a jesting, active, yet amiable sort of fellows. They were also touring Switzerland, so they invited me to join their band. As the rates on the incline cog-wheel cars, leading to the high Alps, are comparatively cheaper when a party club together, I was much benefited by accepting their invitation. Nevertheless, it cost me considerably more to gain the high Alps on the small mountain car, than was paid for the whole route of the circular ticket purchased at Berne, for an extended tour through Switzerland. You may not wonder so much in the steep charges of these previously mentioned cars when I describe them later.

Boarding a small mountain train, we moved slowly upward in a zigzag course, towards the land of snow and ice. First we passed up the slope through a belt of nice pasture land and fruit trees. Beyond this there was also pasture land, with the trees becoming fewer and fewer until they ceased entirely. The identical Alpine huts, which we so often hear about, at intervals thickly dot this slope.

Slowly and gradually we moved onward, sometimes facing the Jungfrau, with Silverhorn adjacent to it, and at another turn of the zigzag course we faced some other high peak. Looking downward we had a magnificent view of the valley below, which seemed to become smaller and smaller, until at last it almost faded from sight.

Away up the slope we left the small mountain train at a station called Scheidegg. Here the train winds its way downward into another valley, to a village named Grindelwald. Remaining at the above named station but a few minutes, a shout was heard: "Jungfrau bahn! Sitz nehmen fur Eigergletcher, Eigerwand und Eismeer." (Jungfrau railway! Take your seats for Eigergletcher, Eigerwand and Eismeer).

The Alpine Electric Train.

A smile of satisfaction beamed on our faces as we were comfortably seated in a small rack and pinion car, operated by electricity; the system employed being the latest device of a certain talented civil engineer, of Zurich. Immediately back of our car was the electric locomotive-car. The interior is a work of fine mechanism; in it the engineers are engaged in their somewhat difficult task, which involves such a heavy responsibility. The car glides gently forward, without any of the disagreeable jolts and headlong plunges, so common on mountain railway trains propelled by steam.

We were not inconvenienced by smoke and sulphurous fumes, belched out by a puffing and snorting engine. These electric locomotives on the Jungfrau railway are reputed to be the finest mountain engines in the world, and are fitted with all the necessary safety appliances. Whether ascending or descending, they can not exceed a speed of five and one-fourth miles per hour. One could almost walk that gait, for at least a short distance. Measures have also been taken to avoid accidents.

The locomotive-car is equipped with two motors of 150 horse power each, which makes 760 revolutions per minute. Just think of these small cars requiring the strength of three hundred horses, to propel them up the steep grade. The required current for feeding these engines is conducted along two heavy copper wires from the power house at Lauterbrunnen. A small gripper is affixed to the front axle of the locomotive, which grasps the rack and prevents the engine from rising in front, or as the small urchin says: "Turning a somersault backwards."

The car at first makes its way along under the open sky, having on its right the valley of Lauterbrunnen and on its left that of Grindelwald; then it enters a little tunnel, about one hundred yards in length; at the same instant the electric lights are turned on, but soon go out again as we

emerge from the tunnel into the open air again. In front of us, only a stone's throw away, so to speak, extend the glaciers and ice-covered slopes of the Eiger, the Monch and the Jungfrau. We soon reached Eigergletcher station (2,187 yards from Kleine Scheidegg and 7,624 feet above the level of the sea).

We were struck with amazement at the beauty of the scene presented to us. As previously stated, the Jungfrau seemed but a stone's throw distant, yet there were actually thousands of feet between this point to the top of it. The distances and objects in general among the high Alps are very deceiving to the eyesight, caused, I presume by the high altitude and the clear mountain atmosphere. Two hundred twenty yards above Eigergletcher the line enters the great tunnel, four kilometers in length, pierced through the solid rock of the Eiger and the Monch. The work of extending this railway to the summit of the Jungfrau is in operation. This will require several years yet, and after it is completed the tunnel will be 6 miles in length. This is one of the greatest triumphs of mountain railways, its elevation being the highest in the world. While the car ascended quietly through the tunnel, we called to mind, with some emotion, that we were passing through the highest tunnel in the world.

A ride of twenty minutes brought us to another halting place, or station, called Eigerwand. On approaching the station, we saw the inscription of its name, displayed in many colors, formed by different colored electric lights. Large openings are excavated in the rock, admitting daylight. Walking to the edge of this opening, we were awe-stricken at the marvelous and magnificent sights to be seen. The north side of the Eiger, where this opening is located, is one broad, precipitous, and almost perpendicular rock.

From our high elevation we had a grand view of the scattered town of Grindelwald, nearly 6,000 feet below. The sight is indescribably pretty. Most of the houses be-

ing white, with red tile roofs, form, as it were, mere white and red dots, scattered about on a nice green cloth; the latter referring to the green pasture land, in which the village is scattered. Viewing the surrounding country, which abounds in pastures and fruit trees, by the aid of our telescopes, resembled an artists picture, drawn as perfect and pretty as human skill could make it. Then too, we were afforded an extensive view of the surrounding Alpine ranges, beyond which, on the horizon, appear the distant ranges of the Jura, Vosges and Black Forest.

The Jungfrau railway has a telescope stationed here gratuitously at the service of the passengers, which has lenses enlarging 108 times. Through it we could plainly see, not only the hotels on the Rigi and the Pilatus (over forty miles distant), but also the people moving around them.

The company also has a strong search-light placed here, with a candle power of 94,000,000, furnished with a reflector three and one-half feet in diameter. In the evening it throws beams far and wide and exchanges salutations with the less powerful search-lights, stationed on the Stanserhorn and other peaks. They say that by its light, the people in the streets of Thun are able to read a newspaper, the distance being about thirty miles. This powerful light is plainly seen for a distance of sixty miles, and from that distance resembles a bright star.

Amidst exhilarating sights, we heard the command: "Alle einsteige" (All take seats). After a ride of eleven minutes more through the tunnel, we found ourselves at the next station.

Among the High Alps, or in the Land of Perpetual Snow and Ice.

On arriving at the station of Eismeer, we found ourselves in a land which knows no summer, everything, with



Eismeer Station—Scene of a Land Which Knows no Summer.

the exception of the perpendicular cliffs, is covered with snow and ice. Its name, Eismeer, translated, meaning a sea of ice, is not given in vain. It is hemmed in on all sides by high snow-capped peaks.

This station has also, as that of Eigerwand, an opening excavated to admit daylight. The width of these apertures is twenty feet. The view obtained from Eismeer station is marvelous. He who for the first time reaches such an altitude and sees at close range the regions of eternal snow, becomes speechless with wonder.

However, it was not enough to merely see this "wonder land," so a number of us decided to venture a trip on it. Roping ourselves together, three in each gang, several parties set out, with an experienced Alpine guide leading each gang. Holding a coil of rope in the left hand, and supported by a stout Alpine staff in the right, we marched out single file. In order to reach the Eismeer, we were obliged to walk along a steep precipice of snow and ice and descend gradually in a winding course to our destination below. We were careful to tread in the same footprints made by the guides, who treaded down heavily with their well ironed shoes, which required slow and sure stepping. At last we reached an almost level surface of snow and ice. Unless heavily clothed, one must shiver with cold. Thanks to the dryness of the atmosphere, one does not feel the cold near as much as in winter time in the damp air of lower elevations. Wonderful, indeed, and quite a contrast, to think that a few hours ago we were in a warm climate, with a growth of green pasture and fruit, while now we are amidst winter, and everything coated in white.

Several times we stepped, or rather leaped, over deep crevices, of almost fathomless depths. In stepping over them, we uncoiled the rope, held in our hand, and walked apart the entire length of it. This was done in case one should fall while crossing these deep crevices, the rest were supposed to be able to keep him from dropping down into

them. It almost made one's blood run cold in crossing these crevices. Relying on our guides, we still pressed onward, and climbed a big glacier, to have a look around. A fine panorama met our view. All around us at some distance (although, apparently close) were some of the loftiest summits of the Alps. All along the south side of the Eiger lies a chain of dazzling and glittering peaks. On some of these peaks we could count twenty or more glaciers, with their outlines well defined against the blue sky.

To the west of the lower saddle of the Mönch extends the Ewige Schneefeld (field of eternal snow), being a long and wide snowy plain. On the lower saddle of the Mönch, immense masses of ice, of dazzling whiteness and brilliancy, furrowed with deep crevices are to be seen.

Looking above us again, we could see a dozen or more of the high Alpine peaks, extending far skyward, the Jungfrau being the highest, with an altitude of 13,672 feet.

In the midst of this grand and majestic scenery, which is after all only a small corner of the great universe, we were overwhelmed by a vivid sense of the omnipotence of the Creator, and felt our own weakness and nothingness. With sparkling eyes and with an eager heart we retraced our route to the station, Eismeer. On the way we occasionally heard what sounded like terrific peals of rolling-like thunder, echoing and reechoing till at last the sound is multiplied manifold, when suddenly some mass of ice, hundreds of tons in weight, breaks loose from the mountain heights and rolls down the steep slope with terrific force, breaking into innumerable blocks, and are finally lost sight of in the chasm below. Then there is a great silence again, almost a death-like silence, unbroken even by the beat of a bird's wing or the swift leap of a chamois.

Before the railway was built only men of daring, and of sturdy frame and muscular power, who could undergo the fatigue of climbing these lofty Alps, were able to reach

this land of wonder, but now, from the Eismeer station, it can be reached by the weaker sex also. It is nothing unusual to see the sturdy and fearless Swiss maids among a party of Alpine climbers. It incidentally happened that one accompanied our party in climbing the Alps. We had to admit, she showed less timidness than some of our own party.

Returning to our starting point, we were congratulated by the remainder of our party in safely returning, after our somewhat adventurous trip. We soon found the time for descending at hand; so we bade farewell to winter and were again anxious to welcome summer. The car had waited exactly two hours.

Before we leave we take a look through the greatly magnifying telescope, stationed here. Through it we draw, as it were, the distant peaks and glaciers nigh to us. We can also plainly see the Alpine hut, which is stationed some over one-half the distance to the Jungfrau. The more daring tourists who wish to mount this latter peak, use this hut as an abode on their way to and from the Jungfrau. It was built with no small pains and expense, by the Alpine Tourist Club for that purpose.

It was my intention to climb the Jungfrau, but it required more time than I anticipated, so that I would not have been able to return before the coming Sunday, when I did not care to be on the march. I had my knapsack already stuffed with provisions to do me on this intended trip. The guide, who was to accompany me, would have cost me in the same proportion as the fare paid on the mountain railway. He bargained to go with me on this expedition for fifty-five francs. The trip would have required three days of perilous travel; first day to the Alpine hut, previously mentioned; second day to the summit of the Jungfrau, and return to the hut; third day return to Eismeer station. I did, however, get my share of adventures yet the same evening, as you will see later.

On reaching Eigergletcher again we alighted and took a look at the glaciers coming from the Eiger, called the Eiger glacier. This river of ice sometimes exceeds 150 feet in depth, and is fed by the enormous masses of ice, which break off with a thunderous report from the ice-capped peaks above and roll with a tremendous noise into the glacier below. They informed us that during the long winter season, incredible quantities of snow falls here, sometimes the entire lower story of the station being buried.

Beautiful Sceneries--An Alpine Sunset.

Here again I brought my spyglass into service, by which I could apparently draw the snowy Jungfrau and the pretty Silverhorn within reach. The latter I consider the most beautiful of all the adjacent peaks. It much resembles the snow mountain formed during a severe winter at Niagara Falls, being nice and oval in form.

At Eigergletcher the sunrise is an unknown phenomenon, for we here found ourselves in a deep hollow, shut in on the east side by the huge bulk of the Eiger. In winter time, up to eleven o'clock or nearly noon, a deep shadow rests upon everything. It is only when the sun has risen above the Eiger that its rays strike the Jungfrau and the Silverhorn. Soon the illumination spreads further down, lighting up the snow fields and glaciers, driving the shadows before it; the scene is most brilliant indeed. The coating of ice on the rocks resembles a fiery red enamel, reflecting the light with such brightness that from time to time we were compelled to close our dazzled eyes.

After a short stay here, we returned to Scheidegg, where I bade adieu to my companions, they heading for Grindelwald, and from thence southward, while I preferred staying in the valley below and spend the following day (Sunday) in rest. The parting was not made without some emotion, as our acquaintance had become very intimate in

the short time we were together on our Alpine expedition.

My craving for sceneries not being satisfied, I took a walk, or rather a climb, to a nearby peak, named Lauberhorn. With some effort, and stopping occasionally to gaze at the top, which seemed very slow in coming, I at last reached the summit. I crawled to the very edge, and gazing over, I found the other side perpendicular, while hundreds of feet below lay the small village and station of Wengen, which I intended reaching the same evening.

From this point I had an immense view. To the east, lay the valley of Grindelwald. To the south were the snow mountains, the nearest being the Eiger, with a fine view to its north side. With my glass I could discern the opening through the rock of Eigerwand station and other interesting objects, one being the level plain of Interlaken, which was easily seen through the gap mentioned in the forepart of this chapter.

Returning to Scheidegg, I found with some discouragement and no less anxiety, that the last car leading down into the valley had already departed. The sun was just then gliding behind the summit of the high peak to the west.

What a lovely sunset it was! This time of the year (early autumn) it takes place at or nearly five o'clock. Down in the deep valley of Lauterbrunnen night had already set in, while looking up the slope from whence we came, the rays of the sun are still shining with dazzling brilliancy. Gazing over to yonder high peak again, we apparently see, sheaves of fire shoot out into the immensity of space, and all along the horizon such grand color effects are displayed that an artist's pencil could only draw a poor and imperfect reflection of them. Every layer of air seemed to have a defferent tint or color, and all these so beautifully blended in many different shades of red, yellow, green, orange and violet. Staring with amazement at such sights one almost fancies himself in some enchanted land.

Lost on the Alps.

It was just dusk when I shouldered my knapsack again and began to slowly descend to habitation, far down the slope. The stations along the line were already closed for the winter, so no lodging place could be found nearer than Wengen. I followed a winding footpath, which led down over the barren slope. These high Alpine elevations are entirely bare of trees or vegetation.

After descending for some distance the path led down along nice pasture slopes, and further down I could discern, through the fast fading twilight, little tracts or strips of woodland. Not long after night had set in, I found that I had lost the path. Trudging along and not knowing whither I was going, stories came to my recollection, which I had read years ago, of travelers being lost on the Alps. I admit I wished I had never taken this European trip. Finally I came to a steep incline; peering down, I could see the railway track, thirty or forty feet below. Imagine my delight in finding my whereabouts; but then I could not descend to the track below, as the incline was too steep. Following the edge of the incline above the track, I saw a deep ravine or gorge, immediately in front of me. Two steps more would have hurled me to a fearful fate below, which, if taken, I would never have been able to write this article.

I noticed small fir trees growing along the side of this deep gorge, and determined to reach the railway track, so I undertook to climb down, holding myself firmly to the small trees, being careful to support only part of my weight to one, while I carefully stepped on to another. Several times I fancied losing my hold, or thought the small tree giving way to my weight. Finally, with a long breath of relief, I reached the track below.

The railway track crossed on a high frame or trestle over the deep gorge. In the dark I was not able to see

how deep it was, but apparently many hundred feet, and presumably it was well I could not see down very far, as in crossing it I was obliged to use great care, stepping over the railway ties.

After I had crossed this elevated trestle, I unstrapped my knapsack and sat down on a nearby rock, to ponder over my situation. It was now an easy matter to find the way to habitation below, but not so easy to reach it. I was already much fatigued from my day's travel, and to make matters worse, a corn on my foot, annoyed me considerably. Collecting renewed energy, I slowly descended along the steep and winding railway track.

I soon saw the lights at Wengen, the nearest village. Apparently these lights were not far distant, but, after trudging on for quite a while, it seemed they were as far away as ever. My knapsack also seemed to become heavier at every step. Finally, at a late hour in the night, I reached civilization once more. It was my intention to secure lodging, if possible, at the first light I get to, but in this I was disappointed. At several places along the way I stopped, but the people did not seem to be inclined to furnish a stranger with lodging that late in the night.

At last, reaching a neat cottage, I was granted permission to stay. The occupants were a young family of man and wife and several small children. Being very much exhausted from my long tramp, I soon retired for the night, but before closing my eyes in sleep, I delivered fervent offerings of praise and thanksgiving to Him who had so kindly protected and guided me on my hazardous mountain adventure.

At a late hour the following morning I arose, feeling much refreshed. Being the Sabbath day, I staid with this family in quiet rest. They were kind and sociable to me during my stay with them. During the afternoon I took a stroll over the much scattered village, which is located on the slope far above Lauterbrunnen. (For further par-

ticulars concerning the village of Wengen, see chapter VIII).

Leaving Lauterbrunnen Valley and Heading for Southern Switzerland.

On the second morning of my stay at Wengen, I boarded a train at Lauterbrunnen for Fruitingen. The latter town is located only about twelve miles to the west, straight across, but some thirty miles by rail. In traveling by rail from one place to another in Switzerland, one must frequently travel three or five times the distance, in order to wind around the high peaks. I went via Interlaken and Spiez. All the way between these two stations the train runs along the Thuner-see. To the right lies the beautiful lake; opposite rise the high mountains, with an occasional little village, with neat cottages at the foot of these mountains and immediately at the water's edge. To the left there is a gradual ascending slope, rich in fruit trees. Leaving Spiez, we entered a tunnel, running through one of these peaks, and found ourselves in another valley, with as much difference in scenery as if we had dropped into another world. Here is a wide and rolling valley, bare of trees, but rich in pasture and vegetation, with none of the ice-capped peaks in sight. Altogether the aspect is similar to my native land.

Soon Fruitingen is reached. Here I stuffed my knapsack with provisions and the most necessary articles, leaving the remainder of my luggage behind. I started to walk to the next town south, nine miles distant. One may think that you would tire of scenery, but here in Switzerland, where every valley seems to have its own scenery, you will never tire of it. I passed through another narrow valley, partly wooded, while the remainder was pasture. Herds of goats were seen on the mountain side. The goats all have bells attached to their necks, and are as a rule

watched by a shepherd. On the way I was overtaken by a man hauling a load of lumber, with four horses, hitched two abreast, and he invited me to a seat on top of the load. The invitation was gladly accepted. He informed me that it was an unaccustomed way of hauling for these parts, but further to the southeast, much of the hauling is done in this way. It was amusing to hear him speak, in a most unaccustomed way to me, to his front or head horse in turning to his right or left.

A Pedestrian Trip--Over the Gemmi.

Late in the evening I arrived at my destination, Kandersteg, where I secured night's lodging. Next morning I set out again, with knapsack on back and staff in hand, to take a pedestrian trip over the Gemmi Pass. This is the name of a footpath over the high Alpine ranges and connects the Bernese Oberland with the Canton of Valais, or in other words is the shortest route to be taken between central and southern Switzerland. A bridle path leads up from the north side. I followed this bridle path which leads up the slope of the Gellighorn, making many zigzags before the summit is reached. I passed several seething and rushing waterfalls of the Alpbach. Loose-looking, projecting rocks hang overhead, and one can not help feeling rather unsafe, for it has frequently happened that these rocks fell on the path. I met a pack-saddle-horse and its driver coming down the steep path. The driver informed me that he makes two trips a day, carrying provisions for the inn at Schwarenbach, on the other side of the peak. Another party meets him at the summit and carries it to the inn, hidden between grey, rocky cliffs. Reaching the summit after about two hours' walking, I took a rest. I brought my spyglass into service and took a view down into the scattered town of Kandersteg more than 3,000 feet below, where I had commenced the toilsome trip. On the southeast lies a deep gorge, uninhabited, save here and

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there a rude hut. Passing on and following the bridle path I soon came to a large basin, called the Spittelmatt. This basin is all strewn with rocks. It was devastated in 1895 by the bursting of a glacier covering the slopes.

Along the way I noticed a tablet imbedded in a big rock to mark the spot where six persons lost their lives on this occasion. The inscription on the tablet reads as follows:

ZUM ANDENKEN
an die am 11ten
Sept., 1895, durch den
Altels gletcherbruch
verunglückten
Joseph Roten vice Präs
Von Lükerbad
Hyancith Tschopp
Alois Gritching
Kasper Jeger
Alois Roth
Paul Brenner von Steg.
Barmherziger Jesus geib
ihnen die ewige ruhe

Shortly before noon I reached the inn, which I previously mentioned. Here I stopped to rest and to partake of a lunch, also to dress heavier, as the air was much cooler than down in the mild valleys. This place is stationed here in the mountain heights as a resting place for travelers over the Gemmi; also in case a storm should overtake them, that they may have a place of shelter. These Alpine storms, as a rule, come very suddenly. The experienced traveler can fortunately most always foretell its approach in good time. When a thin, white cloud, coming from the south, appears like a veil over the snowfields and glaciers, with an almost imperceptible movement, he may know a storm is approaching. One can hear of travelers, who took no heed to this warning, and who lost the trail, some perishing in the mountains, while others were saved by the noble St. Bernard dogs. At the above inn, these more than ordinary gifted dogs were also kept.

After a short stay, I resumed my journey. The path now wound upwards again, through a bleak, barren and rocky surface. Before reaching the summit I came to another basin, in which there was a beautiful lake, apparently not more than one-fourth of a mile in length. As the path now followed this lake I stepped it off and found it to be over a mile in length. Its name is the Daubensee (deaf lake). It has no visible outlet and is fed by the Lammern glacier. Ten minutes more and the summit of the Gemmi Pass was reached. Here I was walking up among the clouds, with snow on either side of me. A light snow was falling, which often occurs here in summer. Several rude huts and a hotel have been built here to accommodate the adventurous tourists during the summer months. I found them already vacated, as no one cares to live here during late autumn and winter. Here I had a fine view to the south. Thousands of feet below lies the narrow and picturesque valley of the Rhone, mostly bare of trees, but covered with its meadows of nice green pasture. Opposite rise gray, perpendicular peaks, while beyond these lies the Matterhorn and its chain of snowy peaks.

In the valley below, scarcely a stone's throw, it seemed, from the base of the peak I was standing on, is the town of Leuker Bad (Baths of Leuk), through which I had to pass to reach Leuk, my destination. I now had a very steep and winding footpath to descend, which I found a difficult task to keep my footing. Leaning heavily on my staff, which I held with both hands, I slowly and cautiously descended. The path is but five feet wide and hewn into the sides of the peak or rock. The upper parts at places actually project further out than the path. One has to keep his nerve and step carefully, for a sudden slip or a misstep would be liable to throw you off the path and land you into the chasm, hundreds of feet below, meaning instant death. At a place below a white marble cross is set in an opening of the rock commemorating the death of one who fell from

the cliff above.

I counted ninety-six zigzags or windings, before reaching the valley. At a little distance to the east are small patches of ground, terraced, one above the other, where the respective owners were engaged in hoeing or grubbing out potatoes. They were taken to the village in deep, wide baskets, carried chiefly by women, having them fastened on their backs. A large herd of cows were grazing in the meadow land to the west. One man herds the cows of the whole village.

It was late in the afternoon before I reached this village, which formerly seemed but a stone's throw from the foot of the high and almost perpendicular mountain cliff. I was informed here that the next village through which my intended route passed was an Italian village and was reputed not to be safe to travel through after night. The sun had then already set behind yonder high peak. Even in the height of summer it sets as early as five o'clock. A kind-hearted aged man begged of me to stay for the night, but I did not accept, as I had my route and time planned out so as to be able to return to a certain Mennonite conference, held the ensueing Saturday. Partaking of another lunch, I continued my tramp.

I now walked over meadow lands and along a nice winding driveway, which followed the smoothly gliding creek of the Dala. There are no fences along this public highway; it is nicely piked with white stones, forming a beautiful contrast to the green stretch of shortly-cropped meadow land, seeming as if one was walking through a vast stretch of lawn. Walking along for several miles brought a great change of scenery. The stream, which had been flowing so smoothly, now rushes and seethes down precipitous rocks into a deep gorge below, leaving the road hundreds of feet above it to wind its way down more gradually, to meet the stream again many miles distant. At one place the highway crosses this deep gorge on a nicely

arched bridge, built about 300 feet above the water. I should have added that this valley of the Rhone is bounded all the way, on both sides, by perpendicular cliffs, thousands of feet in height, which by the moonlight present a weird, ghost-like appearance.

I passed through the Italian village unmolested. I, however, noticed two men, which evidently were suspicious characters. If they did follow me at all, I presume they could not overtake me, by the gait I went along for sometime afterwards. The places of abode in this village for the different families, were mere hovels. The average American farmer would not consider them serviceable for a pigsty.

Soon after crossing the previously mentioned high bridge, I followed a bridle and footpath to make a near cut for my destination, which I seemed slow in reaching. On the way the crickets and other midsummer insects were continuously keeping up their music, as it were, to cheer me on my rather lonesome pedestrian travel. It was in the latter part of the month of October when I traveled through the southern part of Switzerland, towards Italy, nevertheless, the climate was still as mild as that of June. I was by this time more than 5,000 feet lower than many places of the "Bernese Oberland," which accounted for the difference in the climate. At last, late at night, I reached my destination, the Simplon railway. Being very much fatigued, I remained at the town of Leuk for the night, and also the following day to recover again. For details concerning this old town and a rural district nearby, see chapter VIII.

Over the Noted Simplon Railway to Martigny.

This railway is greatly noted on account of having the longest tunnel in the world, being twelve and one-fourth

miles in length. In traveling south you enter the tunnel from the Switzerland side and come out of it on the Italian side. The trains are run through it by electricity, and require about twenty to twenty-five minutes in passing. On the way to Martigny we passed numerous old castles and Roman forts lying in ruins, some of which date back to the early centuries. Vineyards extend up the slope of the Rhone valley, while many are also located on the level lowlands of the valley, which now becomes wider and wider. Patches of corn were also planted in these lowlands, which was the first corn seen on my trip. It is, however, only farmed on a small scale. As we approached the old city we saw patches of different vegetables, some of them being entirely strange to me.

Martigny is almost surrounded by steep mountains, volcanic in appearance, whose sides are also covered part way up with vineyards, one terraced above the other. The wine they produce is greatly noted, being the Coquempey and Lamarque wines, known to the Romans. It sells at fabulous prices. An old castle, lying in ruins, on a ledge above the town done service in the early centuries as the home of the Bishops of Sion. The peaks round about the city form the dividing line of the Rhone valley and that of the Drance. The town has an Italian aspect, but three languages prevail—the German, French and Italian. The former is very little in general use. Notices on the trains and at the depots are also tacked up in these three languages. At the southeast end of the town remains of early Roman buildings have been recently excavated.

I came to the above mentioned city with the intent purpose of going over the Great St. Bernard Pass to the St. Bernard Hospice, lying some twenty miles to the south. In my boyhood days I heard and also read stories of this place, of how the kind-hearted monks, by the aid of the noble St. Bernard dogs, saved many a traveler's life when a storm was raging.

I set out with knapsack on back and staff in hand, for the place mentioned. On entering the valley of the Drance I felt my strength failing me, and fearing I could not hold out on so long and to some extent dangerous trip, I retraced my steps and returned to my starting point. During winter the part of the valley I had reached, the sun does not shine in at all. It was with much reluctance that I was obliged to give up this intended pedestrian trip. As before stated, I wished to return to a conference held at Langnau, in central Switzerland, and could not remain here to recuperate.

The St. Bernard Hospice (Convent)

A brief description of the place I had intended to visit may not be out of the way. The Hospice of the great St. Bernard was founded by St. Bernard de (of) Menthon, in the year 962. The present oldest building dates from the middle of the sixteenth century.

The inmates of the hospice are stationed here to render assistance to travelers in the snowy season, which here lasts nearly nine months. In this work of benevolence they are aided by the famous dogs, whose keen sense of smell enables them to track and discover travelers buried in the snow. They generally carry a small barrel-shaped vessel, attached to their neck, which contains eatables and restoratives for the travelers who lost their trail, or who were overcome by a snow storm. In this manner, if still in a conscious state, they are able to resort to medicine and food until reached by the monks. Formerly the inmates of the hospice were called monks, while now they go by the name of maroniers. Numerous travelers have been rescued by the monks of St. Bernard, or by their noble and sagacious animals. New Foundland dogs are now employed, instead of the St. Bernards, but here they still often go by the latter name.

It is stated that these dogs are able to know by their

keen instinct when a traveler is lost, even when they are indoors by the warm fireside. When they become restless and sniff the air, the inmates may know someone's life is depending on their hands. A feeling of veneration and compassion is given these heroic men, who generally begin their career at the ages of eighteen or nineteen. After about fifteen years' service, the severity of the climate has so undermined their constitution that they are compelled to descend with broken health to Martigny.

When all the wayfarers are poor; the cold intense; the snow of great depth; the dangers of storms frequent and imminent; it is then that the privations of these heroic men are most severe, and their service to their fellow men most invaluable. Travelers are received and lodged gratuitously to the limit of three days, but are supposed to drop in the alms box whatever sum they feel disposed of giving. I was informed that of late years thousands of visitors have been received, while the sum they deposited is very scant in comparison to the money invested in boarding them free of charge. The required amount for its support is derived partly from the revenues of the monastery; from collections made in Switzerland, and the gifts of travelers.

In the middle ages beneficence of its object was widely recognized in various parts of Christendom, and large gifts were frequently given by the different Emperors of Germany. Near the hospice is the Morgue, a large receptacle where the bodies found in the snow were laid to rest, but is now closed. The St. Bernard Hospice is one of the highest winter habitations on the Alps, its altitude being over 8,000 feet, and its annual mean temperature, 29 degrees Fahr. To the west of the monastery is a small lake, which is often frozen over on summer mornings.

It is recorded as a fact that during the Italian campaigns of 1798 to 1800 the pass was traversed by several hundred thousand soldiers. The French remained masters of the pass and kept 180 men stationed in the hospice for

a whole year. It was on this very pass that Napoleon, with his army of 30,000 men met the greatest difficulties. It is also stated that the Romans used this route 105 years before the birth of Christ. In 26 B. C., and after the foundation of Augusta Praetoria Salassorum, the route became more frequented. Emperor Constantine improved the route in 339. The Lombards, made the passage in about 547. Bernard, an uncle of King Charlemagne, marched an army through this pass into Italy in 733. It is supposed the name of the pass was derived from the latter Bernard.

The Return Trip.

Returning to Leuk, I remained over night, in order to recover and prepare myself for the return trip over the Gemmi. Feeling better after a good night's rest, I set out at seven o'clock in the morning, and by 1:00, P. M. I reached the top of the Gemmi. Nothing unusual occurred on the way, more than I met a Catholic funeral procession at Bader Leuk, which was interesting in the manner the ceremony was performed. At five minutes of seven I arrived at Fruitingen, being just twelve hours on the way. The last eight or nine miles from Kandersteg to the above mentioned place was, however, made by carriage.

A railway is now under course of construction from Fruitingen to the southern railway, via Kandersteg, which will do away with much of the travel over the Gemmi. It may, however, require years yet before it is completed, as a vast amount of work is necessary to undermine and tunnel the peaks and in the construction of bridges. Several weeks prior to my arrival a large tunnel gave way, entombing over a score of men.

At Fruitingen, on my return trip, I experienced some inconvenience. I did not have enough Swiss money to pay a night's lodging, and less yet to pay for a meal. I was obliged to stay till the bank opened the next day, be-

fore I could proceed on my trip. Rather a hard way of traveling, when in a strange country, with an empty purse. For once I did get night's lodging at one-half the regular rates, because it was all the Swiss change I had. It was a half franc piece (10c).

Next day, after having an order cashed, I felt more like myself again. I attended the conference at Langnau, about forty miles distant; visited in the surrounding community several days, and then continued on my "winding -up" tour. For further details concerning the conference see "Among the Swiss Mennonites," in Part Second of book.

The Wind-up Tour.

Leaving Langnau and vicinity, I again returned to Interlaken, to complete the remainder of my tour as called for on my circular ticket, formerly described. The trip from Interlaken to Brienz was made by steamboat on the delightful little lake of Brienz, eight and three-fourths miles long and from one to one and one-half miles wide, with a depth of 500 feet. We soon passed by the Giessbach waterfall, one of the prettiest and most frequented falls of the Bernese Oberland. The stream, on its way to the lake of Brienz, forms seven cascades, together 980 feet in height, falling from rock to rock and framed in dark green foliage. Only the lower fall is seen from the steamer.

From Brienz to Meiringen we went by rail through a wide, level valley, with mountains wooded by many different autumn-colored trees, forming an aspect much like the valleys in my native State. We changed at Meiringen, and went up a steep incline for three miles, with a gradient of 12.100. As we moved slowly along, a fine view was afforded of the valley recently passed through. The railroad bed, in many places, is cut out of the side of the perpendicular cliffs, causing, when looking down along the

side of the cars, a dizzy feeling. One lady on the car moved over to an opposite seat, remarking that it was too dangerous to sit to the side near the overhanging cliff.

At the summit we reached the station of Brunig, where a halt was made, which allowed one to look around, and to buy souvenir cards. Stepping inside our coaches again everything was closed, and we prepared to pass through two tunnels. We went down hill again, through wooded, rolling slopes, for five miles, to Giswil. Here the "rack and pinion" system was again left for the ordinary "eisenbahn" (railroad), which took us along at a much faster rate, for Hergiswil, via Alpnachstad. On the way we passed along the beautiful Sarner see, a lake four miles long and well stocked with fish.

Arrived at Hergiswil sometime after night. This little town lies at the foot of Pilatus, one of the most frequented and also the highest peaks near Luzern. It was my intention the following morning to climb this peak, but the weather was somewhat inclement, so I boarded a train again for Luzern. Luzern! Ye beautifully located city on the Vierwaldstatter see.

Luzern, A Beautiful City on the Vierwaldstatter See.

Enclosed by the ancient walls and nine watch towers, built in the thirteenth century, and its amphitheatrical situation, facing the Rigi and Pilatus, and the snow-clad Alps of Uri and Engleberg, makes it a very picturesque city to set eyes upon. A river of clear, sparkling water runs with the swiftness of a torrent through the city.

Seven bridges span this river, two of these being old, wooden structures, spanning the river obliquely. They are for foot traffic alone, and have done service for a number of centuries. Both these wooden structures are roofed, while at the beams overhead are large paintings. The Ka-



The Kapell Brücke, which has Withstood the Weather for Ages, and Does Service for Foot Traffic to this day. (See page 111).

pell-brücke is the most interesting, and its 154 paintings represent the lives of the old patron saints of Luzern. Some of them show the different death penalties applied by the rulers in the middle ages, who were Catholics. Many of the victims presumably were Protestants, who had a different way of worshipping God than the Roman Catholics.

This bridge also has an old tower adjoining it, called the wassertrum, of which they have no record, but tradition has it that in former centuries it did service to protect the town from the approach of enemies by water, and belonged to a medieval system of fortifications. On the water flocks of beautifully colored coots and swans abound. The other bridge, the Spreuer or Mühlen-brücke, is not so famous, but just as odd and quaint-looking. It also has old allegorical pictures, showing the approach of death to all sorts and conditions of men, some of them being very gruesome to behold.

Quaint and picturesque old houses still survive on the winding streets in the older parts of the town. The ancient Rathhaus dates from 1519. Below the Rathhaus and immediately along the river front is a large space, called the "wochenmarkt," where the different products of the surrounding country are offered for sale. One more place we will mention, the Lowendenkmahl. This is a large lion, hewn in the ledge of a rock to commemorate the death of twenty-six officers and nearly 800 men, who fell in defending the Tuilleries on the tenth of August, 1792. The sculpture is 28x18 feet. Underneath is an inscription in Latin, stating in brief this courageous event. These soldiers were the appointed guards and sworn to the service of Louis XVI., of France. On this fateful day the King was summoned before the popular assembly, and as soon as the royal family had left the palace a howling mob rushed in to take possession. The leader of the mob ordered the guads to surrender. To this, one of the Swiss officers replied: "What you ask is an insult. We do not



The Lion of Luzerne The Inscription Above, Translated, Reads: To the Faithfulness and Valor of the Swiss. (See Page 111)

give up our arms. We will not leave our post of duty." The rioters, who numbered thousands, thereupon rushed in. The guards fought well, each man kept his ground till he was overpowered and murdered, but at the end of the day the palace was ransacked and set on fire. Every Swiss was dead.

After spending one day in Luzern, I left by steamer over the "Vierwaldstetter see" for Brunnen. Here I had the honor of sleeping in the "Gasthaus zum Tell," where I noticed the signature of an acquaintance of mine from Lancaster city, who had registered two years ago.

The Famous Axenstrasse--Again Climbing Swiss Peaks--A Walk Through the Clouds.

Next morning I walked the Axenstrasse from the former place as far as Tell's Platte, ten kilometers distant. As this is a "beaten track of travel," I will omit sceneries and description of country, except to add that from this rock-hewn and elevated driveway one has finer scenery in variation than from any point of view, I think, in Switzerland. At some places the driveway is hundreds of feet above the lake, and at places the rocks hang high overhead, actually extending further out than the roadbed below. At other places, the road is cut through solid rock, forming tunnels, one of which is 150 yards in length, and another 120 yards.

Returned by steamer, going beyond my starting point, as far as Weggins, the first station beyond Vitznau. I arrived by noon, and set out on a tramp up the Rigi. It proved to be a tramp, too, as you will later see. Strolling on, and occasionally asking fellow pedestrians coming down whether I would soon reach the kulm (summit), I at last reached the top. I felt well repaid for the fatigue and very



Axenstrasse, Hewn From Cliffe, Overhanging the Vierwaldstatter See—Lake of Luzerne. (See page 113)

weary limbs under me. The scenery was magnificent; I had been walking through a dense fog and mist until within several hundred feet of the summit, when I stepped, it seemed, all of a sudden into bright sunshine and left this dense mist below my feet. The mist through which I passed proved to be the clouds. Being cold at this high elevation, everything was white with the frozen mist. I had somewhat the appearance of a snow man myself.

I said the scene from above was magnificent. That is only a mere mite of a word to describe it. Beyond, in the distance, rises a chain of white mountains, as it seemed, out of a white, wild, seething and rolling lake—the clouds. Nearby rise smaller, barren cliffs, which were minus the snow, as their elevation was not so high. So dense were these clouds that nothing could be seen of the green valley below. On the top of the kulm is the grand, white hotel, which was so plainly seen from Eigerwand station, by the aid of the strong glass, a distance of more than sixty kilometers. This grand resort is also reached by an incline railway from Vitznau.

Not far distant is a large dog kennel, which I visited. Here the famous St. Bernard dog is bred. I am not a fancier of dogs, but must say it was very interesting to see these well-bred dogs, varying in size from pups to those weighing nearly 200 pounds. This breeder exports numbers of them every year. He informed me he exported one to New York, which now weighs over 200 pounds. They are mostly exported when pups of twelve weeks old, when they are generally sold for $40 per head for the mantled pups. Those who have too many white spots are sold much cheaper. (Should any of the readers be interested, or think of probably making a purchase, I will gladly furnish required information on inquiry). This dealer also showed me, with some pride, different photos of his dogs and medals won from his kennels.

It was after 4:00, P. M., when I retraced my steps

downward. In the dense fog and night coming on, I lost the trail. For hours I wandered aimlessly about in the dark, going down steep slopes, and again returning upward, or winding around precipitous places. It was with some anxiety and not less fatigue that I finally came to a place where a light shone. This man directed me to a place of lodging, nearby. I was obliged to pay rather steep for lodging, but once retired, I felt like having the full worth of it.

In my wandering about until nearly eleven o'clock at night, I reached the above mentioned place, which was only one-half hour's walk from my starting point—the summit of the Rigi. Rather provoking, and felt somewhat mortified, for I could have descended to Weggins in much less time, and here I was near my starting point; but other thoughts also passed my mind. I was only too glad to finally find a place to lay my weary head, for as likely as not, I might have been obliged to wander around on the mountain till daylight dawned, or might have fallen into some deep gorge. One would not have dared to lay down to sleep, for fear of freezing to death. As I passed into the house I felt as much at home as though I was stepping through the entrance of my own home door.

Next morning I did not start out until within about an hour before the time for the steamer to leave for Luzern. A hasty half trot was made downwards, and was none too soon to meet the steamer. I was again about as tired as the previous evening.

My desire for climbing Swiss peaks was now about gratified, so I traveled over the remainder of my tour, passing through Zug and Zurich and returned to Berne. From Berne I went by rail to Basel, heading for the German frontier; crossed the boundary the same evening, and arrived at a German homestead, whose occupants showed me great hospitality. I remained one week, having contracted sickness, presumably caused by the exposures on the Alps.

We now leave the Swiss Alps, with their magnificent sceneries, which forever shall be planted in my memory. For the remainder of details, after passing Luzern on the return trip, see latter part of chapter VIII.

CHAPTER VIII.

Life and Events in Switzerland.

Area and Population.

Think of a population of 3,325,023 people living in an area of only 15,965 square miles, or in other words only a little more than one-third the size of Pennsylvania, and you can form some idea of how many of them must struggle for an existence. Then the greater part of this area is covered with mountains; but this is all to the Swiss' advantage. Would it not be for the hundreds upon hundreds of tourists pouring in from England, France and other nearby countries, the struggle would undoubtedly be harder. In many of the Swiss villages located near mountain resorts, the inhabitants depend much, either directly or indirectly, on a living off the tourists.

The most famous resorts have large, spacious hotels, built in both the larger towns and small villages as well. To supply these hotels it requires a large amount of food. The Swiss people find a ready sale there for their milk, different vegetables and fruits. When one is traveling through the country, which is the home of the "Sweitzer kase," (that is, if you are a lover of cheese at all), you are also much inclined to always want Swiss cheese with the menu at your boarding place, or pack it with the provisions stuffed in your knapsack.

Hemmed in by high mountains, except on the north side, where the "Father Rhine," so much used in German poetry, and the lake of Constance complete to form a barrier, which divides Switzerland from the outer world. No wonder the Swiss saying goes: "Over the Alps in Italy or across the Rhine in Germany."

Years ago these great barriers had much to do with the existence of the Swiss, for without them their born foe, the Austrians, would undoubtedly have wiped them out entirely. Then, too the great Napoleon could not enter on the west side without some difficulty. Switzerland was conquered by the Romans, B. C. 58 (58 years before Christ), who were at that time the richest nation living and subdued all other nations with which it came in combat. In a previous chapter I remarked of the Romans building the Great St. Bernard Pass, B. C. 105. Being built as a military pass, the Romans could then easily enter into Switzerland.

Something About William Tell, and Former Swiss Life.

Although Switzerland is only a dot on the map, in comparison to the great nations surrounding it, yet it managed to gain its liberty from the different nations under whose sway it was ruled from time to time. Its freedom was not obtained without undergoing many privations and hardships. Many are the stories we can read of Swiss bravery. The one pertaining to William Tell is known to nearly every school boy. Mention should probably have been made of it in chapter VII., when I related of my travel over the Axenstrasse, which is famous to William Tell.

This mountain highway extends to within a short distance of Altdorf, (Oldtown), which was the home of Tell. Here a bronze statue of the fearless archer, with the son

by his side, is located in the principal "platz" of the village. During summer representations of Tell's life are given in a building erected for that purpose, by the people of Altdorf.

In the beginning of the struggle for freedom, three men, who were highly talented, appointed a time when they would meet at a meadow, far from any habitation, named the Rütli. This noted spot lies near the steamboat station of Rütli, along the Axenstrasse, in a grassy clearing in the wood.

On the appointed night, November 17th, 1307, the three men assembled here. Each one of the three had brought with him ten more men, tried and true, who resolved to stand for the freedom of their fatherland. Here they promised and vowed, each in turn, to faithfully live and die for the rights of their countrymen. Further they agreed, that they would suffer no injustice, and also commit none, and that they would carry out everything, as one man. This is a revered spot to the Swiss, even to this day.

Shortly afterwards it happened that one of the tyranical bailiffs, Gessler by name, had set the hat of an Austrian duke upon a pole, erected at a place much frequented by the Swiss. He then ordered that everyone passing that way should tip his hat, or do reverence to the ducal hat on the pole. This was a grudge for them to do, as before stated, the Austrians were a born foe, and now they were to humble themselves to even show respect to merely an Austrian hat.

William Tell was one of the thirty men who pledged themselves to work for the cause of freedom. He refused to bow to the hat, and was brought before the bailiff. "Insolent archer," cried Gessler, "I will punish thee by thine own craft, I will set an apple on the head of thine son; shoot it off; and mark, fail it not." Tell was a famous archer of extraordinary marksmanship, and noted for his quiet ways and determination. If he missed the apple his

doom was sealed. Undoubtedly the tyranical Gessler thought he would miss his mark. Holding his bow aloft and taking good aim, he sent the arrow towards his son's head and split the apple in two. The people shouted and cheered in applause. Gessler noticed a second arrow in Tell's hand, and asked him why he held a second arrow. Tell answered at once: "If the first had not pierced the apple the second would have pierced thy heart." At this Gessler became enraged; he ordered Tell to be put in fetters, and taken to the boat in which he was going back to his castle at the other end of the lake.

A storm came up before they got started, but the tyrant was afraid the people would form a mob and a rescue might be attempted, so he would not consent to any delay. The storm became so severe that the frightened bailiff ordered Tell's chains to be taken off, so that he might help to steer the boat. Tell was ordered to take the helm, which he did without hesitancy, and steered straight for the Axenberg, at a place where a rock juts out over the water, like a shelf. The boat struck its mark, and Tell suddenly sprang out, like a hare from a trap, and landed on the rock in safety. No one at the helm, the boat drifted off and Tell made good his escape.

A small building, named Tell's Chapel, now stands on a rock as a memorial of the spot where Tell is supposed to have sprang out of Gessler's boat. Near the chapel the lake is six hundred forty feet deep, with the Axenstrasse three hundred sixty feet above. The finest part of this greatly noted mountain road is just beyond the chapel, or Tell's Platte. For further description of Axenstrasse, see foregoing chapter. Up to the present time the Swiss commemorate the event of Tell's escape. Every year, on Friday after Ascension day, when mass is celebrated, the people flock to the Platte in gayly decorated boats to do homage to their departed hero.

The Swiss of to-day are very different from their an-

cestors. They can, however, trace their descent from the three races from which they sprang. Among the Rhaetian Alps a type of the earlier Swiss can still be found. They are considered mighty hunters. They speak an old Romansch language, which is a sort of a corrupt Latin. This language is fast falling into disuse, as intercourse with the outer world increases, but in the heart of some of the southern cantons it is yet in use.

It is said that some of the Swiss still believe that William Tell is not dead, though it is nearly six hundred years since he was seen on earth. They suppose that he lies asleep in a cavern near the lake of Luzern, with the two other men who assisted in founding the republic. These three slumberers are called the men of Rütli or Grütli, as their meeting place on the grassy plot, previously mentioned, used to go by the name of Grütli. If ever Switzerland shall be enslaved again, it is fancied that they will arouse from their long sleep, come forth with their ancient garb and weapons, and lead the Swiss again in fighting for their freedom.

Since the time of the famous peasant, William Tell, Switzerland has generally been a free country, although in the days of the Reformation many of its population who proclaimed Protestantism endured many hardships and persecutions. During the French revolution it was again conquered, but was afterwards restored to its independence, yet the people were for a long time afterwards overawed by the kings and rulers of the surrounding countries.

Many of the Swiss left their beautiful, but poor habitations, to seek their fortune in other lands, numbers of them coming to America. Undoubtedly no other people have proved themselves so prosperous and flourishing in the new country as the Swiss and Germans.

The Swiss of To-day, and Life in Southern Switzerland.

We will now proceed in dealing with the more modern Swiss, relating something about their manner of living, and characteristics as observed while traveling among them; also note the climatic conditions.

We can not fail to notice certain points of semblance between the people of the Swiss republic and our own. There is in both a steady perserverance, and a strong common sense, which keeps them firm and resolute in days of trouble or excitement. Quite the opposite from the French, who are so easily excited and turned in whichever way the tide may flow. The Swiss peasants of southern Switzerland, however, do not resemble the American people so much. They seem to be contended when they are able to merely make a living, There is no hustle and whim about them, which is so noticeable among the "Yankees." They are more the opposite, rather slow, but apparently always busy. It was nothing unusual for me to meet women carrying burdens on their back, while they were knitting and cheerily conversing with each other on the way. After my tramp over the Gemmi and on arriving at my destination, the ancient town of Leuk, near the Simplon railway, I had the somewhat unappreciated opportunity of experiencing southern Swiss life. Numerous things, however, were observed which were rather amusing. In these parts the people live much the same as in Italy; in fact over one-third of the inhabitants of Leuk are Italians.

A Primitive Southern Town and Nearby Village.

Here, as in most of these southern towns, the people are huddled together in a very small space. The houses

are very rickety and bad looking. This is a very ancient town, and was informed on inquiry that the houses and also the streets were really as old as they appeared to be; some being hundreds of years old. The streets are very roughly, but lastingly built, one of the oldest ones having done service as long as the houses. They are very narrow and winding, that one will soon lose his whereabouts entirely. On one occasion I lost myself on the streets, although I was only a few turns from my lodging place. There are no sidewalks; the streets, which are no wider than an ordinary sidewalk in a city, do service for both street and sidewalk. Most of them are so narrow as not to allow a modern wagon or vehicle to pass through. (See illustration on page 124).

The streets being so narrow they also have the old or ancient low, heavy-wheeled, narrow-gaged wagons, drawn either by a single cow or an ox. These teams have a very odd and outlandish appearance, matching well to the coarsely paved streets, and the old houses. The inhabitants of this town dress in accordance with the description of the houses and streets.

As I sat in the morning sun on the balcony of my lodging place, taking down notes of things about me, I noticed for the first time one of these teams coming down the street. The sight seemed rather peculiar to me at first, but as I remained there for some time, I became more familiar with my surroundings. The place at which I had secured lodging was reputed the best one in town, but the live stock which annoyed me in bed, caused me to think the best was none too good.

In the heart of the town is an old castle and tower, which, if it could speak, would undoubtedly be able to relate many gruesome incidents which occurred within its walls, when the people were yet in a semisavage state.

In the afternoon of my stay there I took a walk of two hours up the mountain slope to the east, to a village by



Homes and Dwellings of the Inhabitants of Lenk's Oldest Streets, with a modern Building in the Rear.

the name of Feschel. A winding and at places very steep bridle path leads up to it. With the exception of the Italian villages, I found this place to be the most crowded and poorest looking village I came across in all my rambles. At the immediate foot of a high peak, and hidden in a kind of a gorge, several hundred inhabitants are huddled together on a scope of ground not any larger than is generally occupied by one American farmer's dwelling and farm buildings. The houses are built of logs, being mere huts of but a single story, having a ground floor, with the sleeping quarters, in some of them hanging immediately above the cow, or overhanging some other part of the dwelling. The oder coming from these cabins is none too wholesome. Things in general have a filthy aspect.

It was here that I met the father of the man I had formed an acquaintance with while enroute from Paris to Switzerland, and of whom I made mention in chapter VI. While holding a conversation with the parent previously mentioned, he absentmindedly stuck his pipe into his coat pocket, without either emptying or extinguishing it. Shortly afterwards smoke issued from his garment, which caused quite a panic and excitement among those nearby, who were mostly women, and were apparently by far more frightened than the man himself, who at first cooly and deliberately pulled forth his pipe and left the garment smoking. Had it not been for some wiser person standing by, I have little doubt but that it might have turned out seriously.

I soon retraced my steps down to my starting point. On the way down I occasionally met cows coming up the path, with pack-saddles strapped upon their back, carrying provisions for the little village above, from which I came. The path leading to the village is so narrow and steep as not to allow a wagon to be drawn over it; everything being carried by horses, cows, or by the people

themselves. A few of the most well-to-do own cheap horses, besides a cow or two. The horses are supposed to carry what little vegetables they raise—chiefly potatoes—down to the lower town, and return loaded with provisions. Those who do not own a horse use their highly valued cow for the same purpose.

While descending, and gazing down the slope, I could discern a peculiar, slowly moving figure, advancing up the path. As it finally came nearer, it proved to be a cow, carrying a sort of a cot on each side, fastened to the pack-saddle. Loaded thus, the old cow occupied the whole path, and in order to let her pass, I was obliged to humble myself and stoop down to the edge of the narrow path until the immense load had passed. I presume if any of my readers would have been able to see me in this predicament they would have found it the most amusing part of all.

Those who are not so fortunate as being the owner of a cow possess no live stock—except what they have in their sleeping quarters. This latter class is obliged to carry their products down to the town in deep baskets, strapped on their back. On my way down the steep path I met a number of these people on their way home. Among them I noticed several gray headed women, carrying burdens up this path, which I feel assured none of the younger fair sex of my native country would undertake to carry at all. Slowly these people toiled up the steep path and were knitting as they went along. Evidently they economize and make use of all the time possible, in order to make a living. In the midst of their poverty they seem contended with their lot, and in this respect we may well envy the Swiss.

These southern Swiss, as well as the more northern ones, are an obliging and kind class of people, though it is easily noticed they are not so accustomed to strangers or tourists as in some of the more frequented places of Switz-

erland. This fact may account for their being in destitute circumstances. As before remarked, the tourists of other countries are a great help to these mountain villages.

If you stop to ask these poorly clad mountain people any questions, they seem to be delighted to have the honor of talking to a stranger, and will answer cheerfully any question put to them, if it does not over-reach their scant knowledge. Should they not be able to answer an inquiry, they merely shrug their shoulders and remain mute. When you meet them in the evening and ask a few questions or ask them to direct your way, in parting they will wish you well, saying: "Guthe nacht; schlafe wohl" (Good night; sleep well). This they will say, even if you do not linger to talk long.

The Southern Swiss Women as Laborers--Cows as Beasts of Burden.

On a railroad under construction in the valley of the Rhone, beyond Leuk station, the women labored with the men, doing grading work. On my way down to this station, I met numbers of them trudging home from their heavy day's work on the railroad.

I also met a number of people who came home from their day's toil on their patches of ground, which are sometimes located at a considerable distance from their home. Many of them, both men and women, carry home on their back, heavy loads of vegetables in their usual wide and deep baskets. Aged women also figured among them. (See illustration on page 128).

The more well-to-do peasant drove home in a narrow, low wagon, drawn by his highly valued cow. These wagons have a kind of a long, but low ladder frame arranged on them, instead of a box or wagon body, while the wheels are only a few feet in height.

I could not leave this place without pitying the poor



weaker sex, who deserve better treatment than toiling with the men and then come home and prepare the meal, while the man lounges about, chatting and drinking "good luck" with his neighbors.

The baskets used by the Swiss are made of a sort of a reed; are thick and very durable, yet light, being about two feet in depth, eighteen inches wide at the top, while they taper down to only about one-half that width at the bottom. The other way across they are only about nine inches. With these baskets many of the Swiss carry everything, instead of hauling.

At Lauterbrunnen sand was even carried from the Lütchine creek, up to the station, which lay some hundred feet or so above it. Upon asking one of them how much they carry, he informed me that he carries two hundred pounds, and this he said was merely an average or ordinary load. Some of the women carried as heavy as the men.

In the uppermost oberlands or highlands one sees no wagons or conveyances whatever. Everything is carried on the back, either by man or beast. In many places it is even too hilly for horses to travel. Here it is where the deep baskets alone are used to do all the carrying, instead

of hauling. The cows carrying loads on their long pack-saddles are mostly driven by women. Sometimes these drivers have their baskets strapped on their back and carry a heavy load also, as they slowly drive their "beasts of burden" along. The cow is to the Swiss what the camel is to the Arab, or the reindeer to the Laplander. Any of these three nations, I presume, if deprived of their faithful, highly valued animals, would be at a loss what to do.

I have recently remarked of the filthy and rickety appearance of the southern Swiss towns. I should have added that in several of them which I passed through, the entrance of the cow's quarters and that of the family's was only a few steps apart, while between them the manure was stacked or piled up. Evidently this was done for convenience and labor saving, but then there was no attempt made at saving the bad odor, issuing from the half rotted manure pile, in coming into the kitchen. As a rule the doors are left wide open. This filthy living, however, seems to agree with them, at least by the appearance of the Catholic priest of a certain town I passed through while on my pedestrian trip south, over the Gemmi. I had occasion to hold a conversation with this priest, who was a tall, stout and burly man, and weighed close to five hundred pounds.

The people of southern Switzerland adhere mostly to the Roman Catholic faith. Along the wayside and paths of travel images of either Christ on the cross or of the Virgin Mary are erected; sometimes merely a cross itself. A good Catholic will not pass by these places without doing reverence to them. It is nothing unusual for women to kneel in prayer in front of one of these images.

Life in Central and Northern Switzerland.

While staying in the vicinity of Wengen, on the slope of the Lauterbrunnen valley, I had occasion to become familiar with true Swiss Alpine life. After my adventure of

losing myself on the high ranges of the Jungfrau group, I staid, as mentioned in chapter VII., in the village of Wengen, to rest and recuperate. It was while there that I had the simple honor and opportunity of milking the first goat, and drinking its milk.

Very different are these more northern Swiss people. Here the German language is spoken. They have the same thriftiness and perseverance of our forefathers, the Germans, who emigrated in such large numbers into America years ago. Even with all their thrift, many of them are merely able to "hold their own." Opportunities are not afforded them to soon attain wealth, like in America. Their living is very frugal, in comparison to the people of our country. If they would live as extravagant in the line of eatables as the average American, many of them would not be able to make a living at all. An ordinary Swiss Alpine meal is milk of the goat, cheese, black bread and coffee. I ate many a meal like this while staying among these primitive Swiss people. However, when they wish to have a meal above the average, a small portion of meat, some vegetables and soup are added; the latter is always served first, before any of the other eatables are brought.

Switzerland was at one time the poorest country in Europe, but, with the exception of those employed in agricultural pursuits and of the laboring class, it is fast advancing to the front as one of the richest. Its silks, embroideries and watches have a world-wide reputation. In the manufacture of the previously mentioned articles it gives employment to thousands of people. Of course wages are low, but as before stated, they live accordingly, and I dare say the average working man (or woman), working in the factories of Switzerland, is more thrifty and prosperous than the average factory working people of our country, who receive high wages, and yet when the year is past the average factory employe of America has not laid by a great deal, having spent the money foolishly and lived a life of

luxury, in comparison to factory employes of Switzerland. So after all, even if they do only receive small wages, as a rule they save a sum sufficient to support themselves in old age, and in this respect the American factory people would do well to pattern after their Swiss "cousins."

Without even a navigable stream or a seaport, and shut in from the rest of the world, it has a larger foreign trade, compared with area and population, than any other country of Europe. Besides working in factories many of the people are engaged in handicraft, in which the Swiss are scarcely to be surpassed.

This belt of industrial Switzerland extends chiefly from Lac Leman (Lake Geneva) northeast to the Boden see (Lake Constance). The vicinity of Lake Neuchâtel, and as far north as Chaux de Fonds, may also be included. In this narrow belt live the busy people and also the greater part of Switzerland's population.

The thriving condition of central and northern Switzerland, says a certain writer, is due to three causes, thriftiness, ability and excellence of its educational system, the country being remarkable for the production of men, famous for their scientific acquirements and their artistic and literary skill.

Besides this, the Swiss are a kind-hearted, unselfish and amiable people, mingled with a merry and sociable manner, which causes one to easily become intimate with them. Many are the incidents I can recall of having formed such intimate acquaintanceship while traveling among them, that when I left it was a parting as though we were old friends. These acquaintances were often formed in an incredibly short time, and often originated from some act of kindness either bestowed upon me, or myself showing a kind act to them.

Climatic Conditions of Switzerland.

Presumably Switzerland can boast of having more dif-

ferent and a greater variation of climate in proportion to its area, than any other country on the continent. It can show two great extremes in temperature, in a comparatively small space, or in one community. For instance, during summer in the low valleys you sometimes have hot summer weather, while a thousand feet or so above on the mountain slope, everything is clothed in white, telling you there it is winter. In fact Switzerland can boast of having at least a half dozen different regions of climate, with a varied vegetation, from the fruits, which grow in warm countries, to the stunted growth of vegetation, which grows at a height where there is only five or six weeks of summer in a year.

The vine grows up to an altitude of seventeen hundred feet above sea-level; above that there is a region where good crops of grain are raised; then the part where timber, such as walnut, oak, linden, etc., flourish; next excellent pasture land again, and then a belt of pine trees follow. Above these the true Alpine regions are located, which afford very good pasturage for only a short season in the year. You thereby see what influence elevation exerts upon the climate of a mountainous country, like Switzerland. Naturally, almost the whole slope of a high mountain, when you travel up its side, is an object lesson and enables you to learn what plants, trees and other vegetation thrive in different climates.

The higher inhabited regions of Switzerland may also be divided into three zones. The lowest of these, the "hill region," which lies between 1300 and 2600 feet above the sea-level, embraces the banks of the lakes of central and northeastern Switzerland and all the adjacent country, which does not exceed this height. On the hills and slopes of this zone different nut trees flourish in full luxuriance. At the height of summer in these parts it becomes very warm, but the lakes afford a refreshing bath.

The second, or "mountain region," extends from 2600 to 3900 feet. Within its limits both deciduous trees (trees

which drop their leaves every fall) and coniferous trees (trees like the pine, fir, cypress and hemlock, or may be termed evergreen trees) abound.

Within the third or Alpine region only coniferous trees are found, and these but to a limited extent. This latter region lies from 3900 to 6550 feet in altitude. No towns or villages are located in this area. At a height of 3900 feet the bacteria and impurities, so frequent in the air of a lower elevation, here steadily grow less, until you reach the height of about 5900 feet, when they entirely disappear. Here the mountain climate with its characteristically cool and rarified atmosphere, reigns supreme.

In these upper regions neat and convenient resorts are located, which are liberally patronized by sickly people, who come to live in these high altitudes, to regain their health and breathe the pure Alpine air. Among the invalids who frequent these resorts those subject to lung diseases are by far the most numerous. Switzerland has health resorts for nearly all ailments of mankind.

The shores of the lake of Geneva or the health-resorts in Appenzell are recommended to sufferers of catarrh. Those with weak hearts should not ascend to any high altitude whatever, but remain in some of the low mild valleys. The bracing and invigorating effect of the "winter climate" in the high Alps is principally due to the dryness, and the purity of the atmosphere, together with the uniformity of the temperature. Dust and fog are unknown; there is comparatively little wind, and the weather is usually settled.

The air is so dry and the rays of the sun so powerful that even in the middle of winter, I am told, when the thermometer registers far below zero, one may sit in the open air in some sheltered spot, for hours at a time, without any discomfort. In additon to the health resorts, many winter resorts have been established in recent years for sport. Here tobogganing, coasting and sleigh riding is indulged

in, and in some places this sport is continued even during midsummer.

I have now related the "bright side" of the climatical conditions in Switzerland; I will now proceed to relate a part of the "dark side."

Sometimes incredible quantities of snow falls in these high Alpine regions, causing much trouble and inconvenience to those who may happen to live there, and not infrequently great avalanches of snow are hurled down the mountain side and sweep everything before them as they go.

But the worst enemy of the Swiss is the "föhn," or south wind. It beats with terrific force upon the buildings, which tremble to their very base, till one expects every moment the building to collapse. In the open air it is impossible to face a föhn storm; the only thing for one to do is to lie down flat on the ground and hold on to whatever you can grasp.

When a storm like this is raging the cattle that happen to be in it have a terrible time to endure. Sometimes they are lost entirely or blown over some high precipice, or into some deep gorge. They say the animals keep up an almost incessent bellowing and are in a great confusion. These storms often blow off the roofs of the low Alpine huts, located in the upper hills, and carry them along like a sheet of paper. The inhabitants of these high altitudes, however, take the precaution of preventing this, by placing large stones or rocks upon the roofs.

Fortunately, the experienced and careful observer of the weather can foretell the approach of these dreaded föhns. When the atmosphere appears thick and the mountain peaks are enveloped in a haze, they may know the great south wind is forthcoming. The peaks sometimes stand out with unusual distinctness instead of being enveloped in a haze. The cattle, too, seem to know by mere instinct the approach of a storm. If there is one on the way, the cattle are inclined to wander down the slope, and

become drowsy; man and beast alike feel languid, and finally the storm bursts in of a sudden, which is often not without danger to the incautious. On the contrary in nice settled weather the cattle will move up to the uppermost pasture height. It is estimated that the föhn, as a rule, will blow seventeen days in spring, five days in summer and sixteen days in autumn. During winter a cold wind, called the "bise," blows from the north.

Besides these winds, there is the uniform morning wind, blowing down hill, and the evening wind blowing up hill. These winds are best noticed on the elevated slopes. The glaciers also enable them to foretell the weather. If the ice on the glacier is of a clear bluish color or of a dark sapphire blue, the weather will be fair; if it becomes a dull vitriol green, snow or rain may be expected; and if it is of that monotonous whiteness, which gives such a ghostly appearance to the mountains when the sky is overclouded, it is a forerunner of a long spell of foggy weather.

CHAPTER IX.

My Last Days in Switzerland.

Cows as Draft Animals.

It is a peculiar fact that every countryman in Switzerland, who can at all afford it, keeps one or more cows; some keep a whole herd. The Swiss husbandman will keep a cow rather than a horse. Those who till the soil and do not have the means to keep both, do all their farm work with the cows. In the heart of the farming district of Switzerland I saw many incidents where the cows were used in farm work, such as plowing, hauling manure, and hauling the different crops to market. Another thing frequently noticed, and which was quite amusing, was to see

them hitched to low, clumsy wagons, hauling their own milk to the factory, where it was condensed.

It was nothing unusual to see a horse and cow hitched side by side, either to a plow or wagon. In some districts I noticed a number of the farmers, apparently fairly well-to-do, who kept no horses. Why such is the case, I did not ascertain; whether it is a fact that it is more profitable here in Switzerland to make the cow do service of both "cow and horse," or whether it is because they merely wish to adhere to the old ancestral custom of farming, I am unable to say. This I can give them credit, that they know little about the modern farm machinery.

I am drifting off the subject somewhat, so we will proceed by visiting a cheese factory, where the greatly noted and no less appetizing Swiss cheese is made.

The Identical Emmenthaler Swiss Cheese, and its Manufacture.

The factory I visited where the famous cheese is made was a type of which there are hundreds in Switzerland. It is equipped with an immense, round, wide, shallow copper-kettle. In this the milk is brought to a temperature of eighty degrees. In this state it is kept and constantly stirred for about two hours. This process is called breaking the curd. The stirring is either done by hand with peculiar utensils or tools, made for that purpose, or by machinery. After the curd is fully broken a cheese cloth is deftly scraped along the interior side and bottom of the kettle, gathering up all the cheese. The four corners of the cloth are then brought together and in this fashion the cheese is hoisted up by rope and pulley, leaving the whey in the kettle. It is then let down into a big, round press, where it is left for twenty-four hours.

After the cheese is taken from the press it is given as much care and attention as a careful farmer would give to

his thoroughbred stock or a pet animal. The first three days it is given a salt bath and turned daily; the next ten weeks or more it is kept in a room for fermentation, with a temperature of about 70 degrees. It is then stored in a cellar upon shelves arranged one above the other, and kept there for about eight or nine months to ripen. You will hereby see that it requires about a year until it is ready for market. In the fermenting room it is turned every few days, and in the storage room at least twice a week. The utmost care is exercised throughout the entire process, and it may not seem so strange to us after all, that the Emmenthaler Swiss cheese so far excels the American product.

Many of the factories which have not enough storage room to ripen the cheese, sell the cheese to a wholesale dealer. The wholesale dealer is provided with a big storage cellar, and sometimes has several thousand cheese on hand. The big, round cakes of cheese weigh from two hundred to two hundred fifty pounds, which is the approved weight; however, sometimes they are smaller and others even larger, sometimes weighing over three hundred pounds. These wholesale houses take the place much the same as do the tobacco packing houses in my native state of Pennsylvania.

Then there are also others who handle it on a larger scale; sometimes having almost ten thousand of these big Emmenthaler cheese in storage, representing a value of thousands of dollars. From the information the writer was able to glean and by reckoning in American money, on an average one of these cheese by the time it is in the hands of these latter firms is worth $37.50. These big cheese firms sell their cheese throughout all Continental Europe, of which France and Germany take the lead in purchasing them.

Much of the cheese also goes to America. A big wholesale house in Berne, viz.: Burke and Co., undoubted-

ly take the lead in furnishing the American market with this delicious product.

While we are relating so much about the cheese, let us picture one of these big cakes of cheese coming to America, from the time it is made until it reaches the consumer here. First, the Swiss dairyman expects returns for the milk; the next one who is in line is the cheese maker; then come in rotation the wholesale buyer, exporter, importer, wholesale dealer in this country, and lastly the retail dealer, who sells it to the consumer. All of these naturally want a little profit in handling it. Then too, the duty and the transportation charges help to increase its cost, so by the time it reaches the consumer here it is quite expensive.

By estimating it at forty cents per pound, which is the price many of the retail dealers ask, a cake of two hundred fifty pounds would be worth exactly one hundred dollars. Well that sounds good enough to make the cheese good itself! Much of the so-called Swiss cheese which goes over the counter of the American stores is merely cheese made in this country by Swiss people. This sells at a lower figure, but does not at all compare, in quality, with the genuine Emmenthaler Swiss cheese.

It is a strange fact, even if it is made by exactly the same process in this country, it lacks the mild, juicy and delicious taste of the original Swiss cheese. At first I attributed this cause to be in the special breed of cattle alone, but was told it was due more to the pasture than to anything else. The breed of cattle and the care and attention exercised in making the cheese has, of course, also much to do in its excellency. The pasture lands of Switzerland, like those of the Isle of Jersey, are covered with a very verdant growth of a dark green grass, and remains so until winter sets in. Even in the fall of the year the pasture slopes are as nice and green as in spring time, forming a pretty contrast to the small patches of tilled land, located upon it; or in the true Alpine regions, to the snow-white

peaks extending above it.

I happened to have the good fortune of visiting the heart of the cheese-making district of Switzerland, namely the Emmenthal district. Emme being the name of a river in the same canton and thal being the German for valley. Here dairying is the chief industry. Aside from supplying the country and neighboring cities with fresh milk and butter, the Emmenthaler cheese is almost the sole product made from the milk. On making inquiry as to the price paid for the milk at the cheeseries, I was told thirty-four kroppen per kilo was the price the year round. This is equal to nearly three and three-fourths cents per pound.

Outside of meat, eggs, rye and wheat, this is an exceedingly high price for the dairyman's products, in comparison to other necessaries of life; but upon ascertaining the price they are obliged to pay for their cattle, I was not astonished at the price paid for milk. From one hundred fifty to two hundred dollars is the prevailing price of an Emmenthal or Simmenthal cow, as they are chiefly called. No wonder the poor Swiss peasant takes so much pride and values his cow so highly. In the Alpine region I asked one of the peasants, who kept two cows, which were somewhat heavier and better than the average, as to their price. He informed me he paid two hundred twenty francs for them ($440).

In order to have the milk perfectly sweet at the cheese factories the Swiss dairyman is obliged to deliver it twice a day. This is chiefly done in some localities I visited, by the children—that is if the dairyman is so fortunate as to have any children. Small, low hand carts are used and dogs often assist in pulling them.

The size or capacity of the cheeseries, as they are commonly called, is designated by the number of cheese they make; hence a factory making two cheese per day is called a two-cheese factory; those making four, being a four-cheese factory, etc. A two-cheese factory has one kettle,

a four cheese factory, two kettles, etc. As previously mentioned, the cause of this running double is due to the milk being delivered twice a day, which enables them to make two cheese with one kettle.

These cheeseries take the place of the creameries in America, but are small, as compared with the latter. The reason for this accounts very likely for the inconvenience of delivering the milk, as previously noted, the Swiss have none of the light market or spring wagons so much in general use by the American farmer and even if they should have, the cow, when hitched to them would be much too slow, in order for the Swiss dairyman to return in time to attend to his other work. As a rule every village of the Emmenthal district has its factory. Many are also stationed outside of the villages.

One of the striking features of these cheeseries is their similarity. Outside of their variation in size, if you have seen one you have seen them all. Great care and cleanliness is used in making the cheese. The kettles are usually kept bright and shining, and without a dent or burnt spot. The other utensils, too, are kept bright and clean.

Formerly the cheese used to be made in a small home cheese factory, and by some none too much cleanliness was observed, rather more the opposite, having the utensils in a filthy state. Those of my readers who have acquired, like myself, a fancy to the appetizing Swiss cheese, can now feel assured they have in it a cheese which in its manufacture more cleanliness is observed than is practiced in many of the more hustling cheese factories of our own country. These local factories are as a rule operated by either one or two men and a woman.

A kind of butter, called "vorbruch," is made from the whey left in the boiler or kettle after the cheese has been taken out. This butter is almost tasteless and has more the semblance of lard than butter, nevertheless it is good enough for the saving husbandman and his family. Much

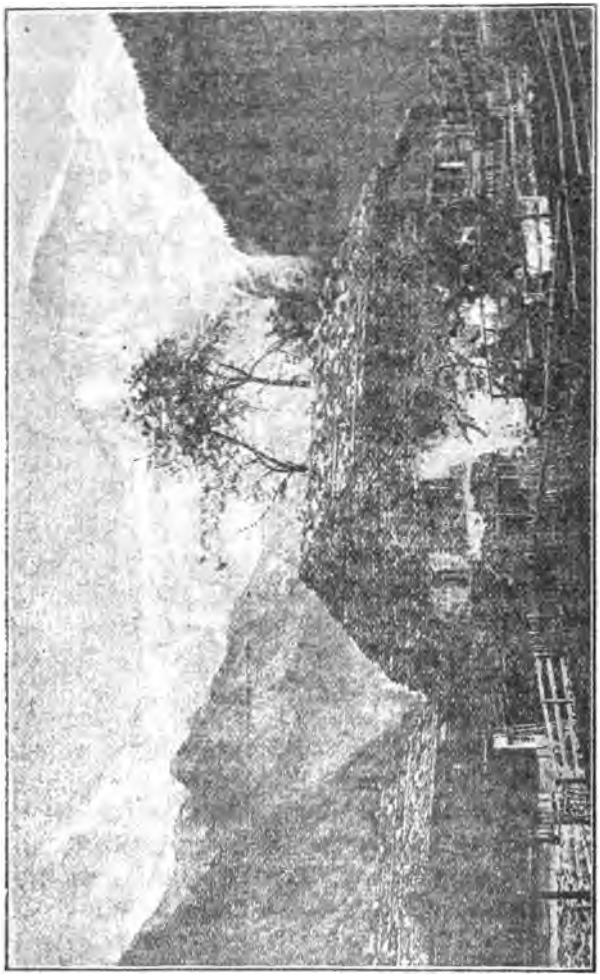
of it also finds a ready sale among the poorer class of people. On leaving this noted cheese making district, I concluded I would long remember, and very likely often miss their delicious "Emmenthaler Sweitzer käse."

Life in the Swiss Alpine Dairying Region.

Dairying in Switzerland, as in many other countries, is not carried on on the same scale throughout the entire country. Up on the highlands it is carried on different from that in the lowlands. The Emmenthal district has no great mountain heights, it being in the "hill region," or the first zone, as described in a foregoing chapter. In the part I now refer to, they have the three zones, or regions.

During a few months in midsummer the dairyman here occupies the true Alpine regions. As fall approaches, he moves down the slope into the mountain region, and as winter draws nigh, he moves down into the valley to his permanent home. It sometimes happens that whole villages, where dairying alone is carried on, are altogether deserted during the summer months, while on the contrary, during the long winter months, their upper habitations are deserted, and not infrequently are entirely snowed in. These upper habitations are mere huts, rudely built, mostly of logs, and are scattered about on the slope. They are very low and have the roofs loaded down with rocks. This is done as a precaution against the destructive föhn, previously mentioned. (See Page 142.)

In these Alpine regions, it seems, the Swiss dairyman practices none of the cleanliness of the Emmenthaler, rather more the opposite. The utensils used in milking and in making cheese have none of that bright and shining appearance of the former. Instead, the kettles show the "hard knocks" of mountain life; other utensils and milking pails do not fare any better, while the milk itself may



A Permanent Residence of the Identical Swiss Husbandman.

often have a greenish hue. Considering the laxative effect of the green pasture and the crowded condition of the cows, with scarcely any bedding, we may easily attribute the two latter in causing the milk to change from a white to a greenish color. Through the middle of the day, when the flies are most troublesome, they are kept in the much crowded stable.

These Alpine huts, like the cheeseries, are so much alike, that if you see one of them, you see them all. About the only difference is that some are minus the cheese making faculties, while others are stables only, not having the residence compartments annexed.

As a rule, the Alpine huts are divided into three or four compartments: The kettle room, the cheese storage room and the living room. A third door leads from the kettle room directly into the cow stable. The cheese made here is known as the Greyzer cheese. It is hard and solid; much of it is exported into Italy, where it is used in making soups.

In some localities it is largely young stock and beef cattle that are pastured in these high mountain regions. The dairyman of the surrounding lowlands often pays rent to the owner of mountain pastures to keep the young cattle during summer. The highlands are not considered such great dairy sections as the lowlands.

The Simmenthal Breed of Cattle.

The chief breed of Swiss cattle is the Simmenthal, which is becoming quite popular in other countries. In many parts of Germany they lay stress in breeding this line. They have also been introduced into Argentinia. When one visits the native home of these cattle, he can not help but wish they would also be introduced into North America.

In form they are of the beef type, being large, blocky and heavy, but lack eminence of the hip-bones. The hind quarters are shaped more like that of a blocky draft horse than that of a cow. In weight they would on an average easily tip the scale at twelve hundred pounds; many attain a weight of over fifteen, and even beyond sixteen hundred pounds. Yet, with all their beef qualities, they are claimed to be an excellent dairy cattle.

Their milk is of extraordinary richness, considering their "beefy make-up," however it does not compare with the richness of a Jersey cow's milk. In color they are white and brown spotted; the brown being of a very light color, almost yellow. Their heads, like the Hereford breed, are a solid white in color.

Goats of the Alpine Regions.

Besides keeping cows, the Alpine husbandman also keeps from two to half a dozen goats to supply his family and his assistants with milk. Much of it is used in coffee, while some also make a kind of cheese, also mostly for home use. In some of the poorer localities, goats alone are kept as a means of supporting the Alpine dweller.

I well remember the first morning of my stay at Wengen, when on awakening I heard the jingle of bells, which was very faint at first, but gradually became louder until at last it sounded as though the hillside was alive with bells. On arising I asked my kind host what all this meant, and he informed me it was the goat herder, starting out with the goats to pasture. Each goat has a small bell attached to its neck. Imagine the musical sound which met my ears as I lay in bed with the window of my bedroom wide open! It reminded me of the song—

"There is music in the sound of bells;
There is music everywhere."

The number of goats usually in a single herd is in the

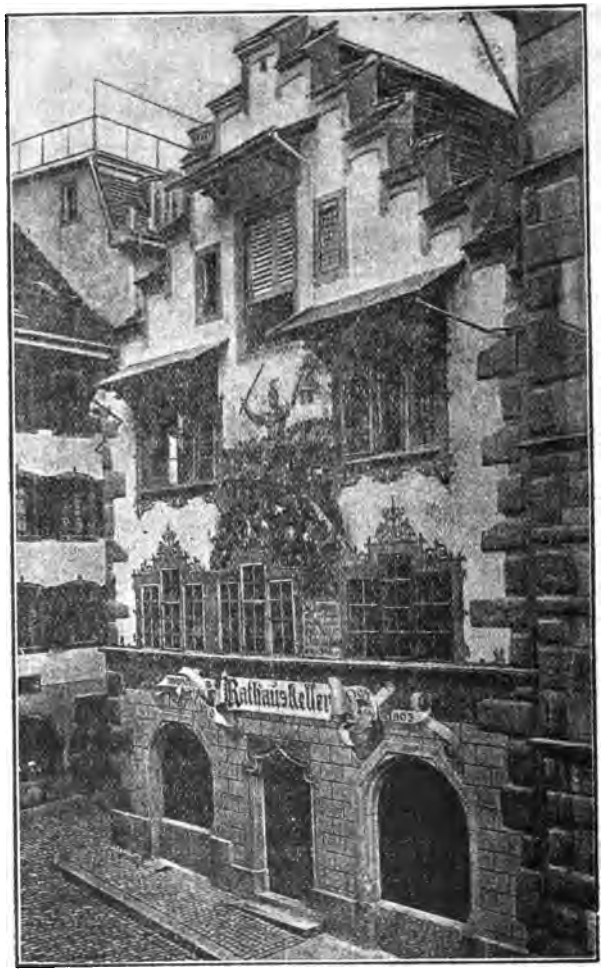
neighborhood of a hundred head; sometimes more and sometimes less. For watching and herding a flock of goats the herder receives the small sum of four to four and one-half francs per head for the whole summer. In this they are assisted by one or several well-trained dogs. One herder generally herds all the goats of a single village.

Each morning at a set time he will start at one end or side of the scattered village, and as he goes along the flock gradually increases, and by the time he reaches the other end he will have a large herd of them.

While grazing, the goats climb up, or rather leap up by degrees on to high precipitous places, where an inexperienced person could not get up at all. It has happened already that even the experienced goat herders were so unfortunate as to lose their lives in climbing over these hazardous places.

He is obliged to return with the herd in time for milking, which is at exactly 6:30. So precise is the milking time kept, that even if the goats come in only five or ten minutes before milking time they will not be milked until the time is due. It is an interesting feature to see the herder part them and leave each man's goats in front of his yard. Evidently they are trained to signals given by his long lash whip, which he constantly flourishes, sometimes aloft, then to right and over to left, etc. The dogs, apparently, are better trained than the goats, and when any of the latter disobey "orders" or get out of "rank" they will be sure to meet their punishment by the dog biting them.

Through mere curiosity I assisted a man in milking the goats, and was rewarded in getting a drink of their milk. There was nothing in sight to strain the milk, so the only thing for me to do was to hold the can, which was used in milking, to my mouth and drink out its contents. Anyway, I thought it was a good, delicious drink, possibly made all the more so, because I drew the milk myself.



Old Rathaus at Zug, Built in the Architecture of the Middle Ages. (See Page 147).

A Stop at the City of Zug.

We will "wind up" with our prolonged stay in Switzerland, by taking up the course between Luzern and Zurich, of which but little mention was made in chapter VII. Just half the distance between the previously mentioned cities I stopped at an old town, named Zug, which is nicely located on the lake of the same name. This town figured largely in the days of the persecution to those not complying with the Catholic faith. I found this a clean, tidy, little city, of some 6,000 population.

The oberstadt, or altstadt, still retains the quaint appearance of the middle ages, with its old houses and remains of four substantial towers, which were in those times used as fortifications of the town. One of the old buildings, the Rathhaus, was truly worth a visit. See Page 146.

It has an ancient Gothic room, containing a collection of very ancient stained glass; wood carvings; gold and silver ornaments; old-time tapestry, adorned with silver and gold; ancient armors; suits and weapons used by knights in deadly conflicts; ancient weapons, flags, etc. Among the collection is a scarf of a certain Peter Collin, who fell in battle at Arbedo, in 1422. This scarf is stained with the blood of its bearer.

Old weapons which were in use when the people were yet in a half savage state were also among the collection. Besides, I saw old relics of manuscripts, Bibles, maps, etc. Much could be said of some of them, but space will not permit to go into details.

A Swiss Bee Museum.

Another place visited was the Swiss Bee Museum, located on a rich slope, just outside the city, called the Rosenberg. The slope is planted in different fruit trees, flowers, and many varieties of trees and shrubs, from which the bees are enabled to gather honey.

The owner of this plantation is a great beeman, and is one of the leading men of the Swiss Bee Society. The bees are not housed in boxes, scattered about, as is the custom of many of the American bee culturists, but are housed in round houses, about thirty or forty feet in circumference.

These houses are divided into many small compartments, each bee or swarm having its own compartment. The entrances to the compartments are all from the outside. They are so arranged that they will permit to be slid in and out, like the drawer of a desk. The operating of them is all done from the inside, enabling one to work about the bees almost unmolested. The compartments are arranged one above the other, like so many drawers.

Two large rooms of this worthy beeman's commodious dwelling are devoted to a museum. Here many different styles of beehives are shown, also relics of hives in use in days gone by, as well as all appliances and apparatus used in bee culture; in fact, everything required and used in the apiary line is stored here. Then there were on exhibition, mounted birds, little animals and insects, which are enemies of the bees, artificial flowers, busts of beemen, and tempting fruit, made of beeswax; bee records and many bee culture books, among which I noticed Root's A B C of Bee Culture, of Ohio, U. S. A., which is so famous among beemen in Eastern America, but was here printed in German. I greatly admired this courteous gentleman's entertaining ways, and could not help but wish some of my fellow bee admirers in my home country could be present to see this very interesting and beneficial museum.

On leaving, he wished me to give his greeting and best respects to all fellow bee culturists in "Amerika." Anyone who wishes to gain useful knowledge or start in bee keeping, I would advise to subscribe for the following books, providing you can read German: "Der Schweiz Bienenvater," or "Die Rosenzucht," to be obtained from

Herrn Kramer (bienenzüchter), Zurich. The former is for beginners, while the latter is intended only for those more advanced. The previously mentioned party furnished me this information.

Adieu to Switzerland.

A trip was also made to a village by the name of Cham, several miles distant from Zug. Here is located the large condensed milk factory of the Anglo Swiss Condensed Milk Co., which has a world-wide reputation. From this latter place I headed for Zurich again, returning through Zug. Enroute we passed through two tunnels, one two miles in length and the other one and one-half miles.

We soon reached Zurich, the chief city of Switzerland, with a population of over 170,000. It is also one of the busiest manufacturing towns. Silk is the staple product, but cotton works, machine shops and iron foundries are also important. The rapid-flowing stream of the Limmat, which divides the city into two unequal parts, furnishes water-power for many of its mills; the water-wheels are the high, old-fashioned, slow-revolving kind, reminding one of the songs sung in school days.

Many small steam launches and rowboats, of peculiar built, are for hire along the banks. Here I visited the old Gross Münster kirche, erected in the eleventh and thirteenth centuries. It is a very large Romanesque structure, with two high steeples, and from the south side, wide, high stone steps lead down to the street. The noted Zwingli, the great reformer, was its pastor from 1519 until his death, in 1531.

A ride by tram to Zurichberg, a suburb, affords a fine view of the city and lake. The big Swiss museum near the "bahnhof" (depot) would also be worthy of note. I will say it is among the largest and has the rarest collections of ancient Roman and other costumes. In its treasury chamber, exceedingly valuable gems, bracelets, etc., of former days, are kept. This big museum was opened in 1898 and

is known nearly all over the globe. Presume many of the readers are acquainted with its collection, so we will not go into details.

Lacustrine claims that the site of Zurich was inhabited in prehistoric times. In 58, B. C., Zurich, then called Turicum, with the other towns of the Helvetii, fell under the sway of the Romans.

We will now leave this large, bustling city. Fully as much, or even more, could be said of it than of the city of Berne, but we can not prolong our stay in Switzerland; I fear I may already have tired some of the readers with my account of Switzerland.

In traveling through such a strange and interesting country, one can hardly come to an end in describing and relating things observed on the way. Switzerland seemed to me a world in itself. The impressions made upon me shall not soon be forgotten.

I hope it may be the good fortune of some of my readers to some time in the future visit this beautiful country themselves. When you go, there are so many pleasant things to see; so many tall mountains, looking like clouds up in the sky; so many pretty blue lakes, seeming like mirrors framed by green pastures; so many bright green valleys, all spotted with different colored fruit trees; in short, so many interesting things to see that you are inclined to almost feel like staying in compliance with a Swiss song I learned, the chorus of which is as follows:

Drum bleibe du dein lebenlang,
In diesem schönen Schweitzerland;
Den da hast du viele lust und freud,
In dieser stillen einsamkeit.

CHAPTER X

Germany.

The Countries of Germany.

Germany comprises twenty-six separate countries and kingdoms, of which Prussia is the largest and Bremen the smallest. The former has an area of 134,603 square miles, with a population of 37,278,820, while the latter has only ninety-nine square miles, and a population of 224,697, including also the city of Bremen. The entire area of Germany is only 208,830 square miles, and the population according to the census of 1905 is 60,641,278.

The countries of Germany are ruled by either a king, grand duke, duke or prince of some kind. The dukes are called "Herzogs" and the princes go by the name of "Fürst." These soverigns are not elected by the people, but gain the throne by mere inheritance. The oldest son stands first in order, if he dies before the father, the second son succeeds to the throne, etc. Sometimes it occurs that there are no descendants, then the nearest male relative is chosen. The countries governed by a king remain a kingdom; those ruled by a "herzog" remain a "herzogtum," and those ruled by a "fürst" remain also a "fürstentum," from one generation to the other.

The leading countries of Germany are Prussia, Bavaria, Würtenberg and Saxony. These countries include the four kingdoms of Germany. The present ruler of Bavaria is eighty-eight years of age. Another aged ruler is the duke of Saxon Meiningen, who is only five years the for-

mer's junior. Prince Henry XIV., ruler of one of the princely soverigns, is seventy-seven years of age. The youngest of these German rulers is duke Karl Eduard, of Saxon Coburg Gotha, who is only twenty-five.

Besides the four kingdoms previously mentioned, the remainder of the twenty-six countries consist of six countries governed by grand dukes, and are called "Groszherzogtümer" (grand dukedoms); five governed by dukes, called "herzogtümer" (dukedoms); seven governed by princes, called "fürstentümer (princely monarchy). Then there are three small free states, or countries, and the province of Elsass-Lothringen.

This latter country formerly belonged to France, but in the great war of 1870, between Germany and France, it was ceded by the French dominion to Germany, and has since been under German rule. It belongs to the whole empire of Germany, and is also governed by the German administration. The administration consists of the "Kaiser" (Emperor); "Bundesrat" (federal council); and the "Reichstag" (Imperial diet).

Each country of Germany displays its own colors, while the flag of the whole kingdom is red, white and black. Some countries even have their revenue separate from the other provinces. One of these is the "Pfalz" (Rhine Bavaria), which uses a peculiar ancient-like stamp for its postage. This latter country also at one time belonged to France, and went by the name of Palatine. From this country many emigrated into the Middle Atlantic States. Even in the last decade emigrants who came from the previously mentioned place, settled in Pennsylvania and surrounding states.

Nearly all public affairs and things are owned and controlled by the government. Telegraphy, railways and post wagons (which also haul passengers) are all under its direct control. To operate and manage these and the management of the post as well, requires a vast number of men.

None but those belonging to the militia or those who have received an honorable discharge after having served their country, are given employment. All these employees are dressed in their military uniforms and consequently are readily known from those who are not employed by the government. On the trains; at the depots; the telegraph office; at the post-office; in fact at nearly all public places, one may see these "men of uniforms."

Besides these, the government also controls and manages the coining of money, weights and measures, making and keeping up of public roads, and the police system. The latter system is very strict and well arranged, and in this respect undoubtedly far excels that of the United States.

There are many other things in which we can not at all compete with Germany, of which the railroads and the public highways are among the leading ones. Not that it has larger locomotives, for we have them both larger and faster; neither that it does a greater amount of freighting and hauling, for America does twice that of Germany, but by the thorough system in which it is managed and operated does it excel those of America.

The public highways far excel those of America, both in the manner in which they are maintained and in their perfect and smooth bed, they far surpass the average country roads of the United States.

Formerly Germany comprised mostly only the country of Prussia. or "Breisse," as it is called by the German. Even to this day the French often term the Germans by the slang name of "Breiss or Preiss." In Napoleon's time Prussia was considered by the French to be a weak, degraded country, but the tide has since been turned and France presumably must exert all her efforts in the military line to compete with "L'Allemagne" (Germany), as the Frenchman calls it.

Cities of Germany.

There are a great many large cities in Germany. Among these, the principal are Hamburg, the second largest city, which carries on a great commerce with our country; Munich, which is considered one of the prettiest cities; Carlsruhe, which has its streets arranged like the sticks of an open fan; Bremen, another great commercial city; Frankfurt, which is encircled by a belt of fine gardens and public walks; Dresden is famous for the beautiful country around it, and Stuttgart, which lies picturesquely situated in a narrow valley. Other noted cities are Cöln, Bingen, Mannheim, Ludwigshafen, Düsseldorf, and lastly Strassburg, which was so prominent in the former centuries.

All of the latter mentioned cities lie along the greatly noted river Rhine. It is here, all along this river and the surrounding country bounding it, that the densest part of Germany's population exists. In some places, especially in the vicinity of Cöln and northward, city after city is passed through in traveling the Rhine, which are often built together, causing it to have the appearance of one vast city.

Berlin is the capital of the German empire, and as well the capital of Prussia. It is also the largest city of Germany, having a population of 2,040,148. It is considered a mighty and wealthy city, and is located on a river with a merry name, called the Spree. It is, however, a sober stream. In this city is located one of the greatest and most noted universities of the world. Many noted young men from other parts of the civilized world come here to study.

The Germans a Well Educated People.

The Germans are a tolerably well educated people. In no other country are there so many noted universities as

are located in Germany, and also in no other country is the entire population given such a thorough education. In nearly every country of Germany a compulsory school law exists. The schools are open the entire year. They have, however, different vacations of one week's duration, of which the Christmas vacation is the foremost. I was told that these vacations summed together would be about six weeks in a year in which the children are absent from school. If I remember correctly, the schools are open on Saturdays as well as on other days, at least they are in some countries of Germany. The compulsory law is kept enforced. If absent from school on account of sickness, it is required of the parents to present the teacher with a note to that effect. The note is drawn up and signed by the family physician attending the case. In some countries of Germany I traveled through, they also have a compulsory school law to teach the Scripture, on Sundays. This includes only Sunday forenoons. The required ages in attending this school is from fourteen to sixteen years.

The foundation of Germany's present school system was laid by a former king, called Fredrich Wilhelm III., who declared the Bible should be in every home in his kingdom. He took more pains than any other king that ever ruled to have all children go to school.

Former Rulers of Germany and Something About Their Wars.

It was in this king's time that the trials of Germany or Prussia were very enduring. The great Napoleon of France, who subdued nearly all the European nations, also swept over Germany. Fredrich Wilhelm thought he was powerful enough with his 60,000 men to withstand Napoleon's army, but Napoleon wasted the Prussian army. At the battle of Jena, in 1806, 20,000 of the Prussians were either killed or wounded, while the remainder (40,000)

were taken prisoners. Later, the same king (Fredrich Wilhelm) mustered another army, in which both young and old participated. The greater part of Prussia's regular soldiers were killed, so young men who could at all shoulder a musket and old gray haired veterans of former wars, constituted the greater part of this latter army.

In 1812 the spell of Napoleon's success began to be broken. He invaded Russia and went as far as the city of Moscow. The Russian's themselves set the city on fire. Winter was coming on, and the soldiers had no place to shelter themselves. They withdrew back towards Poland. On the way they fought many battles with the Russians. The weather was so extremely cold that the bodies of the wounded and slain were frozen stiff. Before they reached the Poland frontier three fourths of Napoleon's great army of 460,000 men was wasted. Napoleon himself fled back to Paris in a sledge.

It was on this occasion that Fredrich Wilhelm gathered his army of young men and old veterans. All Europe was now allied against Napoleon. At Leipzig a great battle was fought, in which Austria, Russia and Sweden assisted the Prussians. On the 18th of October (1813) one-half million men faced each other in fierce combat on the level stretch of country outside the city of Leipzig. More than 1500 cannons spread death and fear all around. Undoubtedly no such battle was ever fought since. It is said the earth trembled as though it was coming to an end and seemed as though the judgment-day had come. It was a battle in which the orphans and widows afterwards lamented for many years, and even to this day there are men who will say their grandfather or possibly their great-grandfather was killed at Leipzig.

The battle of Waterloo, where Napoleon was finally overthrown, figured very near as heavy as that of Leipzig. In this battle nearly all the nations of Europe were represented and were led by the English Duke of Wellington.

I presume most of my readers are acquainted with this battle and with the name "Duke of Wellington," so we will not go into details, but proceed with things concerning Germany.

Kaiser Wilhelm II., the present emperor of Germany, is a descendant of the noted ruler who fought Napoleon. The present Kaiser's grandfather, Kaiser Wilhelm I., figured in the previously mentioned battle of Leipzig, and was then a mere lad of sixteen years. Much could be said of the reign of Kaiser Wilhelm I. The war of 1870, between France and Germany, took place under this noble ruler's reign. He was granted a ripe old age, and at the age of ninety years he was both mentally and bodily in vigorous health. In the year 1888 he died from a sickness of but short duration.

After him, his son, Kaiser Fredrich III., succeeded to the throne. He was physically very different from his father, for he was a sickly man and only survived him ninety-nine days. He was born eighteen years after the battle of Leipzig, on exactly the same memorial date, Oct. 18th. In the short period he ruled, he did his country a vast amount of good.

The present emperor received the imperial crown on the same day Kaiser Fredrich died. He then carried out the models set by his father. While his grandfather, the noted soverign Kaiser Wilhelm I., yet lived he was instructed in everything which was necessary and important for a future ruler to know. His mother was formerly the noted English princess, Victoria. Through these family ties the present "Kaiser" has at different times been too friendly to Great Britain, for many of his subjects, who are none too friendly to the English at their best.

On the day of his coronation he expressed himself affectionately to his subjects with these and many other words: "Appointed to the throne of my forefathers, I receive it, with a look heavenward to the King of all kings,

and praise God Almighty. In the example set by my ancestors I promise to be a just and gentle ruler, pious and God-fearing, a protector of peace, to demand the country's welfare, a helper of the poor and afflicted, and a faithful warder of what is righteous." Such is the man who sits on the present throne of the "united empire" of Germany. Apparently he tries to fulfill everything he promised.

The imperial pair are blessed with a family of six sons and one daughter. The oldest son, Friedrich Wilhelm, is the crown prince of the German empire. He too is blessed with two descendants—two sturdy and promising little sons—so by all appearance the imperial chair will not be vacant for at least a long time yet. The fourth son of the imperial family recently married the princess of Schleswig Holstein, AlexandraVictoria. Quite a few of the preceeding imperial families were intermarried with the royal family Schleswig Holstein.

The imperial family lives in a splendid palace in the city of Berlin. It is a magnificent building, nearly one hundred feet in height and encloses two small and two large court-yards. Five tremendous entrances lead into the great building, which contains almost seven hundred rooms, which are gorgeously and splendidly arrayed in princely fashion.

More About Germany.

About one-half of Germany is farming land; one-fifth of it woodland; much of the remainder is mountainous. In the northwestern part there are, however, extensive moorlands. Many of the mountain slopes are rich in vineyards, especially along the river Rhine and in the "Moselland" there are vineyards after vineyards to be seen, sometimes as far as your eyes can reach.

In some countries cattle raising is extensively carried on. In the vicinity of Hanover fine horses are extensive-

ly raised. Saxony produces many sheep. The stream and lakes are well supplied with fish, and in the forests different game abound. The most noted of these game are the wild boar and the roe. This latter animal is a species of the deer, of elegant shape, and is noted for its remarkable nimbleness. The male has a short cylindrical horn growing upright from the top of the head, with a small forked prong at the upper end of the horn.

Some of the forests are owned by rich barons or lords, who protect the game from being shot down by other hunters, and also to preserve the forest. They hire men, whose business it is to watch the forest, and institute suits for tresspassers. These men chiefly live in the forests and are called foresters. As a rule, one man is sufficient for quite a large tract of land, but when the tract is very large more than one man is employed. Sometimes these rich lords invite a number of their friends to join in hunting in their forests. On such occasions they generally have a plentiful amount of spoils, and too often as plentiful an amount of wine or beer.

Much of the forest land, and in some countries the greater part of it, is owned and controlled by the kingdom or government. The government invests a large sum of money annually in planting young trees. Pine is mostly planted. Schools and nurseries for starting these trees are controlled by the government. The trees, when grown from three to four feet in height, are set out on government land and planted one square meter apart. This seems rather close, but not all the trees will grow, then there are also many cut out and sold as Christmas trees. These latter trees realize the government a vast sum of money.

Another thing which brings in large returns for the government, is the rental paid by hunters, who rent tracts of forest land of certain dimensions. One hunter often takes in a partner in renting one of these tracts. Outside of the forests owned by the rich barons, who as previously

stated, have foresters stationed in them, the forest and woodland is, in the line of game and hunting, all under the government's control. On his own farm, the farmer is prohibited from shooting, even as much as a hare in his own woodland, unless he has the rental of that certain tract. As a rule some hunter has paid the rental of it, and the farmer must be contented by merely seeing the game shot down in his immediate presence.

Sometimes the wild boar and his small herd come out during the night and root out and eat up the potatoes which the farmer intended for his own use. One farmer in Lothringen informed me that on awakening one morning, long before daylight, he heard something going on in his potato patch, back of the building, and on investigating saw a herd of the wild swine helping themselves to the tubers. When they saw the man approaching, they scampered off into the woods, without as much as obliging themselves for their hearty meal. The farmer is of course not allowed to shoot any of them, but he may report his damage and receive a small amount for same.

Each succeeding generation the wild boar is becoming scarcer and scarcer. Undoubtedly like the buffalo of North America, in course of time, it will become entirely extinct. In many localities of Germany they have been hunted down and are already extinct. They have their lairs in the innermost depth of the forest, but at different seasons of the year they wander about. During daytime they usually remain quiet, but wander out again when night sets in. Usually seven and eight head travel in a herd; sometimes ten or more are seen, but very seldom.

While on my stay in the vicinity of Bolchen and Haargarten, in Lothringen, I received a cordial invitation from a hunter to accompany him and his gang on a wild boar hunt, which was to be held after the first fall of a snow. I was anxious for a little romance and staid in this part for some time, but the desired fall of snow was slow in com-

ing, so I was obliged to travel on, without experiencing this adventure. I might perhaps consider myself fortunate for all, as I was told of different incidents, of these ferocious animals being wounded and savagely attacking the hunter.

I have remarked of the government planting trees. This is done principally for the use of timber in the future, and not so much for selling off for Christmas trees and preserving a place for the wild boar to live in. Large tracts of land which are barren, or tracts which have been cut down, are being planted with the pine. Evidently the German has a good foresight, at least for many generations they have been one of the leading nations in things pertaining to the welfare of future generations. Would it not be policy for our government to also take an example of the German empire, and also plant in pine such tracts of land as are barren or useless, or which have been ruthlessly cut down? America, I fear, may not be looking far ahead and some day will look back with regret to the day when the woodman's axe yet flourished and the lumbering camps were still in operation. Year after year lumber becomes higher in price and yet the spoiling of the timber is continued, apparently without any forethought for the future.

The River Rhine.

The Germans are proud with their famous river, the Rhine, and well may they be, for there is none to be found the wide world over to compare with it. Not on account of its size is it so greatly renowned, for there are many rivers which are both larger, wider and of greater depth; not one stream, however, has such uniform proportions, in width and depth; and so pretty a form or appearance as that of the Rhine.

Apparently, like a mighty mirror, set in the landscape, is its appearance when one views it from some distant ele-

vation. Its channel is always full, but seldom overflowing. Its width and depth and its uniform smoothness is just right for the use of either a small canoe or a large ship. It is not so wide as to hinder one's voice to be heard on the opposite shore, or to hinder traffic from one shore to the other.

The river has its starting point in Switzerland, and is fed by more than three hundred glaciers, which hang from the high peaks of the Alpine mountain ranges. Here along the infant Rhine, on all sides, may be heard the sweet sounds of the merry Swiss shepherd's flute or some small musical instrument. Frequently the song of these poor, yet free people, mingled with the ever jingling cow bells, will be singing in one's ears as you pass along the Rhine in the middle heights of Switzerland. Should one board one of the large steamers plying this noted river a magnificent view, as well as a fine scenery, may be afforded.

In passing through upper Elsass, in Germany, you have the nice, level country of rich, well tilled farming land before you. Beyond this level stretch of farming land the range of the Vosges mountains may be seen in the distance, while on the opposite side as you pass on a little further the Black Forest may be visible to the east.

As you approach nearer to "Bingen on the Rhine," you will pass through a hilly country, with the slopes all planted in vineyards. They are terraced like in many places of Switzerland, one above another, resembling at a distance a flight of stone steps. Here is the great vine growing district of Germany. The Bingen wines have a world-wide reputation.

The city of Bingen and the surrounding country has some of the most beautiful sceneries to be had anywhere. The Rhine itself here, too, is very pretty, as it bends around the vineyard-clad hills.

All along this mighty river the densest part of Germany's population exists, but after having passed through

the vine growing belt and the renowned and picturesque city of Coblenz the population is still more dense. From Cöln northward city after city is passed, which, as before remarked in this chapter, has the appearance of one vast city.

All along the shores of this river a busy set of people can be seen. Many of them who are not engaged in either tilling the soil or working in the vineyards, are either working in the factories or engaged in skillful handicraft work, making cute little toys for the good little children of other countries.

Many old castles lying in ruins are also passed on the way, which stand eminently on the edge of some high boulder or upon some other elevated spot. Frequently they are located in some apparently almost inaccessible spot, dreary and desolate, as though they were sentinels set along its banks to guard the whole Rhine country.

After having passed through this densely populated country, one will soon pass little Dutch villages in the Netherlands, with the ever present Dutch windmills in sight. The Rhine here, as you near its mouth, really is higher than the land. One will actually look down from the steamer into the beautiful and level Dutch country land. Banks or dykes have been made along its sides to keep the water from flowing onto the land.

In former ages the Rhine was considered a mighty river, and had much to do with the flourishing condition of the people living along its banks. To this day it is the source of the rich cities and their wealthy inhabitants.

"A wonderful stream is he" (the Rhine). Where is there another like it, that has a Switzerland for its birth; a Bingen for its middle, and a Dutch country for its end? Much German song and poetry has sprung up through inspiration from the Rhine, among these the one called—"Die Wacht am Rhein," is probably the most famous one of the present day.

About the Castles of Germany---The Feudal System.

In traveling through Germany you will often notice the ruins of castles, some of which were built more than a thousand years ago. These belonged to rich barons or lords, who occupied the country in the old feudal times. Most of them lie in ruins, but they are interesting on account of the tales and legends connected with them.

Before we continue with these old castles, let us see what is meant by the word "feudal." In olden times war took the place of trade and commerce among the different tribes of Germany. To obtain the land and spoils of other nations was the chief cause of the wars between these half-savage tribes or races of man.

When a country was conquered, the lands, cities, towns, gold, silver, merchandise, horses and cattle, in fact everything formerly belonging to the conquered people, was considered spoils for the victors. The people who were defeated were either killed, driven away, or subdued to a state of servitude.

This warlike method of robbing people of their land and possessions was considered lawful and was indulged in as great sport for the victorious ones. A victory was never gained without experiencing many hard knocks. Occasionally some of their number fell into the hands of the foe and were cruelly slain with either a battle-axe or mace (a heavy sort of a prickly club). These were the weapons chiefly used in warfare in those days. Swords and long pointed lances were, however, also used, but mostly by the mounted knights, mention of which may be made later.

After a battle, those who survived celebrated their victory with feasting, drinking, and other amusements suited to the tastes of half-civilized men. You will perceive that the real object of these wars was plunder.

When a country was conquered, the spoils were divided among the victors, according to their standing. The king or chief, of course, received a large share; the inferior chiefs, or barons, as they were mostly called, obtained a smaller share; while the common soldiers had still less. It was in short a system of plunder, and the different tribes then living in Germany might be considered as so many bands of robbers.

The land, too, was divided in much the same way. The king or chief keeping a large portion of it, while the remainder was divided among barons. You will learn by this that the land was not held in those days as is now the rule of the present day. Each individual did not own a piece of land and build upon it, or cultivate it as he liked. As previously stated, a large tract generally belonged to the king and the smaller tracts to the inferior chiefs or barons.

The king or baron, as it may have happened, built an immense, strong and fortified castle of stone upon his land. The people who happened to live on this land were subdued, and were compelled to till the land for their lord. They were called his vassals or slaves and were permitted to keep only what was necessary for their own support, but were compelled to give the best of everything to their masters. If perchance they had a kind master they fared very well, but woe to those who were not so fortunate as to have a good master.

In the latter days of the feudal system they were sometimes permitted a large share of the land's products, the lord only requiring the one-fifth or some other fraction of the products.

Now what is meant by the feudal system is this: That when war was proclaimed by the king these vassals were compelled by their masters to go along to battle. So also these masters or barons were required to bring into the field of battle all the men he could muster whenever the king called for them. The vassals, as a rule, were a rough

class of people, and many of them would not require to be urged to go, but would much sooner go along with their masters to rob their fellowmen than to stay at home and till the soil.

In return for these services, the baron was supposed to protect his people in time of war, or whenever an opposing army invaded their country to rob them. As the castles were usually built commodious and strong, the vassals, with their entire families, fled to them whenever an enemy appeared in sight. Here, behind these fortified castles, they felt both safe and secure as long as their stores of provisions lasted, but once they gave out the inmates were forced to surrender or die of hunger. The latter was sometimes chosen, rather than being taken by the enemy.

Sometimes they would be besieged for many months, but, as stated, as long as their stores of provisions held out, they would hold their revels, tell their stories and sing their rough songs. Immense stores of provisions were generally carried to the castles and were kept there for just such an emergency. Very often the enemies either became tired of besieging the castles or their supplies were exhausted before they could take them. They were then obliged to leave the country without having gained anything more than destroying the rude huts and habitations of the vassals or serving people.

Their huts, generally, were built together in little villages, at not too great a distance from the castle, in order to have an easy access to their place of safety whenever an approach of the enemy was noticed. Undoubtedly it sometimes occurred that the enemy came on them unexpectedly and that they never reached the castles, or at other times that they barely reached it, and were obliged to leave their belongings behind. On such occasions the enemy played havoc with and often either destroyed or carried away what they considered valuable.

I can not tell you when the feudal system commenced,

but it was carried on for a number of centuries. Among these rough kings and barons private acts of violence and injustice often took place. Sometimes a powerful baron would suddenly come upon a weaker one, take possession of his castle and murder him or shut him up in a dungeon in his own castle. Other times these powerful and wicked barons would carry off the beautiful daughter of another king or baron, and take her home to his castle. Such were the times of those days of half-civilization.

Visiting old Castles.

I visited different similar castles, which now lie in ruins. Among the ones I visited was the castle Dahn, on a high elevation, near to a village by the same name. A guide accompanied me to this place. First we wound up the hill-side on a steep and narrow path, until within several paces of the castle when we came to a flight of stone steps, partly in ruins. These led to the castle proper.

After gaining the inside we ascended through different passages and stone steps to the top of one of its high towers. Here a magnificent view was afforded of the country below, with its neat little patches of farming land, level stretches of meadow land and the different little villages, some nearby, and others at a distance, while here and there also were ranges of wooded hills, and further on the wastes of Thann, or the "lying field," as it is frequently called.

We ascended several of its towers and on one we found a place which evidently at one time had a tremendous bow stationed upon it. In olden times big bows were sometimes used, so big that it required a dozen or more men to draw back the bow's string. They were generally built on a kind of an upright piece of wood, which was then placed in a socket or on a pivot, thereby enabling the heavy bow to be turned around to shoot the arrow in any direction they chose. These large bows and arrows in those days took much the same place of the large cannon of the present time.

With them they could shoot quite a distance.

Before leaving this interesting old castle we also wished to see where some of the other passages led to. Following one of them and groping along in the dark, or occasionally lighting matches, we finally came to a place which led down into a room. Different passages again led into other rooms, some of them, apparently, were the dungeons or cells in which people were held in confinement. Many vivid thoughts passed my mind as we looked into these dungeons and passed through these mouldy and damp under-ground rooms. Very likely many murderous and other bad crimes were committed in them in the days when the feudal system was yet in full sway.

A visit to the place where the well was located was also made. Each castle had a well within its fortified walls. This one, like most of the others, was cut through the solid rock to the water-level. These wells were generally of a great depth, nicely and evenly cut at the sides.

"The lying field," of which I made mention, is a barren waste of land, which has been left uncultivated, and on which scarcely any vegetation flourishes. Literally it is a field of death, upon which lie the bones of soldiers who fell there. They are supposed to have been the soldiers of king Louis, called the pious. This field of death is supposed to be haunted and is feared and avoided, even to this day, by many of the nearby German country folks.

Not far distant from the "lying field," and what is known as Thann, in Alsace, there is a tower which is said to have been built by a mortar mixed with wine, instead of water. This occurred in a season when there was a great scarcity of water, but such a supply of wine that not enough casks could be found to hold it all. Consequently wine was used to mix the mortar. The wall of the tower is reputed to be of remarkable solidity, and it is claimed by some that when the vines surrounding it are in bloom, it discharges a substance which is of a good taste. Some

even go so far as to say that at such times the sound of the church bells are more musical than at other times.

Other noted castles are the Drachenfels, Stolzenfels, Treunfels, Trifels, etc. Each of these castles has its legend and history, some of which are both amusing and interesting. The legends connected with them are too absurd to be true, so I will merely pass them by and relate an incident connected with the latter castle, which is reputed to be a fact.

This castle lies in the Haardt mountains, in Rhine Bavaria. The views from this and the neighboring heights are the finest in all Rhenish Bavaria. Here one can see with the naked eye the towers of Strassburg, Karlsruhe, Speyer, Mannheim and Worms, while the beautiful mirror-like Rhine is also in view, with the dense Black Forest in the distance, while the grotesque and different colored peaks of the Vosges range are near at hand.

Centuries ago this castle was the home of royal families, and also served as a fortress, a prison, and a treasury of the royal jewels and insignia. About Easter time, in the year 1193, Richard, the lion-hearted king of England, was sent here as a prisoner by king Henry VI. This noble ruler was kept imprisoned here for more than a year. All this time a faithful friend, in company with some English knights, traveled far and wide to find out where the king was kept imprisoned. At last they came outside the castle of Trifels. Blondel (which was the name of the king's friend), sang a song which Richard had himself composed. The imprisoned king on hearing it at once recognized the voice and sang another strain as an answer.

Blondel introduced himself under some assumed pretense and soon won the affections of the jailer's daughter. Together they contrived a plan by which, with the help of the English knights, who had remained outside, they succeeded in liberating the king. They all reached England in safety and there Blondel was married to the jailer's beautiful

daughter, whose name was Mathilda. A large reward was given them for the service they had rendered, and the knights were also well rewarded for the assistance they had given in securing the freedom of their king.

Many interesting tales could also be related about the other castles, but to tell them all would fill a book of itself. Hope some of the readers may at some future time be fortunate enough to travel in Germany, and visit these castles themselves, and learn of the gruesome legends and stories connected with them.

Not all of the castles are in ruins. In recent generations some of them have been rebuilt and are again inhabited; not by half-savage and cruel masters, but by kind, God-fearing, rich lords.

One such castle I chanced to pass which is inhabited and has been rebuilt at a great cost by a certain rich lord, who holds a high rank as a commanding officer in the army. The name of the castle is the Bewartstein. It stands upon a ledge at some elevation, and is located in such a rugged country that one can not help but wonder why an aristocratic family cares to live at such an out-of-the-way place. Majestic, beautiful and proud-like it stands out eminent above the rugged country surrounding it.

Several other castles were also visited on my tour through Germany. One of them, the Weibertreu, has an amusing story connected with it, which I will relate in a later chapter.

Knight-Errantry.

Before taking up another chapter, we will tell something about knight-errantry, which I previously promised to do. You will remember that private acts of violence and injustice often took place among these rough kings and barons. Sometimes a brave warrior would go and redress these evil acts, and, if possible, deliver the innocent from their dungeon-like prisons. Sometimes he would go and

challenge the baron who had been guilty of some injustice, to come out and fight with him.

These bold warriors were called knights, and were always powerfully armed. Their chief weapon was a long pointed lance, or sort of a spear; also a defensive armor, consisting of a heavy shield of metal, a helmet made of steel, and a kind of plate to shield the face. Besides this, there was a body-harness, made of plates of steel, and sometimes a shirt, consisting of a multitude of iron links, with the whole outfit fitting close to the body. Over all this there was usually a long flowing robe.

As these knights always fought on horseback, the horses, too, were well protected by heavy steel plates. The head, chest and side were usually covered, and sometimes nearly the whole body was shielded by glittering steel. These horses were well and carefully trained and on them depended much for their masters being able to fight to the best advantage. These knights always rode fine, strong horses, and they spent much time in training them, and in keeping the armor of both themselves and their animals bright and glittering.

So you will see that these bold warriors were fitted for their place or duty, and that the bad baron who did an evil offense stood a poor show with these noble fighting men. Even in those rude times, such bad deeds, committed by the wicked barons, were in after years considered wrong, and when knight-errantry had become more thoroughly established, those who belonged to the profession were considered as under a religious vow to devote themselves entirely to the cause of justice and humanity.

If any person had suffered an act of injustice they were supposed to set the matter right, or if any person was in distress they were under obligation to risk their life for the relief of their fellowman. They were particularly devoted to the cause of ladies, who had been stolen away and shut up in castles. In behalf of these they often per-

formed heroic deeds to gain their liberation and freedom.

Many of these knights spent their entire time riding about the country in search of adventures. These were called knights-errant. If one knight-errant happened to meet another they often went to fighting for renown. Some of them acquired great fame and numbers of songs and ballads were composed in celebration of their deeds. They were applauded and cheered in their acts of daring by the people, and thus became very bold and adventurous. By degrees their numbers increased and in the latter years of the feudal system there were evidently a large number of them.

I trust all the readers now know what is meant by knight-errantry and feudal system. Those who have previously understood all about them, I hope, will excuse me for writing about this subject. As both played so prominent a part in the days of castle life, I could not refrain from telling something about it.

CHAPTER XI.

German Life in Town and Country.

Classes of People Inhabiting Germany.

Germany may be termed the United Kingdom of Germany. A great variation of living exists, which is undoubtedly caused much through the uniting of these coun-

tries, as each country differs materially from the other. The languages, too, in some countries differ from each other.

The German language is of course spoken nearly over the whole land, but each country has its "slang," or way of speaking it. There is the "Kölnisch Deutsch," "Pfälzer Deutsch," "Schwobisch Deutsch," etc. The latter is spoken throughout the kingdom of Würtemberg. There is also a German used which is much corrupted with the Dutch. To my ear it was more Dutch than German, as I could understand but very little of it. The latter dialect is mostly spoken among the country people who live near the border of the Netherlands. At different places it is also used by the low class people far in the interior.

The French language also prevails a score of miles towards the interior from the boundary line of Germany and France. The people living along the French border are scoffed at when they speak the German, and it is therefore seldom used. They are compelled by the government to teach the German course in their schools, but would rather have the French taught. There is, however, some French used, and on the play ground or as soon as school is dismissed the children converse in the French language.

At home and in the families, French alone is spoken. A child when first attending school will often not know a single German word. As they grow up with the German education they use it so little in their conversation that in the course of a few years after schooling they are scarcely able to speak it. A number of families with which I came in contact, showed this to be the case.

Throughout the large cities of Elsass and Lothringen the French language frequently abounds. The two countries formerly belonging to France, undoubtedly accounts for these facts.

To an American's point of view the Germans live very much crowded. Be that as it may, the size of Germany is only about twice that of the states of New York, Pennsyl-

vania, New Jersey and Deleware combined, and in this space live its over sixty million inhabitants. Besides the German population there are a great number of Jews scattered all over the empire, chiefly in the large cities, where they carry on trading. Among them are some exceedingly wealthy ones.

Then there are also the "Sclavonians," in northern Prussia; the "Masurians," in southern East Prussia; the "Wendens," along the Spree, and the "Poles," in Eastern Prussia. These are remains of tribes who settled in the country many years ago, and still speak their original languages. These people are generally ignorant and appear unwilling to be taught. The latter people, the "Polaker," as they are generally called by the Germans, constitute a large part of Eastern Prussia's population. Large numbers of these people were on board ship as emigrants on my return across the ocean.

In the provinces of Hessen—Darmstadt and parts of Baden one meets people dressed in odd, old-fashioned garments, exactly like the pictures we saw in our school days of the pilgrim fathers and the garb used in Revolutionary times. Here one sees grown men in knee breeches, wearing three-cornered hats, and long cutaway coats, while their vests have the buttons sewed nearly against one another. If I remember correctly, their odd-looking overcoats contained some forty buttons in one long single row. The women's wearing apparel, too, would be worthy of note, but I can scarcely begin to describe it, more than to say they were arrayed in so many different colors and the stitches, too, were so fine that I presume the needle work of these ancient-like dressed women is not to be equalled anywhere.

In Schleswig Holstein the Danish language is used and ong the French border, far inland, the French language manyds. The first mentioned country was formerly ruled doubtedring of Denmark, who sorely oppressed his subjects

in the neighboring country. In a war between Germany and Denmark in 1864 it was relieved of its Danish sovereignty, and has since been a country of Prussia.

About one million of Germany's population are anti-christians. Of those who are considered christians, one-third are Catholics and two-thirds are Protestants. In the southern and southwestern part of Germany the Catholics are in the majority. In the central part there are three quarters of a million Jews. The Poles, of whom I previously remarked, emigrate to this country in large numbers, and generally are a rough class of people. But what else can be expected of these uneducated, half-civilized people. Many of them still dress in an ancient and heathenish costume.

In this country, however, they chiefly follow the occupation of coal mining, and prefer, if possible, to live together in colonies by themselves, where they can more readily live to the tastes of their wild nature. In traveling through the mining districts of Pennsylvania, one will notice their rude huts and houses built together along the slope of a mountain, near some mining shaft. In many of the towns and cities in the mining belt you will also find them, but generally all of them live together in one part of the city where some of them even have churches of their own.

Many of these Poles are of a roving disposition. After they have accumulated a sum of money by working in the mines, they again return usually in large numbers at a time to their native country, where they remain until their money is nearly all spent, when they again head for America. The small sum of five hundred dollars goes a long way in furnishing them a living in their native land, and those who are at all careful and saving can live what they consider independently for the remainder of their lifetime; but as a rule they soon squander their money and then again set out on their coal mining expedition.

Farm Life---Contrast of Village and "Hof" Farmers.

The farms throughout Germany are mostly owned by rich lords who live in the large cities and rent their land to farmers. The farmer is considered well-to-do when once he has paid off for the live stock and all farming implements. In some localities they remain in debt their lifetime, and work almost like slaves, while the rich lord who owns the farm, reaps the harvest. Kaiser Wilhelm II. is the largest land owner of all Prussia, owning eighty-three "hofs" or farms, which includes about 100,000 hecters of land. The Kaiser also has forty-nine castles in his possession, four of these, however, belong to the kingdom.

In some parts of Germany, however, I found very well-to-do farmers. They do but very little manuel labor, always having a force of hired help at hand. Throughout Elsass there are many of these rich farmers; in fact all along the river Rhine you occasionally meet them. In the northern part of Würtemberg there are also immense farms with large, spacious buildings, while the occupants are real wealthy. Immediately surrounding these large tracts there are smaller ones, with farmers who evidently are contented if they merely "hold their own."

Years ago the people of Germany were grouped into but two classes, namely the rich and the poor. Those who were poor remained poor, while the other class remained the opposite.

Germany of to-day is somewhat different in that respect, although, in comparison to the United States, it is still much inclined that way. In some of the kingdoms the oldest son of a family was formerly the sole heir after his parents' death. He was supposed to care and superintend in behalf of the interests in the living of the remainder of the family. Würtemberg figured as one of the

countries where this seemingly unjust law formerly prevailed.

Moving from one farm to another is a very rare or unusual occurrence among the German farmers. The farms are generally rented for nine years at a time, and are then again rerented. In many instances these farmers live on the same farm their ancestors lived on for a number of generations back, and all this time were merely rental farmers, and all the while had been rented from the ancestral owners down to the present owner of the "hof" or farm.

The smaller farmers of Germany live huddled together in "dorfs" (villages), with their land divided, with here and there a tract. In the southern part of the "Pfalz" (Rhenish Bavaria) I passed through a narrow, winding valley, which had these plots of land divided into very small patches. The surface had a gradual slope from both sides towards the middle of the valley. On it were patches hardly any larger than many of the American farmers' gardens. The smallest were not any wider than the city lots generally sold for building purposes, although they were a hundred yards or so in length. Between these patches there were narrow ditches, and these were dug as straight as a bee-line. Their width and depth, too, was uniform. A winding ditch was also dug along both sides of the upper slope of these patches through which a stream of water flowed. The smaller ditches are made for irrigation purposes and whenever the owner's time or turn comes to irrigate, a portion of water is made to flow through them for a certain length of time.

Originally the plots were much larger. I was told each citizen or inhabitant of the "dorf" was allotted a certain equal portion of land. From time to time, and generation to generation they were cut up as the father divided his tract according to the number of sons in the family. The smallest of these tracts are, however, not divided any

more and have been their present size for a number of generations. Apparently the rather unjust law formerly described, where the oldest son inherited all, did either not prevail here, or it may have happened that the dividing of the tracts of land into smaller ones did not occur until after it was abolished.

Even at the beginning when these tracts were laid out the inhabitants were not permitted to have their land all in one tract, but located in various parts of the valley, in order to divide the distance as equal as possible among the respective owners. At the present time, through the dividing of these plots of ground, I was informed that some of the largest land owners now own as high as fifty and upwards of these small tracts, lying scattered all along the valley. This method of dividing the land with here and there a tract has been used among the "dorf" farmers mostly over the whole of Germany. In fact I found this to be the style among most all the village farmers over the whole of continental Europe.

Upon asking these "dorf" farmers why they do not have their plots of land together in one tract, they will tell you that would be both unjust and unfair, for if they should have them thus arranged, one man would have his tract near to the "dorf," another would probably have his patch about half the distance of the "dorf's" patches, while still another one would be obliged to always go to the far end to reach his tract of land. Hence they say they have them arranged in different patches, so that each man has his different plots of ground thus divided that he has them lying both near and far from the village. You will notice in that respect they have it more uniformly arranged than when each man had his plots all in one tract.

In one village alone, which I passed through in Elsass there lived nearly one thousand of these farmers. Aside of the "dorf's" requisite places of business, such as stores, inns, bakeshops, a shoemaker and blacksmith, the entire

population was engaged in tilling the soil. A number of them, however, did not farm any land themselves, but merely worked for the farmer. I was informed that in order to reach their farthest tracts, some of them are obliged to go two hours, which in our way of reckoning is equal to about six miles. They generally rise very early in the morning, so as to be able to do a day's work in their patch of land. When they go such a distance the whole family often goes along. They take their lunch and the noonday meal with them.

The German farmer eats five or six times a day. Coffee and wine are indulged in, in every meal. In some countries, especially in parts of Baden, beer is used instead of wine. The morning meal consists chiefly of rye bread, a sort of jam, and, as stated, coffee.

In some villages one of the family generally stays at home to prepare the midday meal, and then carry it on the head to the family working in the patches. In this manner heavy burdens are imposed on the farming women of



Type of Laboring Women of Germany. These four Women are Engaged in Sweeping the Streets.

Germany. Not meals alone, but various things are carried by them. In many districts one sees the weaker sex working with the stronger. In many instances you see them cutting wood or loading manure. A common sight is a young girl driving a team of either cows or oxen, or sometimes an ox and a horse. Dogs hitched two abreast are also a familiar sight.

During the long winter months the "dorf" or village farmers are engaged in flailing out their grain. Those who are more well-to-do have a little thrasher to thrash it, power for which is furnished by a pair of cows hitched to a clumsy, one-armed power. Slowly and deliberately they trudge around, pulling the arm of the power, while the man feeds the thrasher by only mere handfuls at a time. A little urchin or a half-grown girl drives the animals along. Tedious work! We American farmers think these German farmers "behind the times." Be that as it may, they live together in such contentment as we can scarcely realize.

In many parts of the country among these "dorf" residents there is very little travel and traffic from one "dorf" to another. Frequently when on inquiring about a neighboring village, they seem at a loss to give you any information. This holds good principally with villages lying far inland, or at some distance from the railroad. Generally someone in the village knows more or has a better knowledge of the surrounding communities. At the village inn or at the smith shop you can often get the desired information.

From the burgomaster, or "bürgermeister," as he is chiefly called, you are enabled to get all the information you wish to know. This latter party is an appointed magistrate of the "dorf." He rules much the same as a mayor does over a city. He is both awed and respected by his subjects, the town people. Every village throughout the whole empire has its burgomaster. In the more enterpris-

ing and frequented villages this magistrate loses more of his reverence and is looked upon more as an average individual.

The German's Life as a Soldier.

It is mostly in military matters that the power of the Keiser extends over the united empires of Germany. It is in his power in the name of the empire to declare war with other countries, or make peace, as he thinks best; to make alliances or agreements with other countries, and to appoint men for different offices throughout the empire. Besides being the chief commander in the affairs of the army and navy, he also performs the office of the presidency over the "Bundesrat" and the "Reichstag."

Every German young man, who is physically able to carry arms, when he attains the age of twenty years, is obliged to enter into the ranks as a soldier, in which capacity they must serve from two to three years, depending altogether under what line of service they are placed. Many grown and sturdy sons of the tillers of the soil, who are most urgently needed at home on the farm, have to go and serve their time as a soldier. I was informed by young men, with whom I became acquainted, that, on some occasions, they were permitted leave of absence (in military life called a furlough) but once a year, in which they could return home.

This furlough is generally of but short duration, and they must soon go back to their military life. As a rule, the Germans are brought up to lead a quiet life, seldom getting away from home. This is especially the case in the rural districts and among the tillers of the soil, so imagine their lot while they are leading a military life! Many of them get homesick and sometimes become very sick, but no headache complaints are listened to, all are compelled to stand in line of drill with the rest of their companions. To the contrary there are others who apparently

enjoy their soldier days and lead a "sporty" life while serving their country.

They receive no pay, but are given a small fee sometimes as spending money, which, I was informed scarcely keeps them "in tobacco." After they have served their time they still belong to the standing army, until seven years after their first entering into the ranks. In these remaining four or five years they belong to the reserves, and are obliged to enter into line of drill at different periods of the year.

There are soldiers in the ranks who are only eighteen years of age, and a number even younger. If a young man chooses to serve his time before he is twenty, he is permitted to do so as soon as he reaches manhood and is developed enough to pass the physical examination. This sometimes includes young men of sixteen, however, there are few who pass at that age. After belonging to the regular troops for seven years, the German is not yet altogether exempt, but belongs to the malitia until he is forty-five years of age. The malitia is only called on in times of war. After this latter age the German is a free man in the line of military matters.

They are all thoroughly examined before entering the service, and must be of sound constitution. Those who have any defects are exempted. Some, who may have a curable ailment, are only excused for a certain length of time, and if on reexamining are found cured, must still serve their time.

Sometimes the soldier in beginning his military career is permitted to choose under which line he would like to serve. Many of the farmer boys, and those who take a liking to horses prefer the cavalry. The officers, however, then place them under whatever line they think best. Germany has a large cavalry and it costs the country an immense sum of money for the horses needed in the cavalry force. The caring for and grooming of the horses,

however, is no expense, as it is required of each person serving in the cavalry to groom and care for the horse given in his charge. This he is compelled to do thoroughly and well. Should the commanding officer see that the animal is in any way becoming neglected, the soldier will be liable to punishment. The rules in the German army are very strict. Even petty offenses are sometimes severely punished.

We may well boast of being a free people, while the Germans are bound down to military duty. Taking it all together one can easily observe the more flourishing condition in a country which is alike free to all. Germany can, however, boast of having a standing army of over 619,000 men in time of peace, while in time of war it would have in readiness nearly four and one-half million men who are trained to everything necessarily required of a good soldier. In the line of naval matters it stands fourth, having altogether (including all its naval vessels) 132 ships, with a force of 50,323 men.

Christmas Time Among the Germans.

While abroad during the Christmas period, one will be among merrymaking and enjoy the sights of the usual Christmastide. One will, however, not be able to spend the days as he was wont to do or with friends in the family circle, but in a strange land among strange people; in a land of richly and luxuriously decorated Christmas trees, lighted in the evening with scores of tiny wax candles.

Every family in Germany, if at all able to do so, has its Christmas tree. The trees are hung with numerous dainties, in the line of little cookies, apples, many varieties of nuts, chocolates, and many other delicious things, too numerous to mention. Besides tiny wax dolls and glittering little stars are hung upon them. After the tiny stars are all hung, a much larger one is placed at some conspicuous place among the rest. This last star is to represent

the "Star of Bethlehem." Over all of this is strewn a kind of inflamable white stuff, somewhat similar to cotton, which causes the tree to have an appearance of being covered with snow. I had the highly appreciated opportunity of assisting in hanging a "Christbaum," as the Germans call them, having been given the invitation by a family with whom I had previously become intimate.

The hanging of the tree is an art in which the grown folks, as a rule, alone take part. This is mostly done the evening before Christmas. In another room the children are awaiting the arrival of "Kriskingle," with cherished expectancy. Some time during the evening and after everything is in readiness, footsteps are heard in the hall by the children. They evidently plainly hear Santa Claus entering into the room where the Christmas tree is to be placed. A short time after they again hear hurried steps leaving the room and pass out through the hallway and when at the door the jingle of fine bells, or perhaps the sound of a single bell may be heard. At the corner of the house the sound is again heard. The children will tell you this was "Kriskingle" that was here, whereupon they all rush into the room to see what he hung upon the tree for them. On entering they burst into a joyous shout of merrymaking as they behold the many presents on the nicely illuminated Christmas tree.

After the children are over their first rapture of joy, Christmas hymns are sung, the first selection being the famous old German hymn, "Stille Nacht," which is followed by other hymns appropriate to the event. This hymn is sung by every family over the whole land. (Jews and a few other classes are the only exceptions.) I was informed, that even in the Keiser's family the hymn is sung by the Keiserin and her children. Over the whole empire two days are devoted to the Christmas event and are kept as holidays.

During this period the mails often become overcrowd-

ed with packets sent as Christmas gifts. Sometimes they are delayed on the way, on account of this overcrowding, for several days. This exchanging of presents through the mail exists mostly in the cities and larger towns. On passing through a large city (Trier), I noticed a vast number of the familiar German yellow mail carts used in draying the mail to the train. Cart after cart filled with mail, consisting of packages of various shapes and sizes, was wheeled along side the train and their burden loaded onto the mail coaches. Ofttimes some inconvenience will be caused as a result from this overcrowding of the mails. Some of the people take the advantage and mail their Christmas gifts several days ahead, so as to make sure the gift reaches its destination in good time.

Undoubtedly in no other country are Christmas gifts so much exchanged as they are among the German people. From the poor peasant to the royal family, all share the giving and receiving of presents, although they are given in accordance to their means; the rich and the royal family exchange lavishly of high priced and valuable goods, while the poor peasant is content with a few hand-carved toys or a stuffed rag doll. No matter among which class of Germans, the chief present for the girls seems to be a doll. "Germany, the land of dolls!" Dolls in wood; dolls in wax; dolls in plaster of Paris; in fact dolls in almost any conceiveable substance. Dolls, from the tiny waxen ones to those who apparently fall asleep when you lay them down.

The Germans claim the use of the Christmas tree was introduced into America by them. At all events, that may easily be the case, anyway I feel safe to say that there is no other country on the face of the earth where so many Christmas trees are seen; so many family ties reunited and Christmas hymns sung; and where the children are so filled with joy and inspiration on the anniversary of the birth of Christ.

Incidents Relative to German Life.

In traveling, one should always adopt as near as possible the manners or ways of the country you happen to travel through, providing, and as long as there is nothing of an immoral nature connected with it. If a person insists on having his own way or the manner in which he is accustomed to, he will be sure to draw unwonted attention and sometimes will cause himself to become the object of jest and ridicule.

On one occasion the land lady of a certain inn related an incident to me of an American who had some time before been staying at their place as a boarder. For breakfast, she said, the American ordered a big piece of broiled bacon, three eggs, some potatoes and a few other victuals which I forgot. I was about as greatly surprised in her trying to relate to me the absurdity of this man eating so great a meal in the morning, as she must have been at the time it occurred. Most naturally I thought to myself, why this was only an ordinary meal for an American to eat at breakfast time. I had come across this place in the beginning of my tour, and I was therefore ever afterward on the alert that I would not breakfast too heavy.

In no part of the whole land, neither in town nor country, would they think of having a prepared or cooked meal in the morning. As previously stated, the Germans eat five or six times a day—in the morning, at 9:00, A. M., at noon, again at about four in the afternoon, in the evening, and sometimes shortly before retiring. They will, however, not sit down and partake of a large and sumptuous meal like we Americans are accustomed to do. I was astonished, especially among the poorer classes, to see how little they did eat at one time, and was just as greatly astonished to notice the large quantities they would drink (of coffee and wine).

The Germans are greatly addicted to the habit of drinking spirits with each meal, and yet they evidently do not drink so much to excess as a person may think. One thing is certain, and that is they can bear large quantities of these alcoholic drinks without showing any effects on them. The laboring class in many parts, however, are an exception in not over indulging in it. In different instances I was told by their employers that they had much to contend with in their laborers drinking too freely. In seeing a type of the sturdy and robust-looking Germans, who eat such light meals, goes to show that we Americans over indulge in eating, and while they drink to excess, we certainly eat to excess.

Throughout the continent, among the well-to-do, when a meal is served, it consists mostly of five or six different kinds of meat, of which pork is considered the leading one. Pork or bacon is a luxury here, for which they pay one franc (20 cents) per pound. Veal is a grade finer and sells at 22 cents. Beef (best) is only 17 cents. Hares are also raised by most all farmers to furnish them with meat, some making it an industry by raising them for market. The price, when fully grown, is two to three francs per head. These hares substitute the chickens on the market. Chickens are scarcely thought of by most of the farmers. At long intervals chicken is served with the hare (mixed), but so scarce that it reminds me of an incident which occurred while visiting among brethren in the state of Ohio several years ago. As usual among the Amish Mennonites, who have their worship in the respective houses by turns, a lunch was served after service. This lunch proved to be bean soup, in which the beans were rather scarce, whereupon the young men remarked as a joke that there was a reward of $5.00 on each bean found in the soup.

German Hospitality, and More About Their Drinking Habits.

The Germans, as a rule, are very hospitable and generous toward strangers. In their ways they are homely and plain and mean exactly as they say, being a straightforward class of people and are not so much addicted to false pretentions and "oiled" flattery like I found it to be the case in some other countries.

They show their hospitality in many ways. Sometimes when you inquire the way from one village or one place to another, they will insist on sending someone with you to direct you, even when the way does not seem hard to be found. In fact they will offer their assistance in any way they think they are able to do a stranger a favor. If you wish to recompense them for the assistance given you, by offering them a coin, they will hardly ever accept it. Sometimes they would even go so far as to offer you, what they termed, a little "reise geld" (traveling money).

Probably their chief way in showing hospitality is in offering you bread and wine, and sometimes some manufactured dainties. The famous "deutsche würst" are also frequently added to the lunch. In visiting among the respective families, and especially if someone accompanies you who is able to give you an introduction, they will offer you a lunch before you have ample time to take in the surroundings or to seat yourself.

I well remember one incident when a young man, with whom I had previously formed an acquaintance, accompanied me a day in making calls. Sometimes, when it occurred that there were a number of families whom I wished to visit, living in the same village, I would make short and hurried calls, in order to "move" along faster. On the day the previously mentioned party accompanied me, I visited at least seven or eight families in the short period

of half a day. As before mentioned, they soon showed their hospitality in offering their lunch and wine. Consequently my friend had emptied as many glasses of wine as families were visited and even a few more, for the reason that on departing from a place they often insist on you taking another "sip." Well, the result was I had a more than ordinary talkative companion before the day was spent. As I was not accustomed to this wine-drinking habit, I often declined their sparkling wine and preferred water instead. It seemed a very extraordinary thing to them when I demanded water, instead of wine, to drink "good luck" with them.

I well recall a somewhat amusing incident, which occurred in a village by the name of Offenbach bei Landau. Here I also visited about a dozen families in a single day. One hale and robust-looking man, on whom I made a visit, had evidently drank a little too freely prior to my arrival, and at the time I arrived was in an unusual talkative mood. As before stated, I mostly preferred water, and to play a joke on the man, the person who filled the glasses, also filled my host's glass with the same drink mine had been filled with. Several swallows were taken before he discerned it was water. He seemed to appreciate the joke as well as any of the rest, but brought his fist down heavily upon the table and declared, "Ich habe vor acht jahr kein wasser getrunken," meaning he had not drank any water for the last eight years. At the time I thought this to be an exaggeration, but one of his nephews, who accompanied me on my rounds that day, informed me later that such was a fact. I afterwards learned that in the immediate wine growing districts there were many of these wine-drinkers who seldom tasted water. All the water they drink is what they drink in their wine and coffee.

In working in their patch of land they will be sure to take their wine jug with them. This is a kind of wine however that is much adulterated with water. Among

many of the German farmers this is the kind of wine which is good enough for the children and the hired help. In many localities, after they have made wine for the first time from the grapes, they again add water to the pomace and leave it ferment together, when they are repressed, which juice makes, in my estimation, a better and milder drink than the best wine or the first pressing. Much sooner would I have had the more mild drink, but no, the best wine was nearly always offered me.

Incidents of Nastiness, and German Method of Baking and Serving Bread.

I can scarcely refrain from relating incidents which chanced to come under my observation while traveling among the primitive Germans. When one travels in a strange country he will soon learn to do away with his tender tastes accustomed to in his home country, and become hardened to seeing the "straight cut" taken by some of the primitive German people, in preparing a meal.

Modesty will not permit me to mention all that happened to pass my notice, but I really did see a dog eating off a plate, and like as not after the canine was through with his lunch the dish may have been brought into service without being washed for one of the family to eat out of. Why should it be washed? The dog licked the plate cleaner than any expert dishwasher could make it.

Cats also figured as prominent in incidents as the one mentioned. At a certain place "pussy" seemed to be rather bold. She got upon the table and stole a nice piece of meat from the plate of my host. At another place I visited, the cat leaped upon the stove, which was more like a kind of furnace, and actually grabbed a piece of meat out of the frying pan. This was done so quickly that, apparently, "pussy" was up to her tricks, and did not remain long enough to burn her velvety paws.

As the dwellings of the other domestic animals were often hard by, the odor issuing from the cows' quarters was sometimes almost unbearable while sitting in the dining-room. At various places one rag apparently sufficed for all purposes, washing the dishes, wiping the floor, or in whatever way a rag is used in housekeeping.

In places I visited they have, however, I am glad to say, adopted a course of perfect cleanliness. These places you will find in the large farming districts or nearer the larger towns and cities. The occurrances of uncleanliness as seen and related exist mostly at out-of-the-way places, and in "dorfs" located some distance from the railroads and other places of general travel. These remote places can nearly always be reached by "post," and on them I frequently traveled.

In making flour for bread the German miller frequently grinds a kind of bean with the grain. This they claim causes the bread to become more solid, and also makes a lower priced flour. It is an undisputed fact that the loaves become very solid, indeed, but the German country folks, as a rule, want something substantial when they "bite the crust." When one once becomes accustomed to this kind of bread it is for all not "half bad," and tastes better than the light "puffed up" American bread.

After the dough has been kneaded it is made into little round loaves, which are rolled in flour and then set into clumsy, round, little baskets to raise. In baking the loaves, they are usually merely shoved into the long baking oven, bare. In serving the bread at the table, each one generally cuts or slices off his own piece of bread—one piece at a time as he needs it. It is customary among the country people for the head of the family to take the loaf of bread first, cut a piece from it, and then hand it to the one standing second in the family. In case they have a guest to dine with them, the host, after he has cut off his piece, will hand the loaf to the guest. Presume, if any of

my readers ever chance to travel abroad and among the European country folks, you will recall what I have remarked of their habitual table custom.

Should you go into some of the rural districts of France you will find yourself in a worse predicament yet. In some parts of the latter country I found the loaves to weigh twelve pounds. They were made in the form of a circle, the inner side being hollow, caused them to be of an enormous size. They were almost too large and heavy to hold in one hand; you were therefore very nearly obliged to press them against your bosom to enable you to cut a piece from them. Well the result was you became "all mealy," and had somewhat the appearance of a white man, instead of a "green bread cutter." Nevertheless, the head of the family merely edged up the big loaf, drew his knife across it, and by the time he had drawn it through he was sure to have a nice and uniformly cut piece of bread from it.

In many homes these ponderous loaves remained on the table bare and uncovered from one mealtime to another. They certainly did become seasoned. At all events, I feel safe to say that should you have taken them down upon the floor you could have stamped upon them all you wished, and yet they would have remained intact. Very likely the playing and handling of the loaf by the children, which was ofttimes noticed, had much to do with its seasoned qualities.

In traveling over Germany, and in spending the time as a guest of the well-to-do classes of people (this includes many of the large "hof" farmers) you do not dine with the whole family. It is customary, in many places, for them to set a table in their best room. The host and his "frau," or sometimes a grown daughther, are all who are permitted to dine with the guest. Everything will be served in plenty, the meat especially so, while the remainder of the family dine in the ordinary dining-room and get only a certain portion of meat given to them. Their wine

too is the kind I formerly stated, which is made from a second pressing, while the wine offered to the guest in the first mentioned room is of full strength and is considered by them their "best wine."

"Post Stages" and a few Undesirable Experiences.

The "post stages," or "post wagen," as they are chiefly called, are stage coaches which carry the mail from the larger towns to the inlying "dorfs." There are one and two-horse "posts." They all carry passengers. The former carry from two to half a dozen passengers, while the latter are sometimes capable of carrying a dozen or more. They are all owned and controlled by the government.

Sometimes these "posts" become overcrowded and on one occasion, while leaving a large town by the name of Zweibrücken in Rhenish Bavaria, the accommodation was rather uncomfortable. The heavy and clumsy conveyance was crowded to fourteen passengers, two of whom were obliged to crowd themselves on top of the driver's seat, myself happened to be one of the unlucky number.

On another occasion, on a one-horse "post," I was the only passenger and had the "whole field" to myself. The way took us through the forest, and before we had entered it very far I noticed five beautiful and fleet-footed animals cross the road before us. They proved to be nothing else but the pretty roe, a species of deer which yet abound in large numbers in some parts of Germany. The herd ran a short distance into the forest and then halted and faced us. The driver, on noticing my great curiosity, stopped his team to allow me to alight. I had scarcely left the vehicle when they bounded off into the depth of the forest and were soon out of sight.

The remote "dorfs" are not all to be reached by "post;" some of them I was obliged to reach on foot.

These latter ones fit best to the remarks I made on the out-of-the-way places. Sometimes I would arise at an early hour in the morning and travel quite a distance before taking a breakfast.

I well remember one incident, when I arose exceptionally early to catch the first outgoing "post," one and one-fourth hours distant. My way this time took me through a forest again, and I soon came to where the road forked and was at a loss which road to take. Following the one to the right, I soon decided I was on the wrong course and returned to take the other one. It was yet far from daylight, but finally I got through the forest land and came to a "dorf." Here both men and women were engaged in flailing out the grain. It was yet not near daybreak, so you may know they were at work quite early with these old-time threshing flails. A candle lantern was all the light they needed to work with. At some places three persons were working together and had to keep good time or stroke, so as not to strike each other's flail. Some strokes of the flail being harder than others, caused a rather musical sound as they struck the hard barn floor.

On another trip on foot, in passing through an old-fashioned dorf in Lothringen, not far from the Saar river, I met a swine herder, returning home for the night, with a large herd of lean, long-legged animals, which he takes out to the woods daily to feed on whatever they may find. He was assisted in driving by an alert and well trained dog, which fully understood the different signals made by the herder's horn. The hogs, too, evidently understood what the blast of the horn meant when perchance they turned into some place they had no business. These swine herders herd the swine for a whole village, much the same as the goat herders herd the goats in Switzerland.

Frequently, when passing through "dorfs," if they learn you are from America, the children flock around you, telling each other: "Das ist ein Amerikaner," or "Er

kommt aus Amerika." Men and women stop to inquire into your business, until it would try one's patience if accosted in the same way in America, but here it is merely amusing to hear their simple inquiries, which I generally tried to answer as pleasantly as though it was a matter of duty.

With the exception of the inquisitiveness mentioned, one can travel unmolested among these primitive German people, but when you arrive in the larger towns and cities you are apt to be accosted sometimes by the "polizei." This is their police force. Their discipline is very strict and the system under which it is operated is exceptionally well organized. In this they undoubtedly excel any other country on the globe.

If you do not carry anything along contrary to their rules and can show them "papers" which enable you to prove that you are the party you represent yourself to be, they will let you "off" easy. One should, to avoid inconvenience in this respect, always prepare himself with a passport before leaving his native country. I did not always have my passport with me, consequently several times I experienced a few difficulties.

On arriving in the city of Strassburg, I was just on the point of leaving the "bahnhof" (depot), when several of these gayly dressed men of the "polizei" halted me. The first they ask you is, where are you from? What is your name? What is the cause of your presence here? Then follow numerous other questions and sometimes, if they deem it necessary, they will go so far as to search your hand grip. On this occasion, and after they had thoroughly cross-examined and searched me, they evidently were still somewhat suspicious about me. They warned me not to keep myself for any length of time at one place, but to keep moving about the city as quickly as I conveniently could.

The German manufacturers, as a rule, are jealous of

their method of manufacture, and guard it with great care. This undoubtedly has a tendency to cause the "polizei" to be so vigilant. It has occurred sometimes that parties from other countries have worked in German factories, under disguise, in order to steal their methods.

I should probably relate one more incident which caused me a little discomfort. This one did not happen in a city, neither in a large town, but in an old-fashioned "dorf," in one of the rural districts. I went to this town with the sole purpose of visiting but a single family. When I arrived, night had already set in. I was soon made to understand that I was not recognized, and that I was obliged to leave. In trying to explain my mission and showing different papers, a brother of the man I expected to visit, thereupon struck his fist down upon the table with a great thump and said, "das hat kein werth" (that is of no value), and if you can not show me the requisite papers you can not stay here in any part of the "dorf" to-night. (He had reference to my passport and to the certificate of my home church). Naturally, I was almost at a loss what to do. The older brother, who had not been present at the time, dropped in at this critical moment and invited me to stay. Before I left this place the following day, I had won favor in the eyes of the entire family.

My dear reader, you may learn from the incidents here related that when one travels in a strange land, and even when the people are noted for their hospitality, one will for all sometimes experience difficulties.

CHAPTER XII.

Getting About Germany.

Crossing the Frontier Into Germany.

Upon my arrival at the city of Basel, Switzerland, where I arrived after having completed my tour in Switzerland, I immediately boarded a car for St. Ludwig, a thriving town lying just beyond the border line between Switzerland and Germany.

On the way a man entered the car, who soon began to question me, as to my "gepack" (baggage), asking me various questions as to the contents. Most naturally I thought this man to be rather inqisitive, but finally the thought passed my mind that I was on German soil and that this was one of the customs officials, in German called "Zollmeister." Everything being satisfactory, he soon left the car again and I was carried on to the heart of the town.

On leaving the car, I still had a half hour's walk to my destination. It was my anticipation to reach Michelfelden, a small place beyond previously mentioned town, before sunset. Night had however already set in long before reaching Basel, consequently it was at a late hour in the evening when I came to the farmstead of a certain Michael Widmer. They had already given up my arrival and had retired for the night.

I met this family in a sad state of bereavement. The wife of Herrn Widmer had died suddenly of heart trouble and was buried the day previous to my arrival. At this place I was obliged to stay an entire week. As I had been exposed to extreme changes in weather and climate while climbing the Swiss Alps, I contracted a sickness in which something similar to blood-poisoning set in. I was at all events fortunate in having very good treatment at the hands of the good people with whom I was staying, as well as from the good German family physician, under whose care I had given myself.

I did not take time to remain until I had fully recuperated, was however urgently requested by the entire family to do so. I then traveled with some leisure for a while, visiting among the Mennonite brethren in Alsace, and also with those living over the boundary line in France.

Description in Brief of General Route; Also Some Personal Notes.

I will not at present attempt to go into any details concerning my visit among the brotherhood, but will continue with things observed and experienced while touring over Germany. In leaving St. Ludwig, I had agreeable company in the persons of a quite young Mennonite man and his sociable mother. Our destination was Bellfort, a large town over the boundary line in France. This is an old, fortified town and is surrounded by massive walls. It figured largely in former times as being one of the chief cities of that part of France, but it has scarcely increased in population for several generations.

My newly made acquaintances had friends and relatives in that vicinity, on whom they wished to call. Several days were spent in visiting among the French brethren in that vicinity, in which time I attended communion services, which were conducted in the French language.

It was very interesting, as well somewhat amusing, to hear their singing, which was very good, but of which I could not understand a particle. I had collected a little French while on my tour through France before entering into Switzerland, and therefore was able to understand portions of the sermon. Afterwards I again retraced my route back to Mühlhausen, in Germany.

In crossing over the boundary line from one country into the other one is obliged to step out of the train, at the first station beyond the border, in order to allow the customs officials to examine your luggage. When everything is found satisfactory you are furnished with a pass and allowed to resume your journey. The German officials are, as a rule, more keen and strict than either the French or Swiss. On one occasion, in passing the border on foot from Basel to Bürgfelden, I was obliged to unpack every package. I had purchased rather a variety in the line of printed matter, being under the impression that these were exempt from duty. After undergoing a scrutinous search by the rather surly official, the duty amounted to only 45 pfennig (not quite 12 cents). I could then set to the task of packing my different packages again.

On another occasion I had already been furnished a pass, when one of the officials noticed my rather extended pocket, which was merely stuffed with books required for my travel. He ran after and halted me. On searching me more thoroughly, he found nothing on my person to be dutiable.

In a suburb of this latter city, named Darnach, I stopped as a guest of a certain Mennonite minister, who was also a great "landwirth" and carried on farming on a large scale. I had reached this place in the evening and on the following morning I was shown "all around" by the "frau" (Mrs.), who evinced great pride in describing definitely everything pertaining to the farm and the management thereof.

First in order came the kitchen. Here an immense boiler full of soup was on the oven, steaming and boiling, its odors escaping from it telling me it was rich and palatable. I was informed that each morning such a boiler full of soup was set on the oven, kept at a low boil until noon, when it was sufficiently cooked. This soup is composed chiefly of meat. The meat is dipped out of the soup and served separately, which has almost all the nourishment boiled out of it.

Next was the dining-room, where the twelve hired men dined, the family dining in a separate room. Not far away, in another building, was the hog stable. They were kept in pens with divisions very similar to the pens in use at the zoological gardens for carnivorous animals. Here they were kept until fully grown and heavy enough for slaughter, never setting foot outside these pens, which are rather dark, having but few windows to admit light, and these are small. The structure is of brick.

Next in order were the immense cow stables. The forty-eight head of cows kept by them, I was informed, were valued at 50,000 marks ($12,500), being chiefly the Semmenthal (Swiss) breed. Farmer Hauter, which was the name of my host, has three men hired who are called the milkers. Their work is exclusively in caring for and milking the cows.

The milking is commenced at exactly three o'clock in the morning, in order to have it done in time for the milkman, who wants the milk before six o'clock. The milking must be done at the same hour in the afternoon. These milkers receive 100 marks per month and are obliged to furnish their own board. All the other hired men, are given their board and receive thirty to forty-five marks (four marks equal $1.00). The general average flow of milk is 1,200 pounds (twice daily), which is sold to a milkman who retails it in the city, and sells it at 6½ cents per double litre (nearly four pounds).

Leaving Darnach, I spent several hours hastily taking in the city of Mühlhausen. Much could be said of this quaint, olden styled city, but for want of space we will "take up" the general route and omit writing on it. Visited another suburb, named Bürzweiler. Here I called on a certain Peter Widmer, a jovial sort of fellow, who is also a successful farmer. An uncle of his, who heard of my presence at his nephew's, also came to help entertain me. This latter party proved to be very sociable. He had been to America on a visit ten years ago, and was therefore anxious to have a chat with one of its sons, of which I myself represented.

Late in the afternoon I set out for Pulversheim, eight kilometers distant. Here I spent the night with the Amish Mennonite Bishop of this and surrounding districts. The upper story of the dwelling, as in a number of other districts, does service for the place of worship of the respective congregations. Recently an organ had been introduced in this district. The house is an old structure, dating back to 1732. Old religious German books, dating back to 1755, were lying around in disorder.

On the following morning I walked seven miles to Barweiler, to dine with another party, who had also at one time been to America. Later in the day I returned to Barweiler, where I had a short chat with a party who had the same family name as myself. Naturally we imagined ourselves distant relatives on account of our names being the same.

From here I went northward by rail, going over Colmar, to Munzenheim. Here I called on a minister of the same faith I myself proclaim. This was the identical place referred to in a previous chapter, where they would at first refuse to recognize me, for the reason I did not at that time have the necessary recognition papers with me.

At Markholsheim, lying to the north of the former place, I called on another family, where I was kindly and

very hospitably entertained. Returned by rail to Colmar, where I purchased a "fahr-billet" (passage ticket) for Newbreisach. Here I visited the venerable old preacher, Johann Petersmith, whom Rev. A. D. Wenger called upon while on his trip around the world. In his book, "Three Months in Bible Lands," Mr. Wenger refers to this man he visited. In his early years this noted preacher was a miller by occupation, carrying on the trade for forty-three consecutive years. One of the sons now operates the grist-mill, in which the family also reside.

In Germany the mills are built and arranged with several apartments which are used as the dwelling place of the miller and his family. Imagine the continuous rumbling noise one will have ringing in his ears in these dwellings. Besides this the vibration of the heavy, clumsy wooden gearings cause all the rooms to shake and quiver. It was with some difficulty that I was able to sleep in this, my first night's repose in a quaint and olden time German mill. Afterwards I happened to stop at a number of these mills, and finally became accustomed to their trembling motion.

The German miller charges eighty "pfennig" (20c) per hundred weight for making the flour. Sometimes, instead, he retains ten per cent. of the wheat. The old burr mill is yet in use, and, to my idea, makes a more wholesome flour than the modern rollers. A fee of fifteen cents per hundred pounds is charged for chopping grain. Generally about two hundred pounds can be chopped per hour. Comparing wages and the valuation of their money to ours, the German miller has fully three times as much for his labor than the American miller, but as by quantity stated above he is not able to grind near as fast as our Amerieans millers do.

After spending some time among the brotherhood in this community, I again retraced my route back to Colmar. This is one of the chief cities of southern, central

Elsass. It lies in the rich farming belt of this noted farming country. Quite a lot of interesting things could be said of this city and surroundings, but we will again pass on to a still more noted place—the city of Strassburg.

Strassburg.

This noted city lies about two miles to the west of the Rhine and eighty-eight miles by rail north of Basel or twenty-eight miles east of the French frontier.

Being located immediately at the mouths of two rivers —the Breusch and the Ill—it is of easy access for the steamers plying the Rhine to reach the city's docks with their large cargoes and leave again loaded with various manufactured goods.

Strassburg is to Elsass what Zurich and Berne are to Switzerland, viz: The largest and chief city; the chief railway center; the chief commercial center; the greatest industrial center, and as well contains many ancient reminiscences in the older part of the city. It is also a fortress of the first class and possesses a garrison of 15,000 soldiers.

Originally Strassburg was a Celtic colony. It remained for a short period during the first century, B. C., in the possession of the Germans, after which, but still some years before the Christian era, it came into the hands of the Romans. By them it was named Argentoratum. In the middle ages it was called Strazeburg and at the present age it is popularly named Strassburg.

The country and city remained in possession of the Romans for more than 300 years. At the end of the third century the Allemani (one of the tribes of Germany) and the Turks put an end to the Roman rule. Later Christianity was introduced, together with the Frankish race under the Frankish king, Chlodwig, or Clovis. The Franks were also a tribe of Germany, and at that time (496) were one of the most powerful tribes of Europe. As the Frankish kings ruled over France, this city, with the surrounding

country, was a part of France. In the year 924 it, however, became a part of "German" Austria. It finally became a free German imperial city, but in the year 1781, Johann Georg von Zedlitz, who was then the chief magistrate of the city, together with his fellow counsellors, signed the deed of surrender, by which the city recognized king Louis XVI. of France as their soverign lord and protector.

After the war of 1870, of which mention has been made in another chapter, the city and its district again became a part of Germany. Thus you see the city of Strassburg, has a long and interesting history connected with it, of which I was able to merely give a brief description.

The first great developments of the city occurred in the thirteenth century. It then numbered some 50,000 inhabitants. It was in this period that Gottfried, the earliest German poet, resided here as town clerk, and Steinbach, Germany's earliest master-builder, commenced building the Strassburg Cathedral.

The Present Older Part of the City and its Buildings.

The center of the city is of an oval shape and is surrounded by the river Ill, which here branches into two channels. Here the streets are very narrow and winding. In walking through them and observing the frequent specimens of medieval architecture, one will easily notice the once ancient love of art and of wealth. It will cause a deep impression as you stop to ponder and think of the fantastic scenes which may have occurred in these very streets which generally happened in the middle ages and which many of my readers likely have read about in other books.

You will probably remember how some of the cities suffered in those warlike times. In comparing Strassburg with most other cities, it had "more than its share."



A Familiar Street Scene of the Older Parts of a German City.

Wars and fires played such havoc with buildings dating from the early times, that it is indeed a wonder that a few wooden houses still survive. The most noted of these remarkable relics is the "House of Kammerzell." It is now the quarters of a restaurant, called "Zum Stiftskeller," famous for its wine.

Another famous old building is the house known "Zum Ritter." It formerly belonged to an aristocratic family and is the only house where the magnificent old furnishings and carvings which were used in those days can be seen. It contains everything which the interior of a grand house generally held in days of yore. Other old wooden buildings which are isolated and have been "weather beaten" for century after century, are still in existence. Little is known, however, of their history. Enchanting, is the only term appropriate to apply to the scene afforded as you behold the grouping together of buildings of various shapes, sizes and colors in the style of former centuries.

An old building located directly opposite to the entrance of the noted "Strassburg Clock," is called the "Old Castle." It was built by the Cardinal prince of Rohan. In the beginning of the former century it came into use as the Imperial Palace. Afterwards it came in the possession of the city; and was then presented to Emperor Napoleon III. The building contains many ancient collections. Some of them would be worthy of note, but we will "pass them by."

Opposite the present Imperial Palace are located two large structures—the University and State Library, and the Council House. The former attracts the attention of a stranger, both from a distance and close at hand, by its statues of thirty-six "intellectual" giants, in more than life size, which line the wings of the structure.

The Strassburg Minster (Cathedral).

Undoubtedly the most noted building of Strassburg is

the Minster, which is made famous for the large, astronomical clock it contains. For a description of the clock see latter part of this chapter.

It is supposed the Minster of Strassburg was founded as early as the year 600. As early as the ninth century the church was famous as a masterpiece of architecture. In the tenth century a proposal was brought forward to rebuild it on a large scale. The front of this cathedral building was completed by the year 1275.

According to the plan of the architect, Erwin of Steinbach, who was the designer of the building, the work was to be crowned with two towers, but afterwards it was decided to build a single one. This one is exceeded in height by only a few of the world's leading towers. It is higher than the dome of St. Peter's Church, in Rome. The design as conceived by Erwin was harmonious and beautiful, but a whole generation passed before the front had been completed.

Sabina, the daughter of Erwin, is said to have taken up the work of her father. It is thought she was the designer of the South Porch. The structure is almost surrounded by high porches, while each porch has its particular name These porches give representations of Bible figures, which are carved in stone. Among the most conspicious figures of the porch supposed to be erected by Sabina, are the wise and foolish virgins. The North Porch of the transversal nave is blocked by the Laurentius Chapel, which latter is literally covered with sculptures, and serves as the Sacristy.

Probably the most impressive of all these porches is the Central Porch. It is fitted with bronze doors, which are adorned with small statues, representing many of the prophets. The archway illustrates stories of the Creation and Redemption; a little higher is Solomon, and above him the Virgin Mary and the Christ child are shown. The pillars supporting these scriptural illustrating porches, also

have figures, representing kings and prophets, carved in them.

The general impression given by all these combined figures causes one to almost become awe-stricken with wonder and amazement, made still more so as you stop to think and call to mind for how many centuries they have stood thus, and by how many hundreds of passing generations the selfsame figures have been seen and admired.

The remains of this noted designer and builder are entombed in the interior of the church. A stairway leads down into a chapel where they lie in a narrow glass-roofed court. The monument of Bishop Conrad, who laid the foundation stone of the front in 1299, is also kept here.

Altogether this noted cathedral is considered one of the grandest structures remaining of the middle ages. The site on which it is erected is supposed to have once been that of a Roman shrine or temple of Hercules, where idols were worshipped and sacrifices made to their gods, in real heathenish fashion. The historically vouched for facts show that almost everywhere Christian churches have either been erected or changed into Christian places of worship upon the sites of the ancient heathen temples.

The St. Thomaskirche and its Monuments, Tombs and Mummies.

Another ancient church which is located in the city is the "St. Thomaskirche." While this structure does not compare at all in size and grandeur to that of the former, it is, however, almost as famous from the monuments, tombs and mummies it contains. It was founded in the year 670 by the saintly Florence, Bishop of Strassburg. It was renovated and rebuilt at three different intervals: First, in the year 830, by Bishop Adeloch; second, in the twelfth century, by Bishop Burckhardt; and third, in the fourteenth century, by Henry Bishop of Gerolseck.



The Mausoleum of Marshall Moritz, Erected by King Louis XV.

In this church there are numerous monuments, the most conspicious of which is the Mausoleum of Marshall Moritz, of Saxony. Immediately on entering the church one will be awe-stricken as he gazes with wonder at the marvelous and immense sculpture made in honor of this noted Marshall. Only a faint idea of the monument can be given in a description.

The central figure is that of the Marshall himself, with the staff of command in his hand he slowly yet boldly descends the steps that lead him into the grave or coffin. At his right one sees the broken standards, as well as the symbols of the three allied nations—Austria, Holland and England—whom the Marshall conquered, at the head of a French army, in the war of Flanders. On the Marshall's left side are the victorious standards or flags of France; before them is a genius in tears who keeps his flambeau in an inverted position.

On the steps, between the Marshall and the coffin, appears France, represented by the figure of a woman, bathed in tears. With the one hand she endeavors to keep the Marshall back, while with the other she tries to keep away "Death." The form to the right of the coffin represents "Death." With clepsydra (a time-piece used by the Greeks and Romans) in hand, the latter announces to the hero that his time is up, and hurries him into the grave. On the other side is a figure of Hercules, leaning upon his club, who is enveloped in very deep sorrow.

Below this sarcophagus tomb lie the weapons of the Marshall in bronze, which are surrounded by the ducal crown. The work is a masterpiece of art. The different figures and even the curls and twists in both the flags and the shroud are so distinct that it causes one to linger and wonder how they could ever have been made thus out of stone.

It required some twenty years to execute this work of art. It was done by Pigalle, a Parisian sculptor of great

renown. The work is in marble and was caused to be executed by Louis XV., ruler of France, who wished to do honor to the Marshall, who had been a great diplomatist and general under Louis' reign. Many victories in battle were won for the French by Marshall Maurice The cost of erecting this monument or tombstone was immense. A pyramid-shaped slab stands behind the monument with an inscription in gilt letters in Latin, which, translated, reads:

"TO MAURICE OF SAXONY,

Duke of Courlande and of Semigalle, general in chief of the armies to the King everywhere victorious.

LOUIS XV.,

The author and witness of his victories, caused the monument to be erected. He died (in the chateau of Chambord) on the 30eth November, 1750, in the 55th year of his age."

Such is the pompous grandeur displayed for the honor of merely a human being. To a devoted Christian man it appears to be an image which displays nothing but worldliness, viz: Grandeur, honor, pomp and power. After viewing it, it causes one to wonder, whether in the sight of the Almighty, this may be idolatry to nearly as great an extent as was accustomed to be practiced in the heathen temples, by the heathenish generations that formerly resided here.

The remains of Marshall Maurice were not brought here until twenty-six years after his death. This noted Marshall was considered one of the most enlightened rulers of that time. Being a son of Duke Henry the Pious, of Saxony, he was ruler of that country after his father's death. He was married to Agnes, daughter of the landgrave, Philip of Hesse, and by creed was a Protestant.

In the same room different other monuments and tombstones are located, some with curious inscriptions and epitaphs. In a niche of the choir a stone coffin is to be seen, which contains the remains of the Catholic Bishop, Adeloch.

In addition to these tombs and monuments there are, in a small room adjoining, two mummies, which are the remains of a certain knight, the Count of Nassau Saarwerden, and his daughter. The Count was a noted war chief in the Thirty Years War. His remains are in a mummied or petrified state, and are encased in glass. He is clothed, with the exception of the gauntlets, in the identical suit he wore when he fell on the field of battle. The suit is in full armor customary for knights to wear in those days.

The features of the knight are so distinct that, should anyone who personally knew the Count be able to view the remains, it would enable such a person to easily recognize him. The features of the daughter, who was twelve years of age at her death, are not any longer discernable. Remarkable is the lustrous diamond ring on her finger, a hair pin and the costly shoes. Until 1870 her countenance was yet full, and her head covered with a luxuriant growth of hair. Many are the thoughts that pass the mind as one views all these sights, and you leave the St. Thomaskirche with serious thoughts and a profound memory.

A Description in Brief of the "Strassburg of To-day."

Many other interesting sights and places of interest could be given, but we can not stop to tell all about them. Places like the Old Wine Market, Iron Man Square, Kleber Square, Zurich fountain, the Oriental Kiosh, or the Contades are all objects of interest.

The latter place once formed part of the property of the Marshall of that name, and in the middle ages target

practice was conducted here, hence the name, "Am Schiesrein," is applied to the road skirting the Contades.

Many museums and other public buildings are scattered all over the city. They, too, would be worthy of note, but we will still continue and give a brief description of this busy city.

According to the census of 1900, the population of Strassburg numbers 151,041 persons, of whom 106,686 live within the city, and 44,355 outside the walls.

The surface ground of the district of Strassburg measures 7,244 hectares, or equal to about 19,570 acres; 2,922 hectares of this amount is cultivated land; 665 hectares of meadow land; 2,279 hectares are occupied by forest, while 1,378 hectares are included in roads and marshes.

The level stretch of both meadow and cultivated land surrounding the city proper causes a picturesque sight to behold. The glorious Rhine forest is the goal of many a pleasant excursion. About an hour's stroll from the city brings you to the popular resort of the Strassburgers, namely the "Fuchs am Buckel" (Fox at the back). This is the name of an inn, charmingly situated on the river Ill, and has an immense garden belonging to it. In fact there are many places all around Strassburg to go to.

If one wishes, he may visit the different summer resorts; go fishing or boating; take a stroll to the forest; or take a walk to some nearby village, etc., etc. An agreeable walk is afforded to visit some of the industrious farm peasants, view their neat patches of tilled land and have a genial chat with them. Dining with a family of these peasants is also an interesting affair.

Strassburg has always been a flourishing commercial and industrial city. The chief industries are as follows: Brewing, tanning, tallow, metal, wood and tobacco. To work these articles into a saleable and useful state, and to operate the immense breweries and tanneries, requires a

whole army of both men, women and children.

Besides the industries mentioned, the manufacture of provisions is also extensively carried on. Of these the preparation of *Pate de Foi Gras* takes the lead. This palatable dish was founded by Close, who was head cook of the Marquis of Contades, the town Governor. At the back of the Contades formerly described there stands a large milk-cure sanatorium. This is also a noted industry.

Through Strassburg's expansion of trade and industry, the development of factories and large store-houses are still rapidly increasing. In some of the busiest streets one can not gaze anywhere but to see the numerous and different kinds of ware offered for sale. Like the large Swiss cities, here one can see, or buy, almost any conceivable article manufactured. Especially in the line of novelties, musical instruments, and wooden carvings, this city is at the front.

Strassburg, the Native City of the Printing Art.

Book printing and engraving is also an art in which it is scarcely excelled. The fine cuts and beautiful illustrations made here are also at the front rank. I presume many of my readers are aware that the first books were printed in this city. At first only Biblical and saintly figures were printed. These were made by cutting the forms upon wooden tablets, painting them, and then pressing or printing them on parchment paper.

The work of these hand-carved wooden tablets was very coarse and the figures very indistinct, so the names of the saints they were to represent were always printed underneath. Very soon single scriptural passages were thus printed and finally whole sides of large tablets were cut out and printed. To print a book in this style required as many wooden tablets as sides or pages were con-

tained in the book, while each tablet had to be cut different from the other.

It was a very tedious job to cut the tablets. We may think that in this manner the same book could be multiplied by using these tablets over and over again. For every new book, however, other tablets had to be made and the plates which caused so much trouble and labor were worthless. The books in those days were consequently few and what books there were could only be bought by the chosen rich.

Some time afterwards a certain German nobleman, by the name of Johann Gänsfleisch, fortunately got it into his head that if each letter could be inserted into the plates separately from the rest it would do away with the then customary tedious method of printing. He thereupon set to work to cut out the letters, placing them together in lines, oil them and then blacken them with soot. In this manner the letters or type could again be used in any other print by merely taking them apart and resetting them again. A thread was used and stretched across the plate to keep the type in line.

The first experiment did not work to perfection for the wooden type were easily broken. Type made of lead were used instead and at last they were made of harder metal. In the year 1439 a press was invented. The printing industry however did not increase very rapidly.

In the year 1443, Gänsfleisch, who was also surnamed Gutenberg, returned to his native home in Mainz and continued in experimenting on the printing art. In 1450 he took into partnership a certain Johann Faust, who was a goldsmith by trade, and a man of great wealth. Peter Schöffer, a man skillful with the pen, was also taken in as a partner. Through the influence of the latter, the printing art was greatly improved, by casting the type instead of carving or shaping them by hand. He also found a better substance for coloring the type. This was pine-

soot (lamp-black) and varnish made of linseed-oil.

From this the printing industry wonderfully increased. The first book thus printed was a Latin Bible, which was in three bindings. This latter work was completed in the year 1456. Then followed the "Psalm-book," which was printed in 1457, and which was the first book to show the name of the printer and in what year it was printed.

The printing at first was kept in profound secrecy. The people were filled with great astonishment, and could not realize, how so many pages could be written in so short a time. They could neither understand how the letters could be written so uniform, that in size they were all similar; many even held it as witchcraft.

The inventors accumulated great wealth from their founded industry, but the real inventor himself was at all events not allowed to share in the blessings and the wealth of his co-laborers. To him, however, belongs the right honor of having found the printing art. In the beginning of the co-operative undertaking, Faust had loaned Gutenberg 2,020 Gulden. This he was not able to return, thereupon he was accused before the magistrate and was compelled to turn over as a compensation, his entire interest in the art he himself founded and patiently worked at for years. Such mortification he could not long endure. He died in his native city in the year 1468.

In the year 1837 (nearly 400 years later) a memorial was erected at an open place in the city, which to his honor is named "Gutenberg-platz." The work of the memorial located on the Gutenberg-platz was executed by a skilled sculptor named David d' Angers, and represented Gutenberg leaning on his press, holding a page in his hand on which the words "Et la lumiere fut" (And there was light) may be read.

Prior to the founding of printing there were none but written books. A single Bible in those days brought as much as either a horse or an ox and sold for 900 Marks

(about $220). Well may we give credit to the founder of the printing art.

The Strassburg Astronomical Clock.

Noteworth is the astronomical clock, located in the interior of the Minster or Strassburg Cathedral. It is of world renown. People from other nations visit Strassburg with the express purpose of viewing this master time-piece.

This wonderful and magnificent "*chef d' oeuvre*" has a long history back of it. The older clock, begun in Bishop John of Lichtenberg's time (1352), possessed a rich puppet-show (a small image display), which daily and hourly repeated incidents taken from the gospel narratives. Besides this it contained a calendar, an astrolabe, and a set of chimes. It is also claimed the first clock originated from the years 1270—1274, and was constructed under the direction of the wise and highly learned Dasypodious.

According to the legend, the clock was afterwards put out of order by the one who built it. He was sentenced to have his eyes bored out, and before the execution asked leave to see his darling clock once more, and to put a few finishing touches to it. In this he acted revenge and brought a certain part of the works out of place, which caused the old clock to buzz and discontinue to run. Evidently no one could readjust again the part where the mischief was done, and thus it remained for several hundred years. For the interest of the more curious, I will insert an extract taken out of an old book, which will be found at the close of this chapter.

In 1547 the council of the city decided to have the clock rebuilt. The work was consigned to Isaak and Josias Habrecht, of Schaffhausen, Switzerland. It was, however, not completed until some time after 1570, supposed to be in 1574. During the French Revolution this clock was again destroyed.

The next reconstruction was given over to the skillful

clock-maker Charles Schwilgue, who consumed four years in its completion. Only a few of the original movements were restored. The restoration by Schwilgue occurred in the early part of the last century. Thus it has again faithfully measured out the time to the Strassburgers for almost a hundred years.

The following description of the present clock indicates its most important features and functions: It is thirty feet in height and measures fifteen feet at the base. The lower part contains a celestial sphere, which indicates the daily movement of the stars, of the course of the planets, the phases of the moon, and also points out for all time the eclipses of the two celestial spheres. Besides all this, it sets itself automatically at midnight on the last night of the year. To the right the equinoxes of the sun and moon are shown. All stars visible to the naked eye, at the meridian of Strassburg, are represented.

Behind the globe is a calendar, showing the day of the month. The leap-year and the movable feasts, or holidays, are also shown. Above the calendar are figures drawn in miniature chariots, a different one appearing every twenty-four hours to show the day of the week. The months are represented by the Apostles. Above this is the dial, telling the time of day.

On each side of the dial is the figure of an angel, in a sitting position, one of which holds an hourglass and turns it every sixty minutes. The other angel strikes the first chime of the quarter hours. The second chime of each quarter hour is struck by movable figures still higher. The first figure is an infant, which strikes the bell with a rattle; the second is youth; the third, manhood, and the fourth quarter is represented by old age. Then follows "Death," in the form of a skeleton, which strikes the bell with a bone, while the angel turns the hourglass.

Above all these, in a small compartment, is a figure of Christ. Each day at noon, when the clock strikes the hour

of twelve, the twelve Apostles slowly move past the Messiah, turning half way around and bowing to their Master as they pass. Only one Apostle is shown at the same time. In the meantime a cock, which is perched still higher and a little to one side, flaps his wings and crows at three different intervals while the saintly procession passes along. One will have deep and impressive thoughts in viewing so wonderful a display and will long remember the "Strassburg clock."

The Strassburg Clock.

(Selected and Revised).

The time I trod on German soil
And lived on different fare,
I stood one day in Strassburg's streets,
In the wide and open square,
Where, quaint and old and touched with gold,
The tongue of the great Cathedral tolled.
Then soon in the church I went myself,
To see the wondrous, famous, clock—
Strike the noonday hour of twelve.

Well, my friends, there are clocks a-many,
As big as a house, as small as a penny;
And clocks there be with a sound as queer
As any that torture human ear;
Clocks that grunt and clocks that growl,
That wheeze like a pump and hoot like an owl;
From the grandfather clock, in its corner-place,
With its coffin shape, and brooding face,
Saying, "click, cluck," like an ancient hen,
Gathering the minutes home again;
To the kitchen clock, with its prominent stutter
Doing equal work in a double splutter,
Yelping, "click, clack," with a vulgar jerk,

As much as to say, "Just see me work."
But of all the clocks that tell the time
There are none like the one in Strassburg's clime.
Never a one so bids you stand,
While it "deals out the time" with even hand;
For clocks, like men, are better and worse,
Some you are struck on, and some you curse;
And clock and man may have such a way
Of telling the truth, that you can't say nay.

So in I went and stood with the crowd
To hear the old clock as it crooned aloud,
With sound and symbol, the old tongue
Struck the same when 'twas young.
The twelve apostles come and go
And pass the solemn Christ, sadly and slow,
And when St. Peter was passing by
The cock crowed clearly, while it pretended to fly
And strange was that iron-legged procession,
And odd was the whole impression
As the chosen twelve passed their Saviour's portal,
And bowed to Him who was more than mortal.
The crowd was entirely spell-bound,
When the deciples solemnly passed around.

But I alone thought far in my soul,
What a touch of genius was in the Whole,
And felt how graceful had been the thought
Which for the signs of the months had sought,
Sweetest of symbols, Christ's chosen train,
And much I pondered, if he was brain
Who builded this clock with labor and pain;
And whether he thought twelve months to himself,
Or whether he made them for the Bible twelve.
Seemingly he thought, with a heart in tune,
Well beloved John fits the sign of June,
And changeful Peter, April hours,

And Paul, the stately, October bowers,
And, sweet, or faithful, or bold, or strong,
Unto each one does a month belong.

But besides the thought that under it lurks,
Man shall be rewarded according to his works.
(anon).

A Strassburg Legend.

There lived in Strassburg, many years ago, a mechanic who had gained much celebrity by the finish and delicacy of his works. He was a widower with an only child. She managed the affairs of the house and all was happiness. But the mind of the father was ever occupied with the desire and endeavor to produce some work more perfect than any he had yet done. He secluded himself and gave little attention to business. His friends expostulated in vain, and finally left him to what they called his folly. But two persons out of all his acquaintances continued to visit him. One of these was an old man, rich and disagreeable, who after years of maneuvering had obtained the appointment of magistracy. The other, a young and worthy mechanic, who came often to converse with the learned master upon topics connected with his art. He also loved to watch the daughter as she performed her various duties, and often tarried by her side, much longer than by that of the abstracted father. At length the rich old man, in all the satisfaction and pride of his new office, came to demand the hand of the daughter in marriage. The father was overcome with surprise, and the daughter by distress, for she well understood the revengeful disposition of her suitor, and feared he would not easily forgive her refusal. This proved to be so, for he left them with threats of vengeance. In the midst of all this excitement the young mechanic came, and inquired the cause of her distress, and when he heard her declare how hateful the thought of such

a marriage was to her, his heart was full of joy, and he was bold enough to ask her, if since she scorned the wealth of the magistrate, she could accept his poverty and devotion. His answer was all he could desire; but she begged him to wait a time before speaking to her father on this subject, as he had not recovered from the surprise and unpleasantness of the late event. But the young man, now sure of the maiden's love, dared ask the father to make him a partner in his business, which he really consented to do. Thus the lovers were more together and all their affairs were more prosperous than formerly, for the young man looked out for the interest of the old one, while he dreamed over his schemes. Together the young people made the father very happy. One day they were startled by shouts of joy from the apartment of the father, and when they reached him found him standing before a clock which although altogether new and surprising in its construction, moved lightly and easily and with wonderful exactness. The excitement of the master was intense. He pressed his daughter to his bosom, while the young man held his hand in silent admiration and respect. When the work was shown to the public, there was no more ridicule of the master and all ideas of his madness were dispelled. The rejected lover now saw an opportunity to revenge himself, and was able for a long time to prevent the mayor of the city from approving the work. But the fame of the clock went abroad, and commissioners were sent from Basel to examine it. Then the mayor was forced to approve the clock, and when those from Basel desired to buy it, the corporation of Strassburg bought it and agreed to place it in a chapel in the cathedral. The city of Basel then ordered another to be made for them, but this greatly excited those of Strassburg, for they were unwilling that any other city should have such a clock. The discarded lover was loud in his declarations that it would be treason in the master to make another. The latter was called before the

authorities and a promise that he would not make a second clock required of him. He replied that God had given him his talents for use, that when he studied and labored for years they turned from him sneeringly, and derided his work when done, that only when those of Basel came to admire, did they approve; that he had been loyal in that he had given the first to his native city, but he would promise nothing which could hamper his future labors. He retired from the tribunal, and they then determined (being led on by the offended magistrate) to destroy the sight of the master in order to gain their end. Cruel as was the decision he received it without a word, and when asked if he desired anything before the execution of the sentence, he answered that he wished to suffer before his work, and asked that he might be allowed to give it some final touches. These requests were granted, and he gazed long at his darling clock; even in this sad moment his persecutor reminded him that others waited, and the old man, after busying himself a moment with the works, declared that all was finished. The dreadful deed was done, but while he writhed in agony there came a strange buzz from the clock, and lo, the weights fell to the ground and it was destroyed: He had removed the principal spring, and his revenge was complete. Then the lovers led him away and being married devoted their lives to the master, while the wicked magistrate was given up to scorn and contempt and expelled from society. Thus the clock remained until 1842, when parts of it were used in the new one constructed by Schwilgue; and the old master shares the honors with the new and more fortunate one of later days.

CHAPTER XIII.

Getting About Germany.

(CONTINUED).

A Brief Account of the City of Stuttgart.

After leaving Strassburg I headed for Stuttgart, my route taking me through the nicely arranged city of Karlsruhe, which I have mentioned in a former chapter.

Quite a large account could also be given on the city of Stuttgart, but I fear I may already have wearied some of my readers on the article about the city of Strassburg, so I will merely give a description in brief of this beautifully located city.

To my point of view, considering everything, Stuttgart is one of the finest cities of Germany. It lies in a narrow valley, the border of the city being built on a gradually inclining slope.

A fine and interesting scenery is afforded by taking a tram ride over the Kanonenweg (Cannonway), a road or street leading to one of the suburbs, and built on a ridge above the city, from which, as you pass along, a bird's-eye view of the city can be had. The city has much the resemblance of a flourishing American city. There are wide streets, large mansions, spacious parks, and even the suburban districts have the aspect of being in a rich and flourishing condition. The streets are straight and wide, and are kept remarkably clean.

Along the sloping hills very attractive vineyards and many fruit orchards are noticeable. A French writer, who at one time visited southern Germany, writes thus of this beautifully located city: "The country round about Stuttgart and through the Neckar valley has the appearance of a garden, made thus, partly by the beauty of its natural sceneries and partly by its rich and luxuriant products."

Ulrich von Hutten, an old writer and traveler, who visited Stuttgart in the month of May, 1519, wrote: "Germany has scarcely a prettier country than this one." Many German poets have given their impressions in poetry on this city and its surrounding country. I give you a single verse of one of these poems, which reads as follows:

"Wie ruhst du doch in sonnenscheine,
Wenn um die hügel rings die reben blühn;
So wonniglich in deiner wälder grün,
O vaterstadt, du liebliche, du feine."

One who has visited this country can truly give some credit to the Schwaben (Suabians), who call it the Paradise of the earth.

Stuttgart, including its many beautiful suburbs, some of which have recently been added, now has a population of over 250,000. It is one of the leading printing and book publishing cities of southern Germany. In the older part of the city the streets are narrow and winding. It is here where the printing and publishing is mostly carried on. In the more recent part of the city, different factories have sprung up.

It is a noticeable fact that art and printing is extensively carried on in the beautifully located cities of continental Europe. At all events, it seems these kinds of trade apparently harmonize with their surroundings of beautiful sceneries. Then again it appears where the surroundings of a city are beautified by nature it also harmon-

izes in the line of the inhabitants, keeping their city tidy and clean.

More than a dozen different kinds of newspapers and journals, and many pretty picture books, post cards, labels, picture cards, etc., are printed in this city and its suburbs. Besides this, numerous books are also published, of which religious books apparently take the lead. During my stay in the city I was the guest of a successful book publisher and was thereby enabled to glean some information along that line. Religious books alone were published and in his store room not any but these kind of books were offered for sale. It may be interesting to some of the readers to make an insertion of part of an article I wrote on Stuttgart for a home paper, while abroad. (For the insertion see latter part of this chapter).

Stuttgart being the capital city, it is here where king William II. resides, who rules over the large kingdom of Würtemberg. The name of this country, it is said, was derived from an old inn, which many years ago stood immediately along a high mountain, and was called "The Würt-am-Berg." Translated into the English language it means, the inn by the mountain. Hence the name Würtemberg.

The principal place of interest is the "Schloszplatz." This is a large, open square, with an impressive monument in its center, called the King William column. It is, like the pillars of the Strassburg Minster, embellished with allegorical figures. Surrounding the square on its four sides large palaces and buildings are to be seen. These are the buildings of the king and crown prince. They are as follows, viz.: The Königsbau, the Palace of the crown prince, the Residenz-schlosz, (palace), the Royal theatre, and the Royal stables. Adjacent also is the old Stiftskirche (church) begun in 1436. To the southeast also is the private palace of King William.

Close to these royal buildings, and belonging to them

is a beautiful garden four kilometer (nearly three miles) in length, which reaches out to the banks of the river Neckar. In Stuttgart also is the Polytechnic Institute (art school), with over 1000 pupils. Many costly memorials abound throughout the city and parks, some of which have been erected to the memory of former kings and rulers.

Different lines of continental communication and traffic take their course through Stuttgart, viz.: The telegraph lines connecting northern and southern Europe; also long distance telephone lines, the railroads, and the old and much used thoroughfare leading from northern to southern Würtemberg. The railroad line of the Orientexpreszlinie (Orient Express Line), running between Paris and Constantinople, takes its course through Stuttgart. The chief railway coming from the south and extending northeastward is the Rome-Mailand-Berlin line, which runs between Rome and Berlin, a distance of over a thousand miles.

Taking all in all, it is a city, fit for a king to live in, indeed, and King William displays about as much pomp as does the Kaiser at Berlin.

A Kind Host.

(INSERTION AS GIVEN IN THE HOME PAPER).

I was very kindly entertained during my stay at Stuttgart by a Mr. David Gundert, a publisher of religious books, and a sincere, Christian gentleman. It so came about, while on a visit to Niagara Falls late in the winter of 1906, I incidentally met a young man from Stuttgart, who was also touring alone. We formed an acquaintance and accompanied each other about the Falls. Before we parted he furnished me with his father's address in his home city, in case if I should at any time go abroad I was to call on his father. He went on his way as a missionary to Japan, and has been there since.

This former party whom I visited is the father of this young missionary. He invited me to dine with him and

his family. I accompanied him to his mansion, located on a ledge a little above the city. After partaking of a hearty meal he showed me his fruit garden. Here he has set out about 1,500 fruit trees, consisting of apples, pears and quinces. He also has many young pine trees from different continents. Two gardeners are engaged in caring for the trees and shrubs. This time of the year, when the ground is not frozen too hard, the gardeners are engaged in spading the surface soil. Herr Gundert informed me that trees yield better if this is done, absorbing and maintaining the moisture much better than if left uncultivated.

The Little Town of Hopfau.

Leaving Stuttgart, I boarded a train for southern Würtemberg. The route took us down through the beautiful fruit-laden valley, with the various autumn-colored forest trees extending above the fruit belt on the mountain sides. Previous to leaving Stuttgart my kind host furnished me a note of recommendation which I was to present to his nephew at Hopfau. Enroute to my destination I incidentally met the latter mentioned party, therefore we traveled together. Reaching Neckarhausen, the railway station of Hopfau, we drove the remainder of the route by "post." By this time night had already set in, consequently I did not get much of an idea as to my surroundings.

Next morning I found myself in a pretty valley, with nice meadowland hard by and cultivated patches adjoining. I felt quite interested in the inhabitants of this little town, numbering seven hundred and fifty, as they live in much the same manner as our early ancestors did, according to the reminiscences related by our grandparents.

The buildings too, are of old style, being narrow and long, with high, steep roofs, which are covered with a red tile. The beams are extending out and the eaves overhanging. The live stock has its quarters in the same building as the family, although in a somewhat different manner

than what was the case in many other places, the family quarters being generally above that of the former. In most places either the dining-room or the bedroom was immediately above the cow stable, and at different places the two mentioned rooms answered for both dining and bedroom.

I well remember my first night spent in the village. In the morning on awakening I frequently heard the bellowing and stamping of the cattle, which seemed to me to be what I thought the cellar. It required some time before I fully understood my surroundings. The people in general throughout the whole town were an exceptionally kind and hospitable class of people. This, however, may be due to the fact that I came from a part of America where many of them had near relatives.

In the city of my home county more than thirty people reside who formerly emigrated from this identical town, and throughout the county there are descendents, either directly or indirectly, from the same place. I was shown the former dwellings or homesteads of people who have emigrated into this country several generations ago. Their descendents yet reside in this part of America. Nearly the whole village greeted me while on my stay there. Sometimes I was escorted around from place to place and upon meeting someone I had not previously met, they would accost my host in somewhat this fashion "So freund———haben sie besuch aus Amerika?" Strolls to the surrounding country and nearby villages were also made, which were greatly appreciated. Side trips by rail to the larger towns also were taken. For a partial description of same see ensuing chapter.

Through being escorted around to such an extent I had occasion to come in contact and become acquainted with quite a number of people. Numerous interesting and amusing incidents pertaining to simple and olden-styled living were observed, through this previously mentioned opportunity.

Things like the following were noticeable: (1) Women, and as well half-grown girls, carrying burdens upon their heads. (2) Young maidens hauling manure with a team of two cows hitched by their horns. (3) Dogs hitched to a milk-cart. (4) The old method of baking bread. (5) The Schwobisch (Suabian) manner of dining. (6) The slang of the former German language used. (7) Old people spinning. (8) Thrashing grain with a kind of corrugated roller, drawn back and forth by a horse or a cow. (9) The olden-styled sawmill. (10) Old-fashioned utensils and tools.

In numerous other towns I chanced to pass through while on my stay on the continent, things similar to those mentioned were frequently seen, but here I took more leisure time than in most other cases and consequently noticed things more readily. Afterwards, however, I rusticated at different other towns in much the same way as I did on my stay here. Space and time will not permit to give further particulars concerning my stay here, but may at all events, if I should ever get my intended second book of my travels published, write more about this place.

The Old Castle at Tubingen.

One of the side trips taken as mentioned in previous chapter was to visit the old town or city of Tübingen. As I have already written so much of things observed on my stay in different cities, I will not go into details concerning this town. I will, however, say this much, that it is one of the oldest theological seats of Germany. In the earlier centuries persons of great distinction sprung from this town. Renowned men like Ludwig Uhland, Albert Knail and Justinus Kerner are on the list.

The old part of the town has many ancient buildings, some of which are of great proportions. This goes to show that it was once a city of great renown, and was at one time the capital city. The city in general has more the aspect of an old medieval city than that of being a city

of the present age. With its numerous winding and narrow streets, which apparently twist round each other, one can scarcely keep trace of his whereabouts, and without the assistance of a guide, is apt to lose himself.

Buildings of note are the old Rathaus and the University, but the most interesting building is "The Old Castle," which was built by Herzog Ulrich. It is a tremendous stone structure, with different towers annexed to it, which extend to some height above it. Located on a high bluff, above the city proper, it is easily discernible from a distance. After passing through the entrance leading to it, you find yourself in a large, open court, with the immense structure built in a square-like shape, and surrounding the court on its four sides.

I was escorted through the interior by a guide, who is stationed at one of its towers, immediately at the entrance. First, we cautiously descended a flight of steep stone steps, which led into a large cave-like opening. Here I was informed many a duel took place between men of rank. I presume nearly all my readers are acquainted with the fiendish duel-fight and its often horrible results; I will therefore not waste any time upon writing on it.

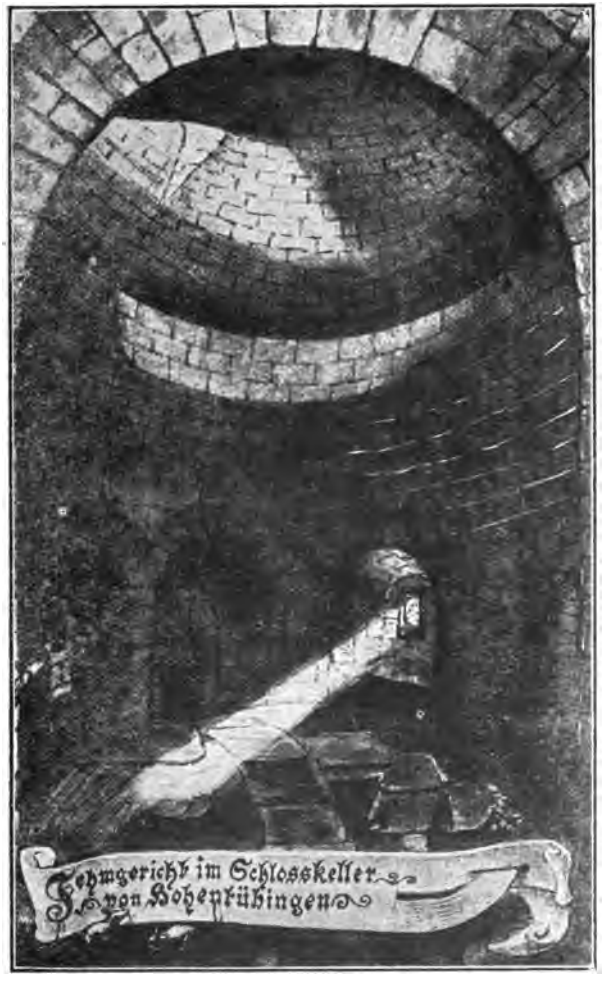
At the rear there was a big, clumsy, wooden barrel, which I presume would be able to hold all the grape juice made in any one of our eastern states. Anyway, it was some twenty feet in length and measured thirty-six feet in circumference. Its capacity is 8,580 litres, or equal to 17,150 gallons. It has not been used for the past several centuries, but is yet in a good state of preservation.

In passing through another small opening and ascending a little, we came to the well. It was either cut or chiseled through the solid rock to the level of the Neckar river and is about twelve feet in diameter. We descended again and walked through a dark, gloomy channel, which was walled on either side and arched with a brownish stone. Reaching the other end we ascended a high, narrow stone

step, which led directly to a round opening. Finding ourselves abruptly in this opening, and yet it really is an enclosure, we see it is stoutly walled all around and extends to some height above, where there is a dome-like ceiling, which, too, is strongly walled with the same kind of stone noticed along the channel previously descended. All around us we notice dark, arched cells. The cells are about twelve feet in length, six feet in height and four feet in width. Fifteen feet or so above the cells we notice a kind of walled-in balcony, which also is built along the entire surrounding of the wall. This place, centuries ago, was used as the tribunal, or court of justice, which was called the "Fehmgericht," meaning a court of justice, which was held in privacy.

The victims of these private courts were placed into the round enclosure below while the magistrates were stationed on the balcony above. Here the trial was given almost in secrecy from the public. If the person was found, or rather pronounced guilty, he was placed into one of the surrounding cells. The front was then walled shut, leaving a sufficient space to shove in food to the walled-in prisoner. Here the poor prisoners were kept until they perished, when the wall was again removed and the place cleared for another victim. A few sometimes lived in these dungeons for years, but the majority died in less than a year; some were relived by death in the course of a few months, and others even died in a few weeks.

Think of a poor, and ofttimes innocent human being, walled in, in such a damp, dark dungeon, with nothing to sit or lie upon but the damp, cold floor of his cell, and assured that this is his last or death chamber, and that sooner or later death would bring an end to his miserable situation! What a tale these gloomy cells would be able to relate if they could but speak! This inhuman treatment is bad enough, but we have not yet come to the worst!



The Place of the "Fehmgericht" Cells, in Which Many a Poor Victim Perished. (See page 232.)

A Living Tomb.

Returning again by the same way we entered, we passed through a heavy wooden door, which creaked on its rusty hinges when it was opened. We passed down a narrow inclining passage and up another flight of steps and finally came to another opening. Here we found ourselves in a round room with a low ceiling. Presumably this room was located in one of the castle towers. It was called the "Häspelturm," which translated means reel-tower.

On the floor in the center of the room was a large, heavy, iron lid, which we lifted. Dropping a lighted paper into the opening underneath, we saw, what was a large, deep, round enclosure, with its sides heavily walled, and with no other outlet than the one covered by the iron lid. I was informed by the guide that many a poor victim of the previously mentioned "Fehmgericht" was sentenced to meet his doom here. With a rope fastened to a roller or reel, the poor human being was let down into this obscure place. The reel was operated by two stout sticks, being alternately drawn in and out. The identical reel yet remains stationed above the iron lid. Here they were left to perish without getting food or water.

This was also their tomb, as once down, they were never brought up again. Here the living were placed among the dead, and sometimes among the dying, to die in agony. Along the sides, holes or grooves were worn into the solid stone wall in their death peril, by the scratching of their finger nails. This shows in what a fearful fate they perished.

We will leave this gruesome place and let the Almighty God on the Resurrection Day, be the Tribunal Judge over these former wicked rulers.

A Brief Account of the old Stiftskirche and its old Tombstones.

Next visited was the old Stiftskirche (Bishopric church). Like a few other remaining old churches of Europe, it was built centuries ago when the Roman Catholic church was at its height, and which at that time was the state church of continental Europe.

It is a long, narrow structure, with oval ends and steep inclining roof. On both sides of the building a kind of beam-like pillars extend from the building, which reach up to the eaves. The upper part of these pillars consist of an ornamental design.

On the south side and at the west wing, immediately under the windows, there are occasional old slabs or tombstones, stationed as a memorial of former rulers, and a few other noted personages. I took a copy of the name and year of several of them. They are as follows: Graf Eberhard (1496), founder of the old university; Herzog Ulrich (1550); Herzog Christoph, whose epitaph reads, "Dignus qui inperio fuisset orbus;" his sister Anna; Herzog Johann von Schleswig-Holstein; Herzog Rudolph von Braunschweig; Bishop von Halberstadt, and Anna Maria Markgrafin von Brandenburg, who was a former noted scholar and teacher.

On the north side of the buildings is a memorial inserted in the wall representing a man twisted around and through the spokes of a clumsy wheel. This latter memorial was erected to commemorate an incident of a young man who was innocently executed for a murder which he at the time was supposed to have committed. The unfortunate man was twisted around the several spokes of the wheel, the wheel was then swiftly spun 'round and 'round until death ended his career. The committer of the deed, upon hearing that the poor, innocent man was sentenced

waste any of my readers' time in further describing them, more than to say that outside of the plowing, everything is done and worked by hand.

Throughout the rich farming belts of Germany, agricultural pursuits are carried on in an intensive manner. Much care and attention is given to this industry. The Germans are not very progressive in the modern way of farming and in many instances adhere to the old method of tilling the soil, which has been in vogue generations ago. This is especially the case with the "dorf" farmers. But what they lack in progressive and extensive lines they make up in intensive methods, viz.: In every respect wonderfully exact and particular; laboring from early morning to late at night; and intensely careful, nothing goes to waste. The average American could not at all hold his patience in working with the German farmer. At all events the old German motto: "Slow but sure," is notably true among the previously mentioned class of farmers.

To pulverize the soil, V-shaped spike-tooth harrows, with clumsy wooden frames are used. Sometimes, but at infrequent intervals, I noticed modern rollers in use, which greatly assisted in crushing the clods. In many localities single oxen or even cows are used in plowing. This is in such parts where there is a naturally loose soil. In these latter places a single ox will draw the heavy plow along at leisure as though it were a mere toy.

In other districts and countries of Germany, especially in Lothringen and beyond the boundary in France, the soil is of a rather heavy blackish loam and requires four times the draft to pull a plow to the former mentioned soil. Here it requires either four head of oxen or the same number of sturdy horses. The soil is wonderfully heavy, but is also very productive.

In the fall of the year, and as long as the ground is open, the farmers are engaged in plowing for their spring crops. Day in and day out, from morn to night, they

trudge slowly along, turning furrow after furrow with their odd-looking apparatus of a plow.

The implements used in turning the soil, are in our country considered entirely out of date. An olden-styled, clumsy, heavy-beamed plow is used. The forepart of the beam is supported by two clumsy wooden wheels, which are fastened onto a short, stout axel, say two or three feet in length. In operation the one wheel runs in the furrow, but is not made slanting or in any way to enable or assist in guiding the plow.

On one occasion in Alsace I was offered an opportunity to try my hand in drawing a furrow with one of these old-fashioned implements. I consider myself able to draw a straight furrow, but I must admit I was far from being an expert with the German or European plow. On another occasion I was given the somewhat amusing and interesting privilege of plowing with four head of oxen. This occurred in the northern part of Würtemberg, the invitation being proffered me personally by the landlord himself.

What confounds an American plowman is that the plow is guided in every instance in an entire opposite manner from the modern plows. In leaning to left it would cease to plow at all, and in leaning to opposite direction, more land was taken than it could turn over. Then also in pressing on the handles it would abruptly dig into the ground and cause my slow moving team to stand still, patiently waiting for me to exert my strength and lift my implement out of its too deeply rooting position. In plowing rocky soil, I can say, a team of oxen far excel horses and can be used on such land to the greatest advantage.

In the large wheat raising belts of Poland much of the plowing is done by steam traction engines, although in an altogether different manner from the American method. Hundreds of acres are in a single field. In plowing, an engine is stationed at each end of the field. A plow turning seven or eight furrows is placed at the one end and then

drawn by a long cable to the engine at the opposite end. As soon as the cable is drawn in this engine draws the plow in position for the other engine, which then draws the plow to the other end again. By this drawing back-and-forth-method a surprisingly large acreage can be thus turned over in a single day.

Threshing--the German Farmer's General Winter Employment.

As soon as the German husbandman is done with his plowing or as soon as the ground is frozen, he will commence with threshing out the grain. This is a job which in many districts continues the greater part of the winter. The little threshing machine resembles more a small feed or stalk cutter than a threshing rig. The grain is fed or rather pushed into the machine by a mere handful at a time. The chaff and grain in many of these small threshers comes out together and must afterwards be separated from each other. This is done either by shaking it by hand through a large round sieved box or running it through a small fanning mill, which is minus any sieves. The straw is tied into big bundles with rye straw and what is not needed for the present is stored up into the big and spacious overheads and sides or stories of the barn.

Throughout the "hof" farms horses are chiefly used to furnish the motive power. A sort of overhead power, with clumsy gearing, and having four arms, is chiefl used. From each arm, and extending directly underneath, a kind of brace or double wooden arm is hanging. Between the two, or the double arm, a broad leather strap is fastened. The horses are not fastened with traces, neither do they pull at the arms, but they merely push against the leather strap with their breasts, with only a single horse to each arm. Through mere curiosity I assisted in threshing with just such a rig.

Only a few hours in a day are devoted to running the thresher, the remainder of the time is taken up in "cleaning up." The cause of this slow threshing process may have much to do to the fact that the German farmer, in order to keep his different hired help for the summer must also give them a job over winter. Regular farm hands are hired for the entire year.

The threshing in the dorfs is done on a still smaller scale. It is a familiar sight to see two cows hitched to a single armed surface power, and either a small boy or girl urging them along.

In threshing with horse-power each animal is blindfolded. I was told they work more readily in this predicament, and at the same time with accurate steadiness, therefore furnishing a more uniform power. The speed of the machine, however, is regulated by the person feeding it. A rather strange sight it is to witness the faithful horses, each at his separate arm, leaning, or pushing as it seemed, against the straps. This style of threshing predominates mostly throughout Alsace and Lothringen. If these latter mentioned farmers are a decade back in the method of threshing, they are not behind in the line of farm machinery.

In a few localities I traveled through threshing was really done by steam power. A low, wide, heavy built affair constituted the machine, its width being about twice that of the average American make. The sheaves are fed into the cylinder, or rather a kind of roller from the top of the machine, and at the rear end, instead of where in the American machine the straw generally passes out. A kind of rack is stationed immediately over the cylinder; the sheaves are placed on the rack and are then gradually drawn in in a crosswise position by the fast revolving roller. In this manner the straw passes out nice and straight at the front end of the machine. It comes out all ready loosely tied with ordinary binder twine, into big bundles.

The European farmer ties all the straw, no matter in

what manner it is threshed. On inquiry I was told the average amount threshed daily with these latter machines was one hundred and eighty bags of two hundred pounds each. The thresherman charges for his fees six marks (one and one-half dollars) per hour.

The farmer is obliged to furnish boarding, also to supply the coal for fuel. The work of placing the sheaves on the rack above the roller is also required of the farmer or one of the men under his charge. The machine which I had occasion to see in operation cost exactly 6,000 marks (nearly 1500 dollars), and had a cylinder or roller which was over five feet in length. The engine cost exactly the same. Both were of nine horse-power. The engines are of the portable type; traction engines are rarely seen and hardly known. I was told up in Poland where there are farms of immense proportions, the traction engines are in general use.

While staying at Hopfau, mentioned in a former chapter, I saw, at a neighboring village, a rather peculiar way of threshing. It consisted of hitching a horse to a kind of heavy iron roller and drawing it back and forth over the grain which was scattered over the barn floor. Women were engaged in pounding out the grain with flails where the roller did not sufficiently thresh it. The outside surface of this slow revolving cylinder was of a kind of a corrugated form. To my point of view this curious thresher really did a far greater amount of threshing in a single day than the small machines formerly described, which were run by "cow-power." In reaching the end of the floor the horse was always uncoupled. The horse was then led around and hooked to the other side of the roller, which was then drawn to the other end again. This was kept up until the grain was considered to be all out of the straw.

The German Farm Dwellings.

The German farm dwellings are built very substantial, and often last for hundreds of years. In their construction much care and attention is exercised. In building the walls an old process is in many localities still in use. This consists of setting a layer of straw and covering it with mortar and then placing another layer of straw and again covering it with mortar. This proceeding is gone through until the walls attain very thick dimensions. Extraordinary care and skill is exercised in mixing the mortar. Apparently it is altogether very differently composed from the mortar generally used on the western continent.

The roofs are principally of the red tile described in former chapters, and which are so much in use over the greater part of all Europe. In some localities the old straw-thatch roofs however are still occasionally seen. One may think these heavy tile roofs would last almost as long as the buildings themselves. This, however, is not the case, as the wooden slats upon which the tile are laid will in course of time decay, and will then have to be replaced by new ones. The same tile may in most cases be used the second time. I was informed that if a roof was well laid it may easily last for a hundred years without paying any further attention to it.

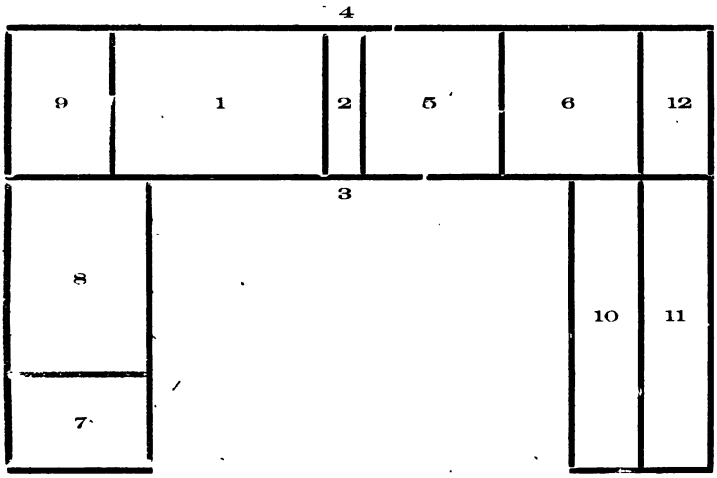
The door posts and sills and the window sills, too, are built to last for ages. They are of sandstone. Many of the older buildings have deep cup-like cavities worn into the sill and the sandstone step, leading to the door. I really passed over some of these steps where fully the one-half of their original size was actually worn away. This wearing down of the steps was not done in a single generation, but from the trodding of feet which passed over them for generation upon generation. The more modern way of building the sides or walls, is to use a style of tile blocks and covering them with the kind of cement former-

ly mentioned.

Many of the more recent constructed buildings have the floors laid with small, prettily colored cement blocks. This causes it to be very lasting and at the same time giving the floor a beautiful and picturesque appearance. An inexperienced person has to be somewhat cautious in walking over these floors, as they are as smooth as glass. The occupants are generally prepared for passing over them. The custom of many of the European country folks in entering the house is to leave their shoes or sandals at the door step and slip into a dainty pair of a kind of felt slippers, which, in leaving the dwelling, they always leave in the hall or outside on the step. Where the tile are not used the floors are of wood, nicely smoothed and varnished, being chiefly of a walnut grain or color.

Much stress is given to the floors by the German folks to have them tidy, keeping them free of all dirt and also keeping them in a nicely polished condition. I am safe to say their appearance is by far more tidy than the average carpeted American country floor. In this respect the Germans are presumably excelled by the Dutch alone. The latter class of people are in every respect an extraordinary clean and tidy class of people, while, if you remember it quoted in former chapters, the Germans, if they have some tidiness about themselves, also have some ways which are altogether the opposite. These manners or habits seem to be entirely conventional, as they have always been thus for many generations back.

I am somewhat drifting off the subject, so I will again "catch up" by giving a description of the general method as to the arrangement of the location of both the family and the live stock's quarters. The parts of the live stock and the family quarters vary very much in different dwellings. Herewith I will give a design, which will enable the readers to form some idea as to the way they are frequently arranged.



GENERAL PLAN OF GERMAM FARM BUILDINGS.

1. Families quarters. 2. Hall. 3. Main entrance. 4. Rear. 5. Horse stables. 6 and 7. Grain barns. 8. Cow stables. 9. "Schnaps" brewery. 10. Either hog or sheep pens and probably a corner for poultry. 11. Other half of wing for implements with entire front side open. 12. Place for light wagons and the "kutche" (a kind of light German coach.)

On inquiry I was informed the cost of erecting one of these substantial buildings for a farm of a hundred hectares (a hectare is nearly two and one-half acres), is from 40,000 to 50,000 marks (about $10,000 to $12,000). This sounds rather steep in comparing the cost with the average American farm buildings, but in the end the former are the cheapest for all, as they are built to stand for many centuries to come, while the American buildings will often last only for several generations.

From these facts we may not wonder why the German farmers are merely rental farmers and do not own the farm themselves. The buildings are erected in accordance to the size of the farm, consequently the buildings on smaller farms cost less.

A number of farms were visited in which these figures would not near cover the expense of building. One farm, especially, I remember whose buildings were erected only a few centuries ago, cost at least 75,000 marks. The buildings of this big farm are built in such a style as to form an entire square. The yard which they enclose, to my estimation, is over one-half acre in area. The space taken up with building and all (including the yard mentioned) comprises an acre or more. By taking into consideration the dimension of the yard just described, it will give you a clear conception as to the immensity in size of these large farm dwellings.

There are other "hofs" which are even larger than the one just described, although the buildings generally extend, as shown in the diagram, around three sides only. The majority of the "hofs" are smaller than the one just mentioned, however, there are certain parts of Germany where the average acreage extends beyond the figures quoted, viz.: One hundred hectares.

On some of the large "hofs" one sees nearly a full line of modern farming implements, such as grass mowers, hay tedders, self-dump rakes, self-binders, etc., and strange, these are mostly of American manufacture. Modern harrows and pulverizers are few. As corn is grown only on a very small scale, and this only throughout several localities, one sees no corn planters, shellers, or cultivators. The implements are generally stored in a shed adjoining the main farm building, having the one side (chiefly the south side) open.

In looking around in these buildings it caused somewhat of a home-like feeling as I noticed the American line of machinery of either the Deering, Adriance, Osborne or McCormick make. Walking around to the interior of the main barn this feeling is soon lost. The inside of these spacious barns are divided, so to say, into stories, with mostly the center or driving floor open to the roof. The

lower story may have grain, the middle one hay, and the third packed full with the big bundles of straw.

The inside of a German barn is generally packed full up to the very roof. The stables are very similar to the livery stables, as in many instances there are no feeding entries, and in feeding the horses they are obliged to carry the feed separately through the stall of each horse. The cows are generally fed from an entry or sometimes from the barn floor. They are fed on either chaff or cut hay, mixed with beets, which are cut or sliced. A small portion of chopped grain is also mixed to this ration. Corn is purchased by many, for which they are obliged to pay 12 to 14 marks per hundredweight, or equal to $1.68 per bushel. This corn comes from America. Would not the American farmers protest against paying such an exorbitant price for corn? But hold! We may envy our German cousin who gets from ten to twelve cents per pound for fat cattle, and one hundred and fifty dollars and upwards for a good young cow, while the calves realize him fifteen cents per pound, live weight, or about twenty dollars per head when two to three weeks old. A calf three weeks old may easily weigh one hundred and fifty pounds, as the German stockraiser generally has a big breed, being crossed mostly with the Swiss Simmenthal cattle. For pork, they depend much on America, although many farmers raise and fatten enough swine to do them for their own use. They are not raised to great advantage among the "dorf" farmers. For one reason, I presume, they are not fed enough solid grain, and, another, they do not have the room to confine them.

As before mentioned, the manner of the arranging of the different compartments, dwellings vary to a great extent, but the drawing shown on page 245 gives an illustration how many of them are generally planned. In many cases merely a single door leads off from the hall into the family dwelling place.

Chiefly the first room to enter will be the kitchen. In order to reach the dining-room one will often be obliged to pass through the kitchen. Another room is the bedroom, and still another one where the hired help dine. The latter room as a rule adjoins the kitchen. At some places the workmen dine in the kitchen. Opposite the entrance leading from the hall into the kitchen there is a door leading into either the cow or horse stable, whichever it may happen to be.

Just think! On a cold stormy winter morning, when we have to expose ourselves to a raw, piercing, winter air, and often wade knee deep through banks of snow, our German farmer cousins may step right from their room into the stable and avoid all this unpleasant inconvenience. The buildings are merely two stories in height, but as a rule the second story of the dwelling quarters extends above either the horse or cow stable, or sometimes both. One will often, in awakening in the morning, notice that he has slept right above the live stock's quarters. This may often happen to be the finest room in the house, as it is a noted fact that the majority of the German country folks lay special stress to one of the rooms on the second floor, in furnishing and decorating it. This may be called the parlor. The bed, with its fine white sheets and the curious fancy needlework given them, helps much to beautifying the room. Outside of mottoes and some embroidery very little attention is given to adorning any of the rooms on the first or lower floor.

As to the color of these farm buildings, if you have seen one you have seen them all. They are of a dark grayish color, this being the color of the cement used in coating them. None are painted and the neat white-washed appearance which predominates so much during springtime in our eastern states, is altogether unknown on the European continent.

A Typical French Lorraine Farm.

Across the border in France, near the city of Nancy, I visited a big farm, which was conducted by a French Mennonite farmer. Besides conducting a large farm, this party was also one of the ministers of the Mennonite church of that district.

The name of the farm was "Le Ferme Clevent." ("Ferme" is the French name for "hof" or farm). Being shown all around, I gleaned a vast lot of information from my kind host as to the methods of farming and the farm help problem of that vicinity. Also took down a number of notes pertaining to the "ferme" visited, which I presume will be interesting to those of my readers who happen to be either farmers or who may reside on a farm.

The size of the farm is one hundred forty hectares (350 acres). Forty hectares are devoted to grazing and the growing of hay. Besides a tract of woodland, the remainder is under cultivation. Wheat and oats constitute the chief crops, while some barley is also grown. Plowing for the spring crops was in operation during my stay at this typical "ferme." Four plows were used, with four head of horses hitched to each plow. They were hitched two abreast in double file.

My host kept quite a number of horses—thirty head altogether. The rearing of them is carried on to a great extent. In the stables were a large number of colts, ranging in ages from one-half to two years. When they attain the latter age they are trained to work and soon become serviceable to all purposes required of them. The breed is the Belgium, which is a heavy draft class of horses. Every four or five years new blood is introduced by importing a sire from Belgium. In this district, as well as throughout Germany where this breed is raised, their tails are docked. This is rather a severe operation, however it

is performed when the animal is yet young, principally the first year.

What seemed strange to me, was that in relating to these stock raisers about the dehorning of cattle in America, they evinced noticeable surprise in the American performing so severe an operation on the poor cattle, while little did they stop to think that docking the tail of a horse was fully, if not a more rigid operation than the former one. Not by far would the European stockman adopt the dehorning process. In many portions of Europe, and especially where a special breed is raised, they bestow great pride as to the growth and shape of the horns.

On the "Clevent ferme" some fifty head of cows were kept, while none of them after they reached the "ferme" were again bred. Fresh cows were continually bought to supply the required amount of milk, while fat cows also were continually sold off. Whenever a cow ceases to produce her average flow of milk, she is fattened and by the time she is real fat she will be nearly "dried up," and is then ready for the "metzger" (butcher). On this farm I saw nice, good milch cows, which to my estimation was a real pity to pass over to the butcher's knife.

The milking on this ideal farm begins at four o'clock in the morning, and again at the same time in the afternoon. The city people in this and surrounding parts of the country think they must have their milk strictly fresh. Even during the winter months, when the milk could easily be kept over, they will insist on having a fresh supply each morning. As the most of my host's customers were people who worked in factories, he was obliged to have the milk delivered before six in the morning. His brother, who is also a minister, and who lives half of the distance to the city, does the delivering.

The average flow of milk is three hundred eighty to four hundred "liters." I neglected to make a note as to the price received per liter, but I recollect it to be above

the average of most places of southern Germany, where usually about fifteen "pfennig" is received for it. The milking is done by two milkmen hired for the purpose, who do nothing else besides milking and caring for the cows. They receive good wages in comparison to the other farm laborers—sixty francs ($12) per month, including board. (The ordinary hands only receive thirty and thirty-five francs per month—$6 and $7).

Besides dairying and the rearing of horses, sheep raising is also carried on. Like the milkmen, a man is hired who does nothing else but attend to the sheep. This man is called the "schaf-hirt," meaning shepherd. He receives a salary far exceeding that of the milkmen. One hundred francs ($20) per month are given him for his services. With this salary, however, he is obliged to board himself, also keep a dog of his own to assist in herding. During summer and fall of the year the flock is driven daily to the high wooded hills and brought in again at night. The whole day long the shepherd will remain right at his post with the sheep. Having no one to converse with, he will often—as is shepherd rule—amuse himself by speaking to his noble dog and to some of the sheep in his immediate presence. With the assistance of a well trained shepherd dog a flock of several hundred sheep can easily be driven and managed by a single person.

It causes a person who has never seen the herding of sheep to stand with wonder at the amazing and evincible intelligence these dogs perform their duties commanded by the shepherd. The sheep, too, seem to understand the different signals and commands given to the dog. A well trained dog will do all the driving, heading off, or bunching together by the mere commands of the shepherd, who merely follows in the rear in an unconcerned sort of way. During the mating season, as well as in spring time when the lambs are born, is when the shepherd is kept very busy. Sometimes in these seasons he is necessarily assisted by the

farmer or stockman himself.

Shearing time is another great event in the sheep raising industry, and with the proceeds derived from the wool he sells, the sheep raising farmer is often able to meet the payments of the many different tolls, duties and taxes he is obliged to pay. Sheep are, however, only raised throughout certain portions of Germany. In places where this industry is not carried on they again have other means to meet their dreaded taxes.

The Farm Help Problem; Also Something About the Heavy Duties and Taxes to be Paid.

In many instances, while speaking about the hired help problem to some of the farmers, they would relate and lament about the poor class of workmen with which they have to contend. Frequently one finds the regular farm hands as bad a set of fellows as the "extras."

I was told that on Sundays they were from bad to worse. The hotels, or saloons, throughout all Europe are open on the Sabbath, as well as any other day. Hence they have the opportunity of drinking to their heart's content, and I am sorry to say, they also grasp the afforded opportunity.

Every farmer, in order to keep on the good side of these dozy, sleepy-eyed slaves of the wine cup, is obliged to keep them well supplied with wine. Should he refuse to do this they say they will hire where they will get it. Every man is given his certain measure of wine with each meal. The quantity usually allotted them is a "schoppen" (about one pint). Little do they care in other respects about the board. Be it ever so common and frugal, they will not complain, just so they get their wine. Complaints are occasionally brought forth as to the quality or purity

of their favorite drink, but seldom if ever, anything is said about the food. When meat is altogether too scantily served, they will be apt, however, to murmur somewhat.

Quite a sum of money is invested annually by these farmers to keep the required amount of wine on hand. In the vicinity previously referred to the farmers chiefly buy the newly pressed grape juice and make the wine themselves. This sweet unfermented juice principally comes from southern France. It is grown there on the lowlands on a large scale. As the wine which is grown on the lowlands is inferior to that grown on the mountain slopes, it sells at a much lower figure than that of the latter; hence this shipping from southern France. It is shipped in large casks, containing about the same amount as five whiskey barrels, or equal to two hundred forty gallons.

This newly pressed grape juice can be bought for from four to six cents per liter (about twenty cents per gallon). Some farmers prefer buying the grapes and press the juice themselves. For these they pay sixteen to eighteen francs per one hundred "kilogram" (a little more than 200 lbs.) This is equal to about one and one-half cents per pound, or thirty dollars per ton. Those farmers who have only an ordinary sized "hof" avail themselves of one or two of these casks, while for the larger "hofs" considerably more is required. The farmer of a certain "hof," rather the largest in the vicinity, informed me that he annually buys 6000 liters (nearly 1600 wine gallons).

The wages are considerably lower in comparison to those paid for farm hands in America. Thus, considering both the wages and the small expense of feeding these hired men, the cost is not so great after all. But there are always two sides to a question; if they do work for small wages, yet their work and movements are so slow as to cause them to be a dearly paid set of fellows for all. I feel safe to say the average Amenican laborer does thrice the work in the same given time as these trudging wine-

sippers. The farmers, however, recompense this again in the large amount of water some of them add to the wine in preparing it.

Besides the farm-help problem, another hard problem for the German farmer is to meet all the different taxes, duties, tolls and rents he is obliged to pay. He can scarcely grow, raise, or have anything in his possession, without having one or the other of these to contend with.

The farmer and dairyman of an ordinary sized "hof" annually pays out for taxes alone from six to eight hundred marks ($150 to $200). In many countries of Germany a tax of one per cent. of the valuation is levied upon the live stock. A duty is also fixed on every tobacco plant a grower raises. However, if no more than three plants are grown they will be free of duty.

Besides paying heavy taxes, the rental paid per hectare for the land is another great item. In many localities the rent for a year per hectare is about the same as the purchase price of the average western United States farm land. This necessarily paid amount on each hectare varies exceedingly. It depends much on the location, quality of land, and also the country or vicinity the "hof" is located. In different portions of Germany, and especially throughout the dairying districts, about twice the rental is paid on farms near the cities than to that of those located a little farther inland.

The chief cause of this, I was told, was, as has been previously stated, the required early delivery of the milk each morning. In some localities the average rent paid annually per hectare is sixty marks ($15), while in other localities the average rental is only about forty marks ($10). I, however, visited in certain vicinities where the rent was even as high as one hundred marks. These were such "hofs" as lay close to the city.

In many localities of Germany the farmers also are obliged to invest heavily for fertilizers; thus you see the

life of the German farmer is not a free, independent occupation, but rather a slavish or burdensome one. No wonder so many of these tillers of the soil, in former years, when land was yet cheap in America, left their fatherland and sought their fortune in this country.

The rich "Herren" (Lords) who principally own the "hofs," in purchasing property, can not escape without also paying a heavy tax. Whenever a "hof" changes hands or owners, the purchaser is obliged to pay a tax of five per cent. of the purchase price. In some localities I even found the rates as high as ten per cent. This is one of several reasons why property in Germany so seldom changes hands.

CHAPTER XV.

Agricultural Pursuits of Germany.

Different kinds of cereal crops and vegetables are grown throughout the empire. As Germany has different kinds of soil and climatic conditions, those crops are grown which are most suited for the climate and soil in the different portions of the country. Then, too, the elevation of the country also has much to do with the variation of the crops.

In the fertile lowlands, besides the general crops,

beets are extensively grown. These are mostly either the sugar-beet or another large kind, resembling the rutabaga variety. The latter are alone grown for feeding to stock, while the former are raised for both stock and for the manufacture of sugar.

The general crops over the greater part of Germany are wheat, rye, oats and barley. Another cereal, much resembling the wheat, is also grown. It goes by the name "speltz." The average yield of wheat and rye is about the same as that of the western continent, while oats and barley apparently grow better in the "old country;" at least the yield is extraordinary good.

In some sections hops and tobacco are also grown. The former is extensively grown, while the latter, from an American point of view, is grown rather on a small scale. I will deal with these two last mentioned crops on another page. Potatoes are also grown to advantage and generally produce enormous yields. Last, but to the German folks by far not least, is the grape culture or wine making industry.

In different parts of the country potatoes are extensively grown for feeding purposes and for the distilling of "schnaps," (whiskey). The selling price on them varies to some extent, much depending upon the yield and in which country of Germany they are grown; also whether grown near a consuming market or the opposite—more inland. They are, like all other crops of Europe, sold by weight. The usual manner is to figure the rates at per 100 kilograms, usually termed "kilo" for short. This is a little more than two hundred pounds. It is also very frequently called "double centner" (a double hundredweight). Prices may vary from four to seven marks per 100 "kilo".

The Wine Growing Districts of Germany.

The chief wine growing districts are located along the river Rhine, from Bonn to Mainz, and along the Mosel, from

Trier to Coblenz. Just think of a stretch of country nearly a hundred miles in length, located along the Rhine devoted almost exclusively to the culture of grapes! Along all the leading streams flowing into the noted river Rhine, between the former mentioned cities, the culture of grapes is carried on to a great extent. Of the Rhineal tributaries the country along the Mosel takes the lead. Some years almost as much wine is produced here in this latter district as along the Rhine itself.

The Mosel winds its course along a narrow winding valley, called the "Mosenthal." The distance in a direct line from Trier to Coblenz is only about eighty miles, while in following the winding stream the distance is fully twice as far. The course taken by the river resembles much the appearance of a twisted tape or ribbon. All along this territory vineyards are situated with scarcely any interruption from one end of the valley to the other.

In many places the vineyards are terraced, like so many steps, up to the very mountain tops. To reach some of these highest vineyards it requires an hour's hard walking. In order to lessen the grade, the paths leading to them take a winding or zigzag course. Outside of the requsite necessities, the people are solely engaged in the wine growing industry. It is estimated that there are single villages which in years of a good yield alone produce 8000 to 16000 hectoliters. * The entire "Mosenthal" region is said to produce in an exceptional good year the vast amount of 600,000 hectoliters of wine.

No wonder the Germans are so much addicted to wine drinking. I was told, and from my observation truly believe it to be a fact, that there are many who drink noth-

* "Hecto" means a hundred and a liter is equal to about two and one-ninth (wine measure) pints. Hence in a hectoliter there are one hundred times 2⅑ pints, or about 26½ gallons.

ing else but wine and coffee. Water is far too tepid for their taste—or may we not term it craze? Very few of these delicious grapes are eaten. The German people prefer drinking them instead of eating them. However, other products are also made from the grape.

Very likely many of my readers are not aware of the fact that our common cream of tartar is obtained from the sediment or crust adhering to the side and bottom of the casks or barrels used in making the wine. This crust is formed while the wine is in the fermenting stage. Alcohol is made from grapes. Thus you see why it is that so many of the German folks are engaged in this juicy occupation. Hundreds upon hundreds of gallons annually find their way to America and other countries.

In the immediate wine growing districts one has in view vineyards, and often times nothing but vineyards, as far as the eye can reach. The vines, like in Switzerland, are set in rows of about three feet apart and about the same distance apart in the row. They are kept trimmed back and each vine is kept supported by a single stake, four or five feet in length.

Grapes are grown throughout many parts of southern and central Germany, but not on as large a scale as in the territory mentioned. In some parts of the country, and especially in Lothringen, along the French border, many of the large "hofs" have a tract of land planted to grapes. This is chiefly for domestic use. When the season is favorable, however, they have a surplus and derive a neat little sum from the proceeds they obtain in selling it.

The attention and care given to the vines on these "hofs" is done mostly by the women folks. I happened to stop at different "hofs" where the woman told me with some pride that they derived as much as 2000 francs ($400) from the sale of their surplus grapes. In the immediate wine growing belt men, women and children are engaged in the occupation. During the harvesting season the as-

pect is very busy and a jolly set are they as they either gayly chat or sing some poetic song appropriate to the harvesting event, or to the part of the country in which they happen to live.

Growing Hops, a Great Industry.

Another trailing plant which is extensively grown throughout different sections of Germany is the hop plant. It is farmed by both the "hof" and "dorf" farmers. The plants are set a meter (three feet three inches) apart each way, and are kept under cultivation much the same as cabbage or tobacco. Each plant is supported by a slender pole, about twenty-five feet in length. These poles cost the growers quite a sum of money, for which they are obliged to pay one mark (24 cents) a piece. One advantage is that they need not buy new ones every season, as the same pole may be used for a number of years.

The harvesting season generally commences in the middle of September. In harvesting the crop the poles are drawn out, thereby enabling the hops to be easily picked, and the poles, too, will not decay as readily as if they were to remain in the ground the year 'round.

As soon as the hops are thoroughly dried they are ready for market, and as a rule are then immediately disposed of. Sometimes when the market is glutted the grower prefers to hold them a while before selling them. Aside of the other general crops one man generally farms from one-half to two acres. When ready for harvest he, however, needs a small force of women and children to assist him. If he is fortunate enough to have a large family he seldom needs any outside help. By good cultivation and in a productive season, I was told, one ton of the dried hops can be gathered off a single acre.

The price of hops is very irregular. This depends altogether on the season and the yield. Some years when the yield is exceedingly large the price is as low as

forty marks per hundredweight, while if the yield in general is rather scant, one hundred marks is sometimes paid. I was informed that at the former price they can not be profitably grown.

To see a field of hops when just ready to harvest is indeed a beautiful spectacle. To view the tall, erect, yet trailing and winding plants, clinging onto the poles, with their dark green leaves, form quite a contrast to the rather light colored shade of the hop itself, and is a sight altogether of its own. By the time I reached the hop growing districts the crop was nearly all gathered in, but I saw enough to give me a clear conception of the industry from start to finish.

The hops are chiefly used in the old country for the making of beer. To supply the breweries it takes an enormous amount of them, as it is an undisputed fact that the Germans are great beer drinkers. Barley is also much used in making beer. Baden, especially, is a great beer producing as well as a great beer consuming country of Germany. Alsace and Lothringen, however, prefer their wine.

Bavaria is another great beer brewing country. Bavarian beer is famous throughout the western continent and hundreds of dollars are annually spent in the United States for the imported stuff. In some sections of this latter country, hops are grown to an enormous extent. I was told that in many sections, like in the wine growing districts, there are hop growing regions with nothing but hops as far as one's sight can reach.

German Tobacco Culture.

To an American's point of view this referred to "weedy stuff" is grown somewhat on a small scale in comparison to that grown in America. I had traveled through localities, however, where a considerable amount of it is grown. The acreage was not great, but nearly every farm-

er in the locality mentioned grew some tobacco. The principal tobacco growing district is located in the vicinity of Offenbach bei Landau, in Rhine Bavaria. Nearly all of the "dorf" farmers grow one-half acre or more, while some of the large surrounding "hof" farms have as high as two acres and over planted in tobacco.

I was told that in the vicinity of Magdeburg, southwest of Berlin, tobacco is grown on an exceedingly large scale by some eight or ten large "hof" farmers. Each grower has as high as several hundred acres set in tobacco. To cultivate and harvest such a great lot of tobacco they are obliged to hire quite an army of both men and women. These come chiefly from Poland each year and after the tobacco season is over, again return to their native country.

I will give a general description of how the tobacco is grown in the vicinity through which I chanced to travel. Presume it to be of interest to those acquainted with the growing of tobacco, while to those who are not familiar it will likely prove to be of no interest whatever. The seed is sown early in the spring. Instead of sowing it in a hotbed it is merely sown broadcast on the level ground. It is then coverd either with a light covering of straw or hog bristles. In setting the plants in the field they are also merely planted on the level ground, without first hilling or ridging for them, as is usually done in the tobacco growing districts of Pennsylvania. They are set fifty centimeters (one-half meter) apart each way. This is considerably nearer than the Lancaster county method of planting. Planting by machine is unknown on the eastern continet. During the planting season a gang of men, women and children are employed. I was informed that in setting the plants they do not stoop down to their work but crawl on the ground upon their knees. In moving from one plant to the other they slide or crawl in a kind of sideway or backward position. This peculiar backward manner of moving along is done, I was told, in order to re-

frain from crawling over or crushing the plants just set. I neglected to note how long a time it requires a single person to plant a certain number of plants, but to my way of thinking, by their way of crawling over the ground it must go mighty slow. But, then, what does this matter? It is as I have before mentioned in another article—three hired men scarcely do more labor than one hustling American hired man.

After the tobacco is planted it is worked mostly by women, until it is ready to harvest. One woman generally cares for and works twenty-five ares or one-fourth hectare, for which she receives twenty-four marks ($6). * The cultivation is all done by hand, hoeing it frequently and keeping it free from weeds. When contracted like previously stated, they are supposed to do all the work usually done to tobacco until ready for harvest. The suckering is called "geizen." They are taken off when quite small, and not allowed to grow to an arm's length, as is often the case in my native district. In order to keep the suckers back, they are obliged to do a vast lot of labor in "geizing."

All this work is done aside of their regular housework, but as these laboring class of women do their housework in a "straight-through" sort of way, they have time to do other work besides, and they consider the twenty-four marks quite a sum of money.

In the middle of August the harvesting of the ground leaves begins. This is done by taking off the lower leaves, or those which may be torn, and laying them on little piles, leaving them lie until they are well withered. They are mostly left lay until the second day, when they are put to-

* The method used in Germany for surface or square measure is very simple and easily reckoned. viz:

100	"quadrat" (square)	centimeters	= 1	"qt."	meter.
100	"	meters	= 1	"	are.
100	"	ares	= 1		hectare.

gether on piles and tied into big bunches. They are then carried to the end of a row and loaded on a wagon and hauled to the sheds where they are strung up.

About fourteen days after the ground leaves are taken off the good leaves are harvested. These are also gone about with in the same manner as the ground leaves, though they need not be carried out to the end of the rows, the wagon being taken through the patch to load the big bunches. The whole force is now engaged in harvesting. The women and children do the stringing, while the men do the gathering and the hanging. The leaves are strung on twines about four feet in length, with eighty to one hundred leaves on each string. A loop is made at each end of the string, and they are then hung up in the sheds on scaffolds, much in the same manner as when the tobacco is hung when strung on laths. Nails are driven in the upper side of the poles. In hanging, the loop at each end of the string is slipped over the nails.

The sheds are either slatted or are altogether open along the sides, in order to allow as much air as possible to pass through. Much foggy weather sometimes prevails during the fall of the year, causing the tobacco to rot or burn more or less while hanging in the sheds. To several growers I suggested curing it on the stalks, as is done in America, but they feared the tobacco would burn or rot if left to cure in this manner. When the ribs are thoroughly cured the tobacco is taken down and tied into bundles. In drawing out the strings they are careful to keep the leaves straight and are, therefore, in this order easily and without many pains tied together in small bundles of about three pounds each. Uusually three strings full are tied on one bundle.

You can hereby understand their way of handling it after being cured is not near so tedious as the American method But where their tedious part comes in is in harvesting it. Their method of harvesting would be entirely

too slow for the more hustling American farmer. The bundles are merely laid in low ranks and covered with straw until they are delivered to the purchaser.

It is usually sold soon after it is stripped, the average price being from twenty-four to thirty-two marks ($6 to $8) per "centner" (hundredweight). Prices have, however, somewhat advanced since, selling even as high as thirty-five marks.

The average yield is estimated to be forty to fifty "centner" per hectare, or equal to 1600 and 2000 pounds to the acre. This also includes the fillers. Some growers use a chemical fertilizer. They try to avail themselves of a grade which is best adapted for the growing of a fine quality rather than for weight.

The "Mais" (Corn) Crop and the Peculiar Method of Curing it.

The climate of Germany is not adapted to the raising of corn, or "mais" as it is called by the Germans, consequently the greater part of the corn consumed throughout the kingdom is being imported from America. The prices paid by the farmers on this American product range from ten to twelve marks per "centner," or equal to $1.34 to $1.60 per bushel. The foreign product is higher in price, and yet it is preferred to the domestic. Not so with wheat, the domestic in many places selling one mark per "centner" higher in price than the foreign.

Much "mais" is, however, grown in the dairying belts and fed in a green state to the cattle as forage. In only a few countries of the whole empire is it raised and left to ripen on the ear, and then it is grown only on a small scale.

The crop is harvested by tearing the ears—husk and all—off the stalks and hauling it into the barn or sometimes to a sunny place in the yard. Here the husks are torn down off the ear but left unbroken or in other words

the husks left remaining attached to the cob. The tedious work of plaiting the ears together into bunches is now begun. A long string or bunch is formed in such a manner that the ears cling around on the outside of the bunch. When tight and well plaited the husks are scarcely to be seen, and in this condition they much resemble a large bunch of grapes. From one hundred to three hundred ears are sometimes woven into a single bunch.

These strings of corn are then hung up to dry, where they are generally left until they are needed for immediate use. If placed into cribs, I was informed, it would soon mould, and judging from the milky condition it grows there, this would undoubtedly be the case. As before stated, the climate is not adapted to growing it to advantage, not allowing it to become ripe, hence it is necessarily dried in the manner described. Through the lowlands of central and lower Alsace one can see string after string of these large bunches of corn hanging from the rafters of the old-fashioned extending and overhanging eaves.

The shelling or separating of the grain from the cob is all done by hand, usually during the long winter evenings, the whole family being engaged in rubbing the grains off the cob. When I told them of the American method of shelling they evidently thought I was exaggerating it to a considerable extent, as at first they were not inclined to believe it at all. I spoke to different farmers and suggested they should avail themselves of a cornsheller from America. Evidently they seemed to like the idea very much, but were at a loss to know how to undertake such a matter. Feeding corn chopped or ground with the whole ear is something entirely new to the German farmer.

The German Dairyman's Method of Deriving Double Benefit From the Potato.

Many of the German farmers and dairymen, and es-

pecially those in Rhine Bavaria, take advantage to use the potatoes in a twofold manner. Besides carrying on the previously mentioned occupations, they also have a distillery and are engaged in distilling "schnaps" (German name for whiskey). The distilling room is chiefly located where it is convenient to the cow stables or feeding floor.

The size of the distillery depends much on the size of the farm and the number of cows the farmer keeps. On the large dairy farms, where forty or fifty head of cattle are kept, they aim to have a distillery capable of producing, in our manner of liquid measure, some forty gallons of "schnaps." It requires exactly fifteen "centner," which is equal to twenty-five bushels of potatoes, to distill this amount. The distilleries of that capacity are few, as the majority of the big "hof" farmers keep less cattle than the number quoted. The facts herein stated were obtained from the farmer living on the large "hof" described in a former chapter, where it is stated that the buildings cover an entire acre. This party kept the number of cows stated.

The distilling process is gone through daily, usually Sundays as well as week days, in order to furnish the required amount of feed for the cattle. In this manner of using the potatoes the farmer derives a double benefit from them, viz: First, the "schnaps" distilled from them realizes him a neat little sum of money; second, the potatoes, after being distilled, are fed to the milch cows as feed. Then, too, the milk which is sold at a good price, also brings him in quite a sum. Generally "twenty pfennig" per "liter" is received for it.

The chief object of the German farmer in engaging in the distilling industry is to avail himself of a cheap feed for his milch cows. Neither of these two methods of using the potatoes would pay him if he would only employ the one method alone. For instance; if the potatoes were fed without first distilling them, their price would be too high to gain anything by feeding them, while by first distilling

them some benefit is already gained, thereby lowering their cost. To reverse this; should alone "schnaps" be made from them he would again be out of pocket, as the tax he is obliged to pay in distilling would more than consume the profit.

A high rate of tax is levied on every "liter" of "schnaps" distilled, which very near, and sometimes entirely cuts the selling price in two. The greater the quantity of "schnaps" distilled the higher the rate of the tax. In selling it he receives on an average sixty-five marks per hundred "liters," which is equal to about eighty cents per gallon.

By these facts you can ascertain that "schnaps" sells at a low figure in comparison to the whiskey in the United States. Apparently many of the laboring class of the Germans take advantage of this opportunity. In certain localities many of the farmers lamented in having such a wreckless set of hands. Across the boundary in France, in the vicinity of Nancy, was this especially the case.

Beets, the "King" of Germany's Crops.

Undoubtedly no other vegetable of Germany is so much raised as the beet. It is chiefly of two varieties, the sugar-beet and a kind of rutabaga variety. The latter variety is raised solely for feeding to stock, while the former is grown both for stock and for sugar manufacturing purposes. These beets are so much in general use that the German stockman thinks he can not do without them.

To the German farmer they are about the same as that of corn to the American farmer. The motto, "Corn is King," is also applicable to the beet with the Germans; consequently they may be termed the "king of Germany's product."

They are successfully grown over the greater part of the country. There are, however, portions of the country

where more are consumed than what are raised. Again like corn in America, there are large sections almost entirely devoted to the raising of beets, and from these localities they are shipped to such places where more are needed than what are grown.

Sometimes sugar factories are located in the immediate vicinity of the sugar-beet districts. If this happens to be the case they need not be shipped but are hauled immediately to the factory. The sugar-beet is also greatly raised for live stock, and especially for milch cows it is preferred to the ordinary rutabagas or cattle beets. The analysis of the sugar-beet shows a much higher percentage of milk producing qualities than that of the latter, which is the cause of this preference. The yield of the sugar-beet is scarcely one-half of that of the rutabaga, but the difference in price makes it fully as profitable to grow.

Upon inquiry I was informed that the ordinary cattle beets generally sell at twelve marks per "centner," (hundredweight), while the good grade of sugar-beets sell at thirty marks. It is a peculiar fact that the sugar-beets grown on light soil are considered to be much better and produce considerably more sugar than those grown on a fertile soil. Those grown on a rich soil naturally produce a much greater yield, but as a rule the price on them is of a lower figure than that of the former. The average yield per hectare is six to seven "centner," while the rutabagas, or "runkel-rübe," as they are called in Germany, yield considerably more and often grow to an enormous size. The average yield of these large beets is more than twice that of the tender sugar-beets, their average production being about fifteen "centner" per hectare.

Both kinds of beets are kept under thorough cultivation. In harvesting them all the tops or leaves are saved and fed to the cattle. A shallow trench is dug and covered with straw. The leaves are then put into the trench by layers. A handful of salt is sprinkled over each layer and

covered with a layer of straw. The whole is then thickly covered with earth, leaving a hole at the top to allow the gases to escape, which form from the sweating of the leaves. In this stage the leaves naturally lose their sweet taste, but nevertheless the cattle are very fond of them. These buried leaves have much the same scent as that of ensilage and to my point of view answer about the same purpose in feeding qualities.

The beets which are not needed during the early part of the winter are also buried. Trenches are made in about the same manner as for the leaves. The beets are then put into them and piled up as high as possible. The entire pile is then covered with earth, much resembling a miniature pyramid. Many farmers have cellars or vaults to store them and need not go to the task of burying them. What seemed strange to me was that the flat purple-top variety of turnips, which are so extensively grown throughout the eastern United States, seemed to be unknown in Germany.

Dairying a Great Industry.

As dairying is jointly co-operative with farming or agricultural pursuits, it may be well to relate something about this industry and connect it with this chapter.

In many portions of Germany dairying is carried on on a large scale. In the northern countries of the empire is this especially the case, where, in some localities, dairying and stock raising is the sole industry of the country folks. The Friesian-Holstein cows of Schleswig-Holstein are world renowned. Throughout southern Germany a large breed of cattle predominates, being chiefly a cross with the Swiss Simmenthal breed.

The cows of these southern German farmers weigh on an average from twelve to fourteen hundred pounds, while very frequently the heaviest ones in the stables weigh from fifteen to sixteen hundred pounds. Young two-year-old sires weighing still more than the latter figures were

often seen. Many of the grown and fully developed sires weigh over a ton.

One noted and easily detected fact was the patience and kindness the German farmers use in handling their stock. Not for a moment would they think of striking or clubbing their cows, and throughout all my travels in the different dairying districts of Europe I did not learn of a cow being a vicious kicker. Even on the Island of Jersey, where only Jerseys are bred, they were extraordinary gentle. Here in America this latter breed is considered to be rather nervous and fidgety. This is at all events the case, but if handled carefully they will become as docile as a lamb, however, they are easily excited. Even the sires, which are, as a rule, in America rather unruly, seem to be easily managed by the Germans, although much care is taken in never allowing anyone to play with or tease them. Then, too, they are never left loose to run of their own accord, and with a ring in their nose are easily subdued.

It is a noted fact the Germans devote more time and are extremely more particular in feeding and attending to their cattle than the American breeder or dairyman. In most all of the large dairies they have men hired who perform nothing else but milking and attending to the cows. This is their exclusive work.

The cows, as a rule, are confined in their stable the year 'round. During winter they are fed a ration of either sliced beets, potatoes or malt, mixed with some meal or bran. Either chaff or cut hay is always added to the ration. The malt is obtained at the breweries at a low figure, fifteen marks per ton being about the average price. This latter feed can only be obtained in such localities where breweries are located which use barley in distilling. The malt soon becomes sour, consequently during the summer the farmers using it are obliged to get a fresh supply every few days. It is fed pretty heavily; where twenty head of cows are kept a ton will only last for three or four days' feeding.

In feeding beets, they, too, are fed in large portions at a time. These big cows easily devour, besides the other rations, on a single meal about one-half bushel of beets. Principally the ordinary rutabagas are fed, but in some localities the genuine sugar-beets are fed. Those farmers who do not grow enough beets for their own use are often obliged to pay a big price for them. In the "schnaps" distilling districts they have to invest just as heavily for potatoes. Usually about an equal amount of potato malt and beets are fed. These tubers can be bought on an average of about five marks per one hundred kilograms. *

During summer the cows are fed on grass, and as a rule a fresh supply is mown with the scythe daily, and hauled direct to the stables. This latter method requires a vast amount of work where a large stable of cows are kept, but the German's farm laborer, as a rule, is an expert in handling the scythe, so the work is not so tedious after all.

Though the feeding costs the German dairyman a great deal, he can again, besides selling milk, recompense much of this amount by selling off the calves, for which he receives an exhorbitant price. Think of a calf bringing a sum of some twenty dollars when only three weeks old! A good young cow may often bring six to eight hundred marks. †

It is nothing uncommon for a dairyman to pay from eight hundred to nine hundred marks for a cow. At a certain place, near Mülhausen, Alsace, I even saw a stable full of cows which cost on an average over a thousand marks

* Equal to thirty-six cents per bu.

† The mark is a German coin equivalent to nearly twenty-five cents. Denominations of one-half mark, one mark, five marks, ten marks and twenty marks are in general circulation. The two former are of silver, while the latter are of gold coinage.

per head. This dairyman kept forty-eight head, and these were valued at fifty thousand marks. Upon inquiry I was told he monthly invests 1200 marks for feed. Corn meal, bran and sugar-beets were fed. The handling and shipping of the cattle of southern Germany is almost entirely in the hands of Jewish dealers. A clever and shrewd set are they. Undoubtedly southern Germany, in the line of the cattle dealing industry, is a "Paradise" for them, at least they apparently accumulate a neat little fortune in a comparatively short time.

As before stated, they have the business almost entirely in their hands, and frequently play some rather shrewd Jewish trick on the kind-hearted and good-natured German farmer. The farmers frequently lamented about these conditions and related of instances of how they were "Jewed." The seller laments about the poor prices dealers offer him for his stock, while the buyer complains of the high price he is compelled to pay for cattle. In suggesting to the latter of taking the advantage and personally going to the stock raising districts and avail themselves of the cows direct from the farmer, they deem the suggestion an impossibility. As they seldom come away from the district they reside in and are inexperienced in the line of shipping matters they evidently are altogether at a loss how to proceed in such an undertaking.

Whenever a farmer disposes of fat stock he, however, realizes a good price for it. This latter grade is in most cases sold direct to the butcher, who seldom happens to be a Jew. It is a noted fact that Jews apparently avoid any industry which has much manual labor connected with it. Did you ever see a Jew do real work? They are in Germany, as in this country, chiefly merchants or dealers of some kind.

The price of either fat steers of fat young cows I learned upon inquiry to be eighty-four marks per "centner" (hundredweight). Fat cows are ten marks cheaper than

the quotations given. Young fat steers are a rare thing and those that are raised are chiefly used on the farm or sold as work oxen.

In different portions or Germany a much greater amount of horse meat is consumed than that of the steer. Several times in my travels I purchased a sort of a dark reddish looking sausage, which evidently was very appetizing in appearance and really had a good taste. These kind of "würst" were so low in price in comparison to other ones, which I at that time thought were not any better than the "dark red ones." Afterwards I was told they were "pferde würst" (sausage made from horse meat). Imagine my surprise and provocation upon ascertaining this fact. I was ever afterwards careful to avoid the appetizing red "würst." They are chiefly used and consumed only by the laboring class of people, who as a rule avail themselves of the advantage of getting meat which is not so high in price.

On many of the large "hofs" a number of hares are raised and kept to furnish the requisite supply of meat. These are good eating and are raised considerably cheaper than either pork, beef or poultry. The meat of the latter, as has been quoted in a former chapter, is very seldom served on the German table. I had, however, visited different "hofs" where all kinds of barnyard fowls abounded. Such as geese, ducks, peacocks, chickens and doves formed the list, but evidently outside of the hens, these various fowls were kept more for pets than for anything else. The pigeons or German doves were especially tame and in many instances would really eat out of a person's hands.

Pork is the leading palatable dish of Germany. If the German house lady wishes to prepare a meal for some special event or when she wishes to bestow special favor to a guest she will have this meat served in many different styles. In this line the German cook undoubtedly leads the mistress of the meat pan on this side of the Atlantic. It is an undisputed fact that throughout many cities of the

United States the German butchers excel the American-born butchers in the various methods of preparing and making sausages.

As the raising of swine comes under the same line as that of cattle or stock raising, I will herewith give a few facts pertaining to that line which I gleaned from the farmers. Very few farmers raise more than for their own need, but those who make it a business to raise them to sell find a ready domestic market for their product. Along the French frontier one franc (twenty cents) per pound is frequently realized for them. In some parts of the interior of Germany I found the prevailing price to be as low as sixty marks per "centner" (15 cents per lb.) In those parts they were fattened mostly on potatoes and rye meal. Some also used a small amount of corn meal with this ration.

I should have mentioned that in districts within easy reach of such cities that afforded a good market for milk, many farmers or dairymen entirely omit the raising of young stock. These latter farmers do not breed the cows and after milking them some time they are fattened and sold as beef cattle; consequently on these large dairy "hofs" fresh cows are continually added to the herd, while fat cattle also are regularly sold off. They aim to keep a certain fixed number the year around, so as to have a continual average supply of milk.

The cows are raised more inland, where there is not so much of a demand for milk, and another thing which helps to account for the raising of stock to be more profitable inland is due (as has been previously stated) to the rental per hectare being comparatively lower than that located closer to the cities.

You may now have a good conception of the German method of stock raising and dairying. Not every manner in the given account would be approved by the American stockman, but he will have to admit that at least in some

lines it would be well if he would more closely follow the German principles. This holds good especially in the kind treatment bestowed to the cattle by the German farmer. Should they ever happen to see the way American cows are often treated by clubbing and buffeting them around or chasing them with a dog at a rapid gait to and from the pasture, they would undoubtedly feel rather vexed and would show apparent compassion for the poor animals. From what I observed on my travels throughout the different dairying sections of continental Europe, as well as on the Island of Jersey, I came to the conclusion we Americans treat our cattle too harshly and that it pays to treat the animals with patience and kindness.

Another conclusion which formed in my mind was that the American farmer would do well by taking an example from the primitive European farmer and stockman and lay more stress to the breeding of high-class or pure bred animals. They say it costs no more to raise good stock than to raise a common grade, all the difference is you will be obliged to invest a little more capital in the beginning.

Why is it that so many, both horses and cattle, are annually exported from European ports, and are in such great demand in other parts of the world? Easily answered: They have for generations past, and are at present, laying great stress on raising the "best," hence the good market open to them.

CHAPTER XVI.

The "Wind-up" Tour in Germany.

In beginning this chapter, we will endeavor to give a brief account of the route where it formerly ended. In meditating a moment you remember the route had ended in the vicinity of Tübingen, which lies along the Neckar river in Würtemberg.

We will now turn our eyes towards the western border of Germany. The route took me directly through the greatly renowned and far famed Black Forest. As the little German train, drawn by a shreik-like whistling locomotive, was winding its course through this noted forest, of which I had read so much in my boyhood days, I could scarcely refrain from the temptation of leaving the train and spend some time here in quietude. Great was my desire to take a stroll into the depth of the quiet and pretty velveted forest. However great my animation, my time was then too much limited to allow a "stop-over." At all odds I considered myself fortunate in having the opportunity of merely passing through it.

Strange, as well as amusing, was the peculiar olden-styled garb of the people who boarded the train at the sta-

tions along the border of the forest. It seemed one had suddenly dropped into a country which was populated with people from Revolutionary days. Their wearing apparel was about the same as that of the early settlers who inhabited the New England states. I presume the forest itself is just the same as it has been centuries and centuries ago. Its name was not given in vain, for on a cloudy day in the interior of the forest, I was told, it was really dark or black. The trees have an evergreen foliage and the shade is so dense that even on a nice, sunshiny day the sun's rays can not possibly penetrate through it. This I presume is the cause of the forest having such a thick growth of soft, green moss upon the ground. I am naturally inclined to be fond of sceneries and here is one which to my point of view is not far from being equal with Switzerland sceneries.

After penetrating the forest for some distance, the train finally halted, in what was apparently a good sized city. It seemed we dropped unawares into a narrow, winding valley, and at the edge of the valley was a thriving lumbering city. During the winter months the snow often falls to a great depth in this valley. Since my return home I have been informed that they had a snowfall with an average depth of fourteen feet. These facts as stated were to have occurred in the immediate vicinity of the city alluded to.

Through this narrow valley a stream winds its course and this the train now followed. A ride of several hours through beautiful scenery and lumbering villages, both large and small, finally brought us back to Strassburg.

Hobar, the old Castle of Zabern.

Without much delay I headed for Saarburg, via Zabern. Here I stopped off and took a side stroll to an old castle lying in ruins upon a high, rocky ledge, on one of

the mountain ranges nearby. A wide pathway leads up to the castle. This pathway is said to have been made at a great cost by a certain "herzog" and general, whose name was Clarke. In bishop Johann von Manderscheid's time (1583), a number of asses were kept in service to conveniently ascend and descend the pathway. These asses were owned by the bishop and were kept in his royal stables. For their maintenance each citizen of Zabern who was a tiller of the soil was obliged in haying time to leave every twentieth heap of hay for bishop Johann.

During the medieval ages this was one of the most noted and most frequented strongholds and castles of all Alsace. The castle was from time to time renovated and enlarged by high officials and bishops. It is not known when the first stronghold was built, which was located on the outermost northern bluff of rocks; but in the year 1168 emperor Fredrick Barbarossa, while on his stay in Alsace, paid this place a visit. In the ascension of the mountain he was accompanied by bishop Rudolph, of Strassburg. Emperor Barbarossa saw this to be an adaptable place for the location of a large stronghold and suggested to the bishop that he should acquire himself of the possession and rulership of the small castle and enlarge the stronghold by building an immense fortified castle upon the whole of the projecting rocks lying just south of the old castle.

The bishop obeyed the advice of the emperor and in the course of the three succeeding years the castle was completed. To secure the necessary rights for these proceedings he was assisted by the bailiff of Strassburg, whose name was Anselm. A chapel was annexed, which was built in Roman style of architecture. This chapel is the oldest of the present ruins and is especially worthy of note in its noble, yet simplicity of construction.

The entire ruins with the different towers, some of which are almost entirely crumbled in ruins, make a spectacle which is not at all disinteresting. To add still more

to one's interest is the long history connected with things that happened within these ancient walls throughout the middle ages. Throughout those ages the Catholic Bishops, probendaries, dignitaries and other high officials of the church were wont to gather here.

When Catholicism was at its height much feasting and drinking was carried on in this castle. A tremendous cask contained the supply of wine, to which more was added from time to time to keep up the supply. Different underground passages were dug, some leading to bleak dungeons, while others led to pretty chapels or spacious vaults. A well was also dug and chisled through the solid rock, which is said to have been one hundred meter (three hundred feet) in depth.

Outside on the rocks and upon several towers some inscriptions in Latin are still easily discernable. Some are however so much weather-beaten as not to be readable.

During the religious disturbances of the Reformation the Catholic dignitaries and probendaries of Strassburg left the city and turned their eyes toward Zabern. As a precautionary measure, they brought all the various valuable church treasures with them and stored them in the underground vaults of the castle for safe-keeping. During the Reformation in France the whole vicinity of Zabern proved to be a rendezvous for these Catholic dignitaries.

It is asserted that in earlier centuries a subterranean or underground passage led from one of the underground rooms to the city below, It was said the entrance and exit of this underground channel was kept a secret. No one but the chief ruling bishop was to know this concealed entrance. Whenever a successor was appointed to the office of bishop he was made acquainted with the secret in a sealed written statement, which was left by the former bishop. No one was permitted to open the seal except the newly appointed official. The contents of the statement were to

be read in total privacy and the parchment burned immediately after it was read.

It so happened that when bishop Johann had charge of the castle he was suddenly attacked with an apoplectic stroke. His death occurred May 2nd, 1592. No paper in regard to the secret passage, was to be found for the next succeeding bishop, consequently the entrance leading to this underground channel became lost. Much time, labor and money has since been spent in trying to again discover it, but all has been in vain. A singular document concerning this subterranean passage is to be found in the district archives of Lower Alsace.

Many treasures are claimed to be stored in the vaults leading from the main passage. The document contains a description of chests containing pure gold, silver and precious stones. Bale after bale of other valuables wrapped in canvass are also said to be stored there. It also contains a statement of a certain Hans Königgolt, a well digger, who was employed to inspect and do some repairing to the underground channel. He was, however, first placed under an oath not to reveal anything concerning the sight to be seen in the channel. He evidently afterwards broke his oath and disclosed something about it while in a delirium, occasioned by a high fever.

The statues of Christ and his Apostles are said to be among the hidden treasures. The statue of Jesus is said to be cast in pure gold, while the images of the Apostles are of silver. The entrance of the vault which contains these latter treasures is supposed to be securely walled. It is claimed Bishop Johann was the last person to witness this precious spectacle.

In 1772 a certain merchant of Zabern, Pallas by name, devoted the whole of his time in searching for the underground channel and its well filled vaults. At that time a certain prince who went by the name of Prinz von Rohan-Rochefort happened to visit the city. Pallas related his

proposed undertaking to the prince and induced him to give his assistance in locating the treasures. With the consent of the cardinal bishop the work of digging for the treasures was begun. For an entire year these proceedings were kept up in real earnest, but the work proved futile, and the secret passage with its treasures has not been found to the present day. The passage is supposed to have in most places caved in, which naturally may have prevented the treasure seekers from having gained their object.

By the foregoing remarks you will understand that a wonderful history is connected with this old castle, of which I have given but a brief account. Space and time will not permit me to relate all I learned about it, but hope this article will give my readers at least a faint idea as to the life and also of the surroundings of the then different ruling Catholic dignitaries.

At different intervals the castle came into the hands of different noted barons, counts or dukes. The castle could, however, never be taken by storm or by violent measures. Nevertheless it was at different times obliged to capitulate itself with the city of Zabern.

A certain French commander, on the 7th of August, 1636, wrote to the cardinal of Richelieu: "If there is still a large supply of provisions in the castle, it is impossible to capture it." In 1650, in a treaty with Westphalia, the French were forced to evacuate the castle. Before they left they tore down and destroyed much of it.

Thus it has lain in ruins for almost three hundred years. The citizens of Zabern were compelled by the French to assist in the tearing down of the bold castle. This they did willingly, both to free themselves of this bishoply rendezvous and to cause to sooner rid themselves of the plundering French soldiers. Enough of the castle, however, yet remains to give at least some idea as to its former magnitude and appearance.

By climbing a steep ladder, one can reach the very top of one of the high projecting rocks of Hohbar. The top, however, can not be gained without some difficulty, but the effort is well worth the hazardous experience. From this point a fine panorama meets your gaze. One can see villages and cities, both far and near, apparently of almost the entire of Lower Alsace. In the distance the pyramidical tower of Strassburg's cathedral can readily be seen extending above the city.

Far beyond in the distance are the "Hochgebirgen" of Baden and the noted Black Forest. On the distant mountains an occasional tower can be seen extending above the remainder of the mountainous scenery. These are parts of other ruined castles, which are so numerous on the mountains of Alsace, as well as the mountains of other surrounding countries.

At the foot of this high elevation lies the charmingly located and romantic city of Zabern. At another place a kind of ladder or flight of steep steps lead up to a large entrance. During the time when the castle was yet in use these steps were drawn up whenever occasion required it. Without any steps to climb up, this seemed to be an inaccessible point. In the castle's yard horrible dramatic scenes were at different times enacted. See—*Schad Sleidani conti pars quarta lib. II.* In the dungeons, too, prisoners were sometimes kept for years.

If any of my readers perchance ever take a trip abroad and wish to know more about the history of this famous castle, also something as to the life of the Catholic dignitaries who spent much of their time there, I refer you to the following for information: "Collection des memoires relat a l'hist de France, par Michaud et Ponj oulat, Serie II. t. VI." "Histoire d'Alsace, t. II." Also to the archives of Lower Alsace and the old archive of the "Landesgericht" of Zabern.

Part of the way down the mountain, upon the brink

of a boulder, the following inscription has been chisled into the soli rock: *Didace! Gur renuis Sacrum portare Synaxin Egrato fratri qui te exspectabat in Hohbar? Sit labor et durum vestigia scandere montis, Quod via sit, meditare tibi satis aspera ad astra.* Translated, this reads: "Didacus! Oh, why do you refuse to come and give the holy communion to your sick brother who is awaiting you at Hohbar? If it is difficult and hard to climb the steep mountain path, remember that the road leading to heaven is quite so difficult."

Saarburg and the "Dorfs" Along the River Saar.

In the vicinity of Saarburg, which lies direct to the west of Gabern, I spent some time among the Mennonite brethren. Large "hofs" abound throughout this region, many of which carry a complete line of farming implements. Familiar names like Lehman, Schantz, Nafziger, Martin, Wagler, Hirschi, Rupp, Mossiman and Sommers abound in this locality. You will notice that most of these names are spelled different from the way they are generally used in this country, nevertheless their pronunciation is the same.

During my stay in the city I was introduced to a certain lady who, twenty years ago, spent several years with her brother in America. I was greatly astonished at her ability to converse with me in the English language, and in the fluent manner it was spoken. Upon inquiry she informed me that she did not have any occasion to speak the English during these twenty years. It was amusing to observe the curiosity of the bystanders as they stood in open-mouthed wonder to hear, what was to them a foreign language. Evidently they were as much amused by the event as myself.

The city—Saarburg—derives its name from the river

Saar, which passes through it. It is a strange fact that the names of the majority of the "dorfs," and also some of the cities, located along this stream, begin with Saar. Example: Saarbrücken, Saargemünd, Saaralben, Saaraltdorf, etc. Another such a peculiar method of naming the towns and cities are those located along the river Neckar, in Würtemberg. Names like Neckarhausen, Neckarsulm, Neckarez, Neckarsteinbach and others are given them.

Presumably this naming after the stream was done to avoid errors in the names of places. For instance there are many dorfs or villages throughout Germany whose names are alike, and wherever this is the case the name of the place is, as a rule, followed by telling on what stream it is located. For example, there are two cities by the name of Frankfort. One is located along the river Main, while the other is along the Oder. In addressing the former, Frankfort a. d. Main is used, while in the latter, Oder is applied instead of Main. (a. d. is the abbreviation for "an dem," which means "on the"). Other instances are Fischbach a. d. Inn; Fischbach b. Ebern; Rottenberg a. d. Laaber, and Rottenberg a. d. Neckar.

Still other methods in naming towns that have similar names is to add the name of the city which lies nearby. Example: Bergen b. Celle, Feldkirchen b. München, Friedland b. Neisse, Offenbach b. Landau, etc., etc. (The abbreviation "b." means by.) If the name of the place is preceded by the name of the stream it is located on it can be readily located and both the adding of the abbreviation "a. d.," and the name of stream need not be applied after it. In consequence thereof the former method is the simplest and most convenient one.

A King's Grave.

A good hour's walk above Saarburg, on a high mountain, a little chapel is located. This is to mark the resting place of the remains of King Johann von Böhmen. The

small structure is located upon steeple-high boulders, and can be easily seen from a distance.

The chapel is of plain build but of wonderful beauty. The interior contains, besides the remains, different costly memorials and various ornaments and inscriptions. The coffin itself is of a dark colored marble. Four lions, carved in a leaping position, support the lid. Some of the inscriptions are of gold. This costly resting place of the king was erected at a great cost by King Fredrick Wilhelm IV., who was a descendent of King Johann.

Immediately below the chapel there is a kind of an open cave, which is said to have been used by the Romans as a place of watching for the approach of an enemy from a distance. The king's grave is reached by going over the village of Castell. Here centuries ago the Romans had their fixed quarters. The name Castell is Latin and means stronghold or fortified.

The king was born in the year 1297. Four German emperors sprung from his noted family. For father he had King Henry VII., and his son was King Karl IV. The Bohemian crown was inherited as a son-in-law, from King Wenzeslaus II. of Bohemia. King Johann's life was noted for its vicissitudes and for the dexterous and skillful manner in which he ruled.

He was also a great and noted leader in war. Unconquerable by force of arms, the enemy took advantage to try and foreclose his ever victorious, warlike career by taking his sight. Poison was sent him, which upon opening, caused the loss of his eyesight. This did not prevent him from presenting himself in battle and directing and commanding his army. If his sight was gone his wit of mind was still as active as before.

He was, at all events, finally slain. His last battle was fought at Cressy on the 26th of August 1346. It is said that when he became aware that he would lose the battle, the blind king asked to be led where his son, Karl,

was fighting. His attendants tried to persuade him from thus exposing himself, but he exclaimed he never took flight and that he would rather now die in battle than henceforth lead a life of disgrace. His steed (war-horse) was placed and fastened between the steeds of two bold and daring knights; thus the three rushed forward into the most dense turmoil of battle. The following day he was found dead on the battle field lying between his slain comrades. The horses were found still tied to each other.

Something About Germany's Roads.

I traveled much on foot in the rural districts, and as roads are very winding, I was sometimes obliged to walk twice and even four times the distance it would have been straight across. "Cutting across" fields or lots is scarcely ever done in districts which are all under cultivation.

I remember on one occasion when the place I aimed to reach was merely a short distance away, probably several miles across, but in order to reach my destination I was told it would be considered more proper to follow the road. The road indicated took a winding, roundabout course and in following it I ascertained I had entirely walked around the three sides of my destination; or in other words, the route taken almost formed a square. One hour's hard walking, and then about twice the distance from your destination from what it had been at the starting point, will tax one's patience to the utmost. This occurrence took place over the Alsatian boundary in France.

The cause of these roundabout courses, I was told, was to follow up the different dorfs in that locality. Apparently they think a single thoroughfare is sufficient. As the "dorf" which has been referred to was the last one of the entire line in that district, it was not deemed necessary to have the road extended any further. Another thing which accounts for this winding course, even when several

"dorfs" happen to be in line, and the road could be made in a direct and straight line, is due to the fact that the roads are never—if it can at all be prevented—made to cross over a hill or made to extend over a steep incline. They always take a more gradual and winding course around the slope. This is more or less the general rule throughout all Europe.

It is a noted fact and one which has often been observed and remarked upon by American travelers abroad, that the roads throughout Germany, as well over that of almost the whole of Europe, are kept in an exceedingly good condition and far excel the average American roads.

The European roads are kept piked with stone. Usually the hauling of the stone is done during the winter season. They are placed on piles along the roadside and left there until early spring, when they are spread over the roadbed. They are then, as a rule, rolled down with either a heavy cast roller, drawn by a string of horses, or are rolled down with a steam roller.

It is rather a strange sight to witness a long string of horses tugging away at these heavy rollers. A few drives back and forth over the stones will, however, greatly add to its improvement and the horses, which apparently at first had a hard load to pull, now are able to draw their heavy load with ease. Scarcely a rut or a flaw is seen in Germany's roads and the shallow ditches along the sides, too, are spaded off in regular bee-line fashion. Ususally after each rain, if they are not in too frequent succession, the roadbed is leveled or smoothed down again. This is done by hand and in some localities by people past middle age who are poor and who are dependencies of the "gemeinde" (district parish).

The roadbed is kept at an oval shape, giving it sufficient slope so as to drain the water off to the sides, instead of washing over the road and form gullies, or remain standing in puddles. This, my readers will undoubtedly all

agree, is often the case with many of the American thoroughfares. By this smoothing process after each heavy rain the Germans gain their point—"a stitch in time saves nine"—and thereby save a large sum of money, which would otherwise have been required to invest in piking.

A roadbed kept in such a condition will last for years and need not be repiked for quite a length of time. The roadbed is kept in a certain exact proportion of width and the border of it coming in contact with the nice, green sod is as straight as it can be made.

In many places small, wide, shallow ditches are made and dug off from the main road so as to drain the water into the adjoining land. They are dug at certain exact distances apart and so near each other that it is impossible for much water to gather until the next ditch is reached. From the beginning the roads were made so the bed lay a little higher than the adjoining land, and in following the methods mentioned they are easily kept in that state. No fences are along the sides to disfigure its appearance. In fact I found but few countries having fences along their highways, and these were in but limited numbers.

Whether straight or winding, such a road is a pretty spectacle to behold. When one stands on an elevation above them, on some high hills, and gazes down into the valley, the winding ones seem the prettiest. In traveling over these picturesque highways one can always know just how far or how fast he travels. In many parts of Europe small marks are erected every one hundred meters. Each 1,000 meters, or one kilometer, large marks are placed to indicate the kilometers. The marks consist of square white stones. Another convenient feature of the European roads is the frequent use of the guide boards, which indicate the name and direction of the next "dorf". During daytime it is almost an impossibility for a wanderer to go astray, especially when he carries a small pocket atlas of the country in which he chances to travel.

The roads are controlled by the government, and are kingdom or state affairs. Presumably it costs the German empire an enormous sum of money for its roads, but there is also an income derived from them. In many localities fruit trees are planted along its sides. When the fruit is ready to gather a contract is made with the highest bidder to gather it, who realizes all he possibly can for it. The land owner or farmer has no right to the fruit growing along his own land, unless he first contracts for it.

These fruit-bearing trees often realize the kingdom a goodly sum. The kind of fruit trees planted varies considerable. Usually the varieties which are best adapted to the market conditions and to the country are selected. Large fruit trees, like cherries and apples, are set exactly twenty meters apart, hence in a single kilometer there are exactly fifty trees to a side.* If possible, trees are always planted on both sides of the thoroughfare. It is a delightful recreation to walk along these highways when in the adjoining fields the sun shines rather too warm for comfort.

* Notice how readily counted by the metric system.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Roundabout Tour.

A Brief Account of Several French Cities Visited.

From Saarburg I traveled by "zug" (train) beyond the boundary into France again, where I visited different Mennonite districts; several cities were also included in the trip.

Part of the tour extended southward to the Vosges mountains. At a place named Etival, where I changed cars and at other stations along the line, huge piles of lumber were stored; enough building material, I presumed, it would have been to supply the required amount needed in one county in America for two years. Immense piles of hop poles, of which I made mention in a former chapter, constituted a great part of these piles of lumber.

Returning northward enroute to the large French city of Nancy, I stopped off at a large town, called Luneville. Approaching the town, I noticed fine meadow land enclosed by wire fences, which caused it to have an American-looking aspect. Luneville is a thriving manufacturing town of twenty-five thousand inhabitants; not as clean in appearance as some of the larger French cities, but its middle-class of people are neither inclined to lead such an idle and shiftless life like those of some of the larger French cities. The town has a busy aspect and the people are busily engaged in some occupation.

Cotton, wool, vehicle and automobile factories abound. The two former factories are operated continually, both day and night. A large tannery also furnishes ample employment. This last industry is carried on on a large scale. Hides coming from different parts of the world are tanned here. A singular sight were the large piles of sheep skins that were stored. These were shipped direct over both water and land, from Buenos Aires, South America.

Besides being a manufacturing town, a large army of soldiers have their headquarters here and are drilled and taught to become fit, if necessity requires, for active service. Apparently they are more sluggish and sloven-like than the other inhabitants of the town. Presume this is due to their time not being wholly occupied, and consequently they indulge in idleness. The barracks where they have their lodging quarters are located in an old massive chateau. This is an immense structure in the area it covers, but is only three stories in height. It is built in the form of a square and encloses an inner open courtyard which covers about two acres.

To the rear of the chateau is a spacious park, with wide, shady avenues, and pretty winding walks. Different large monuments and memorials are located in the park. One striking memorial is a large bust of the great French statesman, Emile Erckman. Another especially impressive memorial is stationed in the courtyard of the chateau. The park also contains the drilling ground of the soldiers. Some drilling, however, is also done in the courtyard.

This immense chateau with its surroundings was established in the year 1719 by Stanislaus, Duke of Lorraine. Nancy was the seat of Lorraine, but Duke Stanislaus preferred living at Luneville, instead of at Nancy. The whole of this noted place forms an aspect which readily shows the once majestic splendor in vogue here years ago.

From Luneville the tour extended direct northward to

the city of Nancy, which I also found to be a thriving, bustling city, containing over 100,000 inhabitants. Previous to the war of 1870 between France and Germany the king of Lorraine, which at that time comprised the whole of Alsace and Lothringen in Germany and French Lorraine, had his headquarters and residence in this city.

These former abodes of the king are located in the heart of the city. They are still considerably more spacious and magnificent in built than the chateau at Luneville. Over the entrance leading to these former royal palaces is a large arched and ornamental stone structure. It is named Porte Saint Georges. Passing through this magnificent entrance one finds himself in a large, open square, comprising about five acres in area. In its center a huge monument is located, which contains a memorial in the form of a large statue of King Ludwig Phillipe, who was Lorraine's last king.

In the year 1848 Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, a nephew of the great Napoleon, was elected the first president of France. He accordingly became ruler over the whole of France.

At a certain open place in the city another large monument and memorial is located. This one was erected to another certain chief ruler Rene II. by name. It consists of Rene mounted on a fiery steed with uplifted sword, facing Germany, he boldly defies his lifelong foe. Evidently the French have not forgotten the war of 1870 to the present day.

Back Into Germany Again, and a Brief Account of an Extended Tour.

After spending a short period among the French Mennonites, I recrossed the boundary line into Germany again;

filled a few appointments and then directed my route to the German–French city of Dieuze.

In this part of the country, and in the few different localities I visited after recrossing the boundary, the people converse in the French language. The German is compelled to be taught in the public schools, but to my surprise, very few could converse in German. Even in the school rooms, I was told, in conversation or in teaching the pupils the dreaded German, the French language alone is spoken.

It was my intention on reaching Dieuze to immedately set out for my previously proposed, more northern trip. On arriving, I was greatly embarrassed in not being able to get my "gepack" (baggage) sent after, which I had left lay at the French station in entering into France a fortnight or so before. The German railroad officials informed me to the effect that on account of the "gepack" lying beyond their boundary they were not able to recover it for me, and the only way I could procure my goods was to personally go and fetch them. I naturally felt extremely mortified upon being obliged to lose so much, what then meant valuable time to me.

Late on the Saturday evening of that week, however, landed me at my destination, Hof Saint Nikolaus. My readers can undoubtedly imagine the warm and generous welcome received at this hof, from the young man, when for the first time we met each other face to face, after conducting a correspondence of three years' duration. The Germans, as a rule, are "warm hand shakers," but here was an exception, above most other receptions. In that community I rusticated for a whole week among the families belonging to the same denomination as myself. The people here are principally occupied in farming and in coal mining. Large tracts of forest lands abound, and besides the small game that inhabit the dense woodlands, the wild boar offers exciteable sport in the hunting season.

From there I set out for my intended tour into the "Pfalz" (Rhineish Bavaria). In this province I took a roundabout tour, visiting and making calls upon families, many of whose addresses I had been furnished with by relatives prior to leaving my home land. Difficulties in locating a number of them was no little item, and my experiences at times were far from being agreeable. But upon finally finding the desired parties, my difficulties were entirely outdone in the kind manner in which they showed their hospitality. Partings at times were very sincere and seemed like one was leaving friends he knew for years. Very frequently I accidentally met people who had near relatives living in America and I was to them more than just a mere tourist of the country. Sometimes, if my time permitted, and not too much delay was occasioned, I would make a call on these people, who evidently offered every means they knew of to accommodate me.

Different times I came across parties who themselves at one time had been to "Amerika;" very singular sometimes were the occasions in which I happened to become acquainted with both the latter and the former parties. A number of parties whose addresses had been given me somewhat inaccurate I could not locate at all. A rather confounding fact in Germany is that there are so many places having the same names. Whenever this is the case it should be stated on what river or near what large place or city the particular place is located. The method of spelling a certain name into another than the German language sometimes also has much to do in confounding one in locating the place.

Enroute from place to place I often found very agreeable companions. I remember one especially entertaining and gossiping one, who formerly lived in the Tyrol. Many were the romantic tales my companion related, which occurred while hunting the chamois or traversing the dangerous mountain heights of the Tyrol.

The inhabitants of the "Pfalz" are a gossiping sort of people, and one will soon enjoy himself in a merry chat with them. They are noted for their "looseness of tongue." At all events, they are termed thus by the majority of the inhabitants of the surrounding countries. The contrast between these talkatives and the more quiet and cool headed "Alsacer" and "Lothringer" was easily noticed.

Formerly large numbers of the people of this country emigrated to America. Some of them, I was told, have accumulated quite a sum of money. I recollect in a certain large farming "dorf," called Offenbach by Landau, a large brick structure, three stories in height stands like a giant above the rest of the one and one-half story houses. This spacious building was erected by two brothers; one a certain prosperous Philadelphian and the other a successful physician. These two men were once poor Offenbach boys, and as they became men of some means they erected this costly building from their own overflowing purse, for their aged mother and two sisters.

The other houses of this particular "dorf" are chiefly alike in both size and built and stand with their gable end towards the street. The distance they are set apart is also very uniform. Here you have about the exact distance: Take a row of these houses, build them compactly against each other, then remove every other house and you have the distance they are set apart. Reminds one in taking a glance down along one of these country town rows of houses of a row of blocks, with every other block removed.

While I have commenced in relating a little about this town (at first not thinking of describing any more towns on this route), I may as well relate more about this farming village. The whole "dorf" has somewhat of an American aspect, caused by its whitewashed buildings, a few even being painted. Houses of both country and villages of other parts of Germany are, as a rule, left unpainted,

and less yet are whitewashed. The color of the gray cement with which they are coated predominates. This dorf is located in the tobacco growing district and here it was that I gleaned the facts for the article written in a former chapter on "German Tobacco Culture." A number of facts were also noted and received from a large grower located some distance away from the village.

In this dorf I made a hurried call upon seven families in a single half day. All the families visited had relatives "across the sea" who resided in my native country. At one place where it was arranged I should dine I was shown a grapevine, which has withstood the weather for over a half century. I was informed it was the same vine which stood there when a certain family moved from the selfsame dwelling to America many years ago.

From this place, which I had already visited the second time, I crossed over into Baden. I had done quite a lot of foot travel in my visit through the "Pfalz." The route several times extended far inland, into rural districts, where post-stage and foot-travel were the only means of getting about from place to place. At some of these inlying districts an exceedingly plain and simple life was led by the country folks.

Much of the former articles relating to simple and frugal living have been observed and gleaned in these parts. Several noted cities were also included in my route, of which Kaiserslautern was the leading one. Time and space will not permit to give an account of them in this brief and hurried article.

Much variation of scenery and landscape exists in this country. On my tour through this single country great contrasts in that respect were frequently noted. Some parts are rolling and almost bare of vegetation; other parts are more level and apparently very fertile. In the vicinity of Neustadt there is a fertile plain, covered with vineyards. Beyond on the one side extends a chain of beauti-

ful mountains, or rather a chain of prettily wooded peaks. Peak after peak form a long link-like chain of these peaks. At some places the land is of great irregularity in shape, and the various shaped slopes, planted in vineyards, make a pretty spectacle to behold.

Further south, in the southern part of this curious country, the land in some places is very rugged and mountainous, with here and there a narrow valley. The land adapted to cultivation seems entirely too small in area, compared with the population of that part of the country. Small patches of ground sown in wheat were here observed. Many of these patches which lay side by side were not any larger than some of the American farmers' gardens. A number of them contained but three ares of ground. I presume you remember the dimensions of an are, as described in a former article, giving an example of surface measure in use throughout Germany. (See page 262).

Wooded peaks also extend from some of these mountains. In many places, especially in the vicinity of Dahn, immense rocks extend abruptly upwards in a bold and upright position; some of them to a great height, others are more of a flat or square-like shape and cover a much greater space of surface at the base. Nearly all of them, however, are so perfect and accurate in shape as to give them the appearance of having been thus hewn and erected by man.

On approaching this part of the country, and upon viewing them from a distance, I attributed them to be old castles lying in ruins. I naturally thought to myself, what a country of castles! I, however, found them to be not merely all forms of rocks; some really were reputed and old time castles. Presume you remember in a former article where I described some of them which I chanced to visit.

We will leave this curious country for the present and follow up the main route again. A short stay was made in

the province of Baden, with the editor of a German religious paper. The route now extended into Würtemberg again; this time, however, the more northern parts were visited than on my previous tour into this country. The chief object of this return into the province before visited was to "take in" the "Weibertreu," and also visit a certain Mennonite family living on the Lauterbacher hof, some miles distant from the former place.

Enroute I passed through the old city of Heilbronn, of some 38,000 inhabitants. Neckarsulm, an olden-styled large town lying along the Neckar river, was the nearest railroad station to the hof mentioned, so I alighted from the "zug" (train) at this place. Generations ago men of rank were wont to stop here. By the appearance of its olden-styled streets and buildings, the small city undoubtedly has still the same aspect it had centuries ago. The former old prison and house of justice stand very eminent in the heart of the town, where the streets are the narrowest, and the houses the quaintest. I finally reached the Lauterbacher hof, the last six kilometers being traveled on foot.

The Lauterbacher Hof--An Instance of German Hospitality.

I found this "hof" to be one of the largest and most commanding one of any previously visited. Here in former years resided near relatives of the royal family. The inmates related with great enthusiasm of a wedding which occurred at this place. The event was well worthy of note. Many of the royal family were among the invited guests. The entire "hof" or farm, in our way of reckoning surface measure, proved to be no less than 700 acres.

Besides a number of well bred horses, thirty-two head of oxen were kept for service on the farm. These were

mostly used on the farm alone—chiefly for plowing. Here it was where I drew a furrow with a team of oxen, of which I made mention in a previous chapter.

I was shown all around in the interior of the spacious buildings by its inmates. Discernable tidiness and cleanliness ruled everywhere. Without a guide, I presume, one would soon have lost himself in the immense structure. Three families constituted the residents of this "hof." The buildings were all compactly annexed to each other forming nearly a square, or in other words, built along the three sides of an exceedingly large yard or enclosure, with the one side open. A gardener was employed, whose duty it was to attend to the different flowers, plants and shrubs, and also give some attention to the large trees in the grove immediately to the front of the "hof." This is a rendezvous for the Russian Mennonite students, traveling to and from the St. Chrischona college, near Basel, Switzerland. Different American Mennonite travelers have been cordially received at this place. Rev. A. D. Wenger, on his tour around the world, was among the ones entertained here.

Amusing incidents were related to me of former American Mennonite travelers, who were scarcely able to converse in German. Prior to my arrival, I was told, the children (thirteen in number) were awaiting my arriva with great expectancy of amusing themselves in hearing the "Amerikaner" speaking the broken German and in the gesticulation he would be obliged to go through in order to make them understand his only partly German expressions. In this they were greatly disappointed, as I could by this time "handle" the high German real well and could converse it to their surprise, in a fluent manner.

The kindness and hospitality shown me by this entire family was hardly excelled anywhere. My host had an especially entertaining manner. The noted simplicity, devoid of all pretentions and flattery, in the Germans' hospi-

tality causes one to feel home-like among them. This has much to do in causing them to be one of the leading class of people in showing regard to strangers.

The day following my arrival, I paid a visit to the old town of Weinsberg and its surroundings. In this I was accompanied by my kind host, who hitched in his combination of a one and two horse "fiktoria"* wagon and drove the entire distance. Much beautiful scenery was afforded on this trip. It may be interesting to add that the former mentioned, A. D. Wenger, on his tour through Germany, also paid the old castle at Weinsberg a visit and was accompanied to it from the identical place. Rev. Wenger also penned an article about the "Weibertreu" at Weinsberg, in his book, "Six Months in Bible Lands." (See page 37 in this latter referred to book).

A Visit to Weinsberg and the "Weibertreu."

Weinsberg is an old town of former repute and is located eight kilo to the east of Heilbronn. It lies at the very foot of a large peak-like mountain. Located at the top of this peak is an old castle, or former stronghold lying almost entirely in ruins. It is called the Weibertreu and dates back to the early centuries.

Quite a history is connected with it. In the year 1140 Kaiser Conrad III. marched through this country with his army. The Weinsbergers upon learning of his approach fled to the castle for safety. The castle was besieged; the inhabitants made a stubborn defense, but were finally compelled to surrender. Before sunset of that day each man

* Fiktoria—a wagon or coach, very similar to the regular German "kutche," excepting it is equipped with a pole or tongue to which either one or two horses may be hitched.

was doomed to lose his head. The women entreated the king because they were defenseless to let them leave the castle free and unmolested.

A certain day was appointed (think the history states it to have been on an Easter morning) when the women were granted their request and were at liberty to carry along out on their shoulders what valuables they may have in possession. They held a consultation over the matter and concluded to descend with their husbands, instead of their other valuables.

To the amazement, and no less embarrassment of the Kaiser and his followers each wife came out and down the winding descent with her husband on her back. The Kaiser was greatly bluffed by the women's shrewdness, but he admitted and said: "I have promised, and a King's word should not be disputed or broken." The women of Weinsberg thereby saved the lives of their husbands. Hence its name Weibertreu, which translated, means true womanliness. This is a great wine-growing district. From the top of the Weibertreu, one sees vineyard after vineyard on the neighboring slopes, terraced one above the other, forming, from a distance, the appearance of so many steps. Of all the wine grown here none sells so high as that grown on the slope of the Weibertreu. The rest may be fully as good to the taste, and yet the newly-made juice from the grapes grown on the Weibertreu sells at sixty to one hundred marks per one hundred liters. The difference in price depends upon the season and upon the variation of prices from one year to the other. This is quite a contrast in price from the wine grown in southern France, of which an item is given in a former article. (See page 253).

Numerous inscriptions are to be seen inserted or chisled into the soft, sandy rock at conspicuous places, of noted men who paid this reputed place a visit. Among them are certain former kings and other men of renown,

who belonged to the royal family. The dates shown on the inscriptions vary very much in difference of time. Some have been made recently, others years ago, and still others a lapse of many generations have existed and passed away since the inscriptions as per datums were made.

As previously stated, nearly the whole of this former fortified castle lies in ruins. One of its towers, however, still remains firm and is in itself an object worthy of a visit. The whole of the castle is a place from where many a poem has sprung and different ones have been composed in honor of the "Weibertreu" event. At the entrance inside of the castle one reads:

"Getragen hat mein Weib mich nicht aber ertragen
Dar war ein schwerers Gewicht als ich mach sagen!"

Another:

"Durch trene weiber wein und sang
Hat Weinsberg seinen guten klang."

The latter translated is:

"Through true womanliness wine and song
Has Weinsberg become a famous one."

At another entrance, and a little to the side of the main entrance, is the noted exit through which these wives passed with their most precious burdens upon their backs. At the foot of the hill stands a memorial to Justinus Kerner, the noted poet. It is built in the form of a big bust of Kerner. Almost as interesting as the Weibertreu itself is the Kernerhaus nearby. This was the home of Kerner.

In the big register book kept here one can see thousands upon thousands of names of people who paid this place a visit. Here many relics, portraits, paintings, etc., concerning the history of the noted poet and his descendants are kept. Above the heavy doors a German motto is inscribed welcoming the visitor, who is very cordially shown around and everything described by a matron who was formerly an attendant on the late Theobald Kerner.

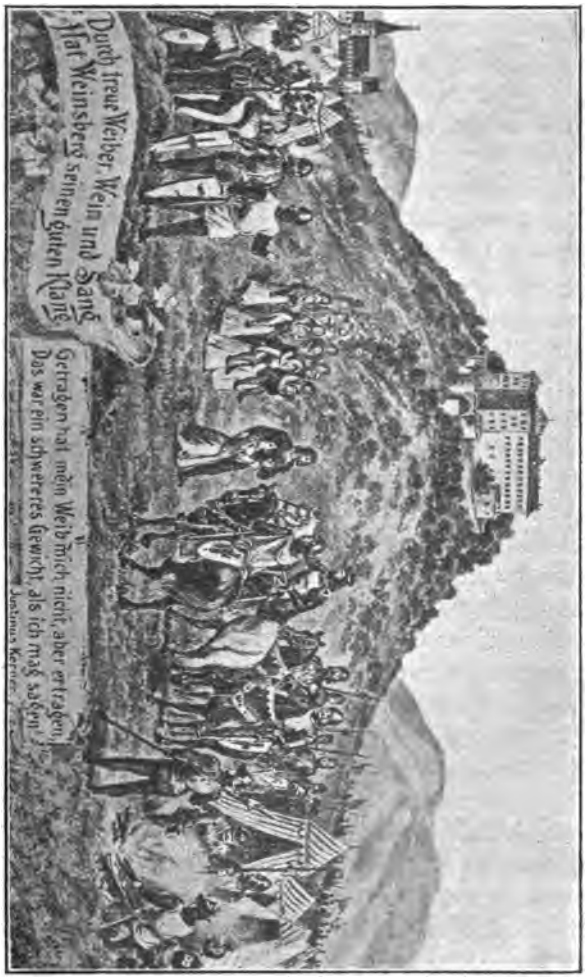


Illustration of the Incident Related on page 301.

A Visit to Heidelberg.

We now leave the place of wine and song to pay a hurried visit to Heidelberg, in olden times one of the chief cities in that country. What interests the visitor here mostly is the old castle. It is a tremendous castle lying mostly in ruins, although enough of it remains to give one a clear conception of the once magnificent display of grandeur. It is beyond a doubt one of the finest, largest and most picturesque specimens of these former fortified habitations of all Germany. It dates back to the fourteenth century. The war of thirty years wrought much damage to the fortified castle whose walls are more than fourteen feet in thickness. The clock tower upon the wall is a big eight-cornered one. I procured the services of a guide and was shown hastily around the big castle. I should have first added that in order to reach the castle you walk up a series of long stone steps, and at last find yourself at the main entrance. The castle lies on a high elevation above the city. In walking around to the edge of the castle walls, one abruptly finds himself at the verge of a steep wall, built upon the very brink of a still steeper cliff, with the city hundreds of feet beneath.

In olden times this fortified residence of princes and rendezvous of kings was thought inaccessible, and yet in 1689 it was captured by the French, who played havoc with its immense walls. At one place where the powder magazine or cellar was located the whole side of the building was thrown out. It lies in ruins the same as it did on that fateful day, and presumably will for years to come. We will return to the big room, where, I am informed, whole oxen were roasted for the king's board. At another place was a tremendous bakeoven, where, one can imagine from its size, bread and pastry were baked proportionately to the whole ox.

In the cellar I was shown the big Heidelberger barrel, where the wine was kept, the capacity of which is 49,000 gallons. It was filled the last time in 1769. The length of this clumsy, wooden barrel is ten meters, by seven meters in height (over thirty feet in length and some twenty feet in height). I have written of a big barrel seen at Tübingen, but this one exceeds any before seen, and is claimed to be the largest in existence. On the top of the barrel a dancing pavillion is built. One may think many a giddy dance was performed on top of the barrel, made still more giddy from its contents.

At the one end of the barrel stands a figure of Perkeo, in natural size, and seemingly natural appearance. This man Perkeo tapped the wine for the lovers of the sparkling cup. He was noted for being the heaviest drinker in his time, drinking daily from fifteen to eighteen flasks. My guide asked me to wind up the Perkeo clock by drawing down a wire. Those of my readers who have visited the big barrel know the consequence. As I am not inclined to relate a joke at my own expense, I will drop that part. The guide estimated the annual number of visitors to the barrel at 100,000.

Much could yet be written concerning this tremendous castle and its history but it would occupy an article solely by itself, and as much has already been related about former ones visited we will omit saying any more about this one.

Of the city, which is a great resort to this day, much could also be said; of its picturesquely winding streets, its numerous churches, beautiful parks, the tree-clad hills nearby, its large university and other institutions of learning.

Something about the students of this city could also be told; how they pride themselves in the ugly scars marked upon their faces received in their revelry of fighting, and how they sometimes very near bleed themselves to death by such inhuman and heathenish sport.

Various poems have, like unto many other places, been written of this city. Herewith I will quote the first verse of one of them:

Alt Heidelberg, du Feine,
Du Stadt an Ehren reich!
Am Neckar und am Rheine
Kein andre kommt dir gleich.

General Route Taken, and a Brief Account of the First Battle of the War of 1870.

Moving northward, my route took me through the large city of Mannheim and the city of Ludwigshafen near-by. These are large manufacturing centers lying along the Rhine. The former city has a population of over 140,000. Here, as well as the remainder of the country north of Mannheim, lying along the Rhine, the population is very dense. If you look on the map you will notice the cities located at short intervals. Between these are many towns that are not shown on the map. In traveling along the Rhine one often is not able to ascertain just how many towns and cities he passes through, as they are all so much linked together.

A stop of but short duration was made at Mannheim. A strike was in progress; consequently I was advised not to detain myself here. 14,000 manufacturing employes were idle, many of them boldly traversing the streets. The sights were "taken in" by a "tram" (trolley) ride through the most interesting parts of the city. The chief and most noted places were the famous "Wasser Thurm," "Fredrichs-platz," "Paradenplatz," and the old immense "Schlosz."

From this tumultuous place I crossed over the Rhine into the "Pfalz" again, visiting different places, and finally landed in Alsace again; this time to visit Geisberg, near

Weissenburg, in the extreme northern part of Alsace. A half hour's walk from the latter city brought me to my destination, upon the summit, or rather more like a plateau, above the city.

Here, in the war of 1870, the first battle was fought between Germany and France. A monument is erected as a memorial of the event. The Germans were led by their gallant crown prince. After a bloody conflict of only a few hours' duration, the French were driven from their quarters and one thousand of them taken prisoners. This occurrence took place on the fourth of August, 1870. Two days later at Wörth, some miles beyond Weissenburg, a still fiercer battle took place. The incessantly moving and advancing prince here again was victorious. The French thought themselves securely located and on the first assault made by the foe they merely mocked and made sport of them. The tide however turned; 10,000 of the French were either slain or wounded, while fully that many were taken prisoners. Those of the previously mocking soldiers who were not slain or captured now fled in dismay. Almost the entire lot of arms and ammunition were left for the Germans, among which were thirty-six cannons and the large and costly tent of the French general, Mac Mahons.

At Geisberg I spent a short time as guest of a certain kind-hearted and entertaining Mennonite family. Not far distant from the monument some six or eight "hofs" lie together in one enclosure. Far and near the land is tilled by these inmates with no other "hofs" in sight. These include what is called Geisberg. Many visitors are received here, who come to see the historical place. The entire number of families belong to the Mennonite faith.

While on my stay here I made a call on several of them. While I was sitting in one of these buildings, taking notes of the foregoing event, I could see four bullets still lodged in the wall, as a remembrance of that fateful

day. The heavy wooden door at the entrance of this dwelling was fairly well marked and riddled with bullets. Outside near a window, on the second story, a large patch is plainly visible. This, I was told, is the place where a large cannon ball pierced through the thick wall and rolle i over the floor. At the side of the dwelling, facing the famous battle ground, the wall is literally branded with scores of bullet holes.

The father of my host, an aged man, and an old aunt (sister to the former) related with great enthusiasm of the occurrence of that fateful August afternoon. Their remembrance of it, they said, was as clear and distinct as though it had occurred but a week before. Up to noon everything was quiet and calm as usual. Shortly afterward a black column was seen advancing towards Weissenburg. In course of half an hour all was fury and commotion. The wounded soldiers were brought into the house for treatment. First the lower rooms were filled and then they were carried into the rooms in the upper stories. Finally the house was filled with wounded soldiers lying side by side upon the floors. In the short period in which the battle waged, hundreds of men fell on both sides.

Although the Germans were victorious, yet they lost the greatest number of men. The battle ended almost as abruptly as it begun. Long before sunset the entire slope was void of any soldiers, except a few at the quarters on the summit, and the black column was again far out of sight.

The Old Town of Bitsch and its Surroundings.

The main tour was again directed westward, towards Lothringen. Enroute several stops and side trips were made. This part of the country (extreme northern Alsace) at many places is very rugged and mountainous. Another

large town, by the name of Bitsch, was visited on the way. The town has an old and outlandish aspect. Located in a mountainous region, cleanliness apparently has lost itself here. More the opposite seems to rule. Inside the old entrance through which one passes in entering the city, guards are stationed both day and night. Clad in soldier uniform, they stand stiff and firm as a block. Presumably they would answer the purpose well of taking the place of a wax man inside some show window or have a place in some museum.

Far above the town, on precipitous and steeple-high rocks, there is a strong fortification and garrison, occupied by a large force of soldiers. Visitors, if of German birth, and if still a citizen of the country, are admitted. Foreigners are never granted permission to enter the fort. It is an immense stronghold. The natural position in which it is located causes it to be one of the strongest of entire southern Geamany. In viewing it from below the place appears to be inaccessible.

Near Bitsch lie the tremendous ruins of Falkenstein. When gunpowder and cannons first became in use these strongholds of the days when sword-law ruled were compelled to yield to the death rending bullets. Fredrick VI. was a friend of those of his subjects who were obedient, but those who committed acts of violence and injustice greatly feared the good ruler.

This burggrave ruled in the beginning of the fourteenth century in the latter days of the Feudal system. In those days the knights or barons who lived in the fortified castles became a terror to the people. These barons did not like Fredrick and openly resisted him and swore that if it would rain burggraves for a whole year not a single one would ever prosper and have control over them.

Fredrick marched against them with his troops. They fled into their castles and behind the thick walls they thought themselves safe and secure. A great surprise was

given them—something which they never dreamed of, or less yet heard about. A twenty-four pound cannon, which was called the "faule Grete," was used and the strongholds were one after another battered down by the cannon's balls.

Because this was the first one in use in those parts, it spread consternation and dismay wherever it went. In a single day some thirty castles were taken. Quiet and submission was restored and the people who previously were but little better than slaves now thought themselves a free and fortunate people.

A few more days were spent among former acquaintances in Lothringen again. On my departure some very touching partings were made—possibly for the last time to meet on this earth. With these thoughts in view one will for a while be buried in deep meditation and the lump in one's throat will at first seem to be a hard matter to keep back.

Some time was then spent in southern Rhenish Prussia, the route extending some miles beyond the old formerly Roman city of Trier.

A Brief Account of the old Roman City of Trier.

Trier is said to be among, if not one of the oldest cities of Germany, and yet its present population is only about 43,000. I will omit mentioning anything about its present condition, and briefly relate something about its history of former ages.

As early as 58 years before Christ the noted and ever successful Roman general and dictator, Julius Cæsar, in his conquests through Gaul,* learned the inhabitants of

* Ancient name of France, which at that time comprised the greater part of southern Germany. The inhabitants were also called Gauls.

Trier to be an able, combative class of people. (Presume most of my readers know the history of Julius Cæsar). He is considered to have been one of the greatest generals that ever lived. His subjects deemed him to be more than mortal. He was considered a sacred being and his statue was placed next to Jupiter among the Gods. Notwithstanding all this he was finally assassinated by one of his own senators.

In "Kaiser" Augustus' time the city was prosperous and in the fifteenth year after the birth of Christ it became a standard Roman city. From the year 286 until to the end of the fourth century it was the capital and chief city of Rome's westerly possessions. Being the seat of Roman emperors, much grandeur existed here in those days. Even to the present day remnants of the once pompous Roman city can yet be seen. After the fall of Rome the Frankish* kings had one after another this city as their headquarters.

It may be interesting to add an anecdote about one of these kings. His name was little King Pepin. As he was so small in size his courtiers often made fun of him. He resolved to show them that there was as much manhood in him as there could possibly be in a giant. He consequently invited them to witness a fight between a lion and a bull. With a terrible roar the lion sprang upon the bull's back, sticking his claws deep into the bull. Little King Pepin thereupon stood upon his throne and with all his might cried out, which of you all, he cried, will make that lion let go his hold? The courtiers all stood silent and abashed. None of them undertook to venture himself in reach of the lion's claws. "Then I'll do it myself," said the mighty little king. With a bound he sprang from his throne and drew a sword almost as long as himself, brandishing it

* A powerful tribe of Germany, who in the early centuries subjugated nearly all the other tribes of Europe.

in the air, he sprang up to where the lion was still clinging to the poor bull. When the lion beheld this little opponent, he opened his immense jaws and snapped at the king as though he meant to devour him at a single mouthful. The powerful little king aimed a heavy blow fair upon the lion's neck. Down fell the lion's head on one side of the bull, while from the other side his body rolled into the arena. It is said ever after that event the courtiers would rather have taken a lion by the mane than laugh at little King Pepin.

The noted King Charlemagne, surnamed Charles the Great, was a son of the little king. In Roman times men of great renown spent some of their time in this city. Among them were Athanasius, of Alexandria, and the noted scholars Hieronymus and Ambrosius. In days when Roman Catholicism was at its height, churches here sprung up, which in those days were world-renowned.

Noteworthy are different buildings and ruins. Among them are the Basilika, the emperor's palace, and the old amphitheatre. The latter lies some distance away from the city. The ruins only give a partial idea as to the once mighty structure. The amphitheatre is said to have been capable of seating 50,000 spectators at one sitting. Today trees and shrubbery have sprung up where once was the scene of many an inhuman spectacle. Here many a poor human being became the victim of wild animals, which were kept purposely to tear and devour human beings. They were usually kept in large numbers in pens along the arena. At one time emperor Constantine the Great caused several thousand to be doomed here to such a death.

The Romans considered such occasions great sport and attended these scenes much the same as the Mexicans attend their bull fights or the Americans their horse races. I would be greatly inclined to tell more of this former Roman city and about things which occurred within its walls,

but the story would be a long one and would possibly prove rather wearisome to some of my readers, so we will hurriedly draw towards the close of the tour.

The Small Country of Luxemburg.

The next country visited was Luxemburg, which is a small Grand Duchy, scarcely any larger than an average single county of the United States. Its area is less than a thousand square miles, while the entire population is only a little above two hundred thousand.

It is rather a rugged country and is not settled near as thickly as most other European countries. At no other place did I find the wild boar as plentiful as in the small country of Luxemburg. On market days, in season, one can find their unpalatable-looking carcasses hanging for sale. In spite of the country having much rugged and wooded land there are also some very fertile plains. On these I found large hofs, with here and there a peasant farmer of some means. This was the only country in which I found the farm buildings were given a coat of whitewash. The family dwellings, too, were separate from the rest of the buildings. Large whitewashed barns stood out prominent from the remaining buildings.

On the whole it caused in me a somewhat home-like feeling, of the large whitewashed bank barns of my native county in America. The roads also have much to do in giving it an American aspect, being, what is generally termed in America, "the ordinary 'dirt' or country road." The country people, as well as many of the city folks speak in a kind of Dutch, French and German dialect. The adopted language among the higher class of people is the German. Like the Germans, they are very hospitable and simple in manner.

The chief ruler of the small nation is called a Grand Duke. While on my stay in this country their chief mag-

istrate was confined with a serious illness and since my return I have been informed he died. I was told he had no sons, but was the proud parent of nine daughters, and in case the father died the eldest daughter would become their chief ruler and would be called a Grand Duchess. As to serving military duty, the country is free. A number of Mennonites availed themselves of this privilege and settled in this country. Upon inquiring of them in other countries why not more take this afforded opportunity, they merely smile and hint at the way the Luxemburgers are generally "scoffed at." To be a Luxemburger one will be small in the eyes of any nobleman or men of rank of the surrounding nations. They are even ridiculed and jested by the peasantry or lower class of people of the other countries. A standing body of two hundred soldiers are stationed throughout the small country. These, however, fill more the office of the policemen than of soldiers. No industries worth mentioning are carried on.. Notwithstanding all this, the people occupied in agricultural pursuits are prosperous, and, as before remarked, there are some real well-to-do farmers, who really possess and own their farms themselves.

Cologne and Vicinity--Densest Part of Germany's Population.

From Luxemburg I returned into Germany again, going as far east as the river Rhine. I moved northward along this stream into the Netherlands, or Holland, as it is generally called.

It was my intention to travel the entire remaining length of the "Mother Rhine" on steamer, but in this I was disappointed. Severe cold weather suddenly set in and by the time I reached Köln (Cologne) on the Rhine the stream was so much frozen that I had to abandon my former de-

sire, and be content by traveling the distance by "bahn" (railway).

It may be interesting to give a brief narrative of this latter city. Cologne, in German called Köln or Cöln, is the chief city of Rhenish Prussia, and lies forty-five miles above the city of Coblenz. On the opposite side of the river is located the suburb of Deutz. A bridge of boats, 1,400 feet in length, connects the two towns. A handsome iron bridge also spans the river. Both bridges are greatly renowned. Cologne, when viewed from a distance, has a picturesque aspect, but it is very irregularly built, and the older streets are narrow, crooked and dirty.

As this city lies on the "beaten track of travel," I will not describe any more about it, except give a brief account of the world-reputed Cathedral or "Dom" of this city. It is considered among the finest samples of Gothic architecture of all Europe and stands fourth in size of built. It stands upon the site of a cathedral commenced about the beginning of the ninth century. It required a long time to build the present edifice. In the midst of its apparently nearing completion, King Conrad died and the work of building advanced but slowly. In the time of the Reformation work was entirely abandoned. It, however, was completed some time afterwards.

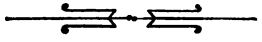
The cathedral is built in the form of a cross, and its towers are more than five hundred feet in height. The interior is a grand sight. The height of the central aisle is 154 feet. In side chapels are monuments of the founder and other archbishops of Cologne, also the impressive shrine of three kings who were buried here, more than a thousand years ago. The shrine is richly adorned with gold and other precious stones. The whole of the interior as well as its numerous windows are very imposing.

Old walls still surround the city whose circuit length are about seven miles. The city has quite a trade with Holland, Belgium and other countries, and consequently it

is one of the leading commercial cities along the Rhine. Steamers ply regularly between this city and other ports along the Rhine.

Soon the large city of Düsseldorf is reached. Here I spent the last night of the old or the preceding year. I was now in Germany's densest population. After leaving this place, the cities and large towns of Creffeld, Duisburg and Ruhrort were soon one after another passed by. All these, including Köln, are in the heart of a great manufacturing center. Large industries are carried on which give ample employment to the densely settled populace. The principal manufactures are cotton yarn, hosiery, woollens, silks, tobacco, sugar, soap, whitelead, porcelain, wax candles, starch, malts, dyes, carpets, brandy and spirits, leathern and metal wares, and numerous novelties. In traveling the entire distance of this densely populated part of Germany it had the appearance of one single city to which there seemed to be no ending.

Finally arriving in the city of Emmerich, which lies on the boundary line of Germany and the Netherlands, I crossed into the curious "Holland land." Enough could be said of this single country and of things observed on the way to make a booklet of its own. I will, however, for the present omit writing anything about it. I fear my "story" will already prove to be too long for some of my readers, so we will endeavor to draw to a close by proceeding to the last chapter.



CHAPTER XVIII.

The Last Few Days on the Continent, and the Return trip.

A Night Spent on the Holland--German Frontier, and a few Remarks on Dutch Hospitality.

An extended and hurried tour was made through Holland, when I finally reached the German frontier again at the extreme northeastern border of the Netherlands. The place where I landed is called, in the Holland Dutch language, Nieuwe Schantz, the former word meaning "new."

My arrival occurred at a late hour in the night. It was my previous intention to remain in Holland that night, but finding my change of the queer Dutch coinage about all consumed, I was compelled to move onward to the boundary, where the German money would again be accepted. Seems somewhat strange, and is rather inconvenient, when one has a sufficient amount of money on his person and can not use it.

My destination proved to be a quaint, primitive, olden-styled Dutch village. Being much fatigued and tired, I wished to retire immediately. Consequently I asked for an "anständiges gast-haus" (decent inn), whereupon I was directed to what they considered a decent lodging place.

On entering, I found myself in a spacious, low-ceiled room. A wild outlandish kind of a dance was in progress. It was performed by the young peasantry of the village of both sexes. The music to which they danced was as coarse and outlandish as the dance itself.

In order to state my wants I was obliged to move or rather push through all this fantastic play to the other end of the room, where the host and his wife were sitting. They were so absorbed in their wild play that at first I was scarcely noticed, but soon a few moved up to where I was standing. Soon a few more came forward, and shortly afterward still a few more "pushed in." If I would have lingered much longer I have no doubt but that the wild performance would have ceased entirely to observe the curious intruder. As it was, I was the central figure of observation for a little while.

I wished to retire immediately, and to my chagrin was shown up to the loft of the one and one-half-story building, immediately above where the dancing was in operation. Try as much as I would, I could not sleep for a long while. Occasionally wild shrieks of laughter would burst forth out of the midst of the noise and din below. The bed to which I was shown was merely a pile of straw evenly distributed in a corner of the loft, but covered with a clean white sheet and sufficient covering. I must admit this humble bed was cleaner and more free of "live stock" than others I had occasion to use in some of the larger and higher priced hotels. I at last dropped into a slumber. How long these young Dutch folks kept up their way of merrymaking I am not able to say, but evidently it must have been a late hour when they dispersed.

I had given orders to the proprietor of the house to awaken me early in order to board the five o'clock train for Bremen. This he faithfully did, and even was so kind as to make me a warm drink and also conduct me to the "bahnhof." The Dutch are a generous-hearted people, and one

need not fear to travel among them. Even in the remote places in Holland one can depend to be unharmed and may travel with safety. They will serve him generously and with open heart. I shall long remember with pleasure the short sojourn made in Holland, and it was with much regret that my limited time did not allow me to remain longer.

The ever-present Dutch windmill will also long remain in my vision. To the countryman's way of thinking, Holland is noted for its windmills, many canals and ditches, many floating crafts, its generous and tidy people, cleanliness in the dairy and its peculiar coke, used as fuel. This coke is simply turf dug out of the earth. It is piled in big heaps and left to dry several days, when it is padded down, and spaded out in blocks of the size of a brick, which are then thoroughly dried and sold as fuel. They are sold by number, not by weight. One thousand blocks cost four florins ($1.60). This number is supposed to furnish as much heat as a ton of coal.

In attending church services at a certain place little wooden boxes were handed around to the congregation. At first I thought they were merely to rest the feet upon. I, however, soon felt a comfortable warmness issue from the box upon which I had rested my feet. A piece of the dried turf is ignited and laid in the small stool-like box, which is lined with a substance not inflammable. Holes are bored through the top to allow the heat to escape. A uniform warmth issues out of these holes, which is not at all despicable.

The turf does not flame but burns very slowly, at the same time producing a vast lot of heat. This turf is dug at an average depth of about fourteen feet below the surface. It is said to have at one time been the bottom of the sea. In it reeds, which are partly petrified, are easily discernable.

I left my former mentioned destination by "schnell

zug" (through train) direct for the city of Bremen. The sight from the car windows afforded fine scenery as we passed first through the lowlands of Hanover and Oldenburg, and then through the more elevated fertile plains of the latter country.

For a long time the ever-present windmills hove in sight; also the various sized ditches and canals, and the fine grazing fields along their sides, but finally these gave way to more cultivated and wooded land. Passengers "pouring in" used the pure German speech, and the Dutch dialect was no longer heard.

A Short Sketch of the City of Bremen and its Impressive Rathaus.

If you turn to page 151 you will be reminded that Bremen comprises one of the free states of Germany.

The Bremen State embraces an area of 25,639 hectares, of which the town itself occupies 5,333 hectares. The formation of the soil of this state shows the same character as that of the low plains of northern Germany, of which a little has been said in a former chapter.

The entire population of the free state is 263,440. The city itself contains over 200,000. In latitude Bremen lies several degrees further north than New Foundland, and yet, taking this in consideration the climate is mild and the soil productive. I will give the chief details of this thrifty northern city by inserting a "clip" out of a certain paper for which I wrote an article after visiting the place.

"Bremen's reputation and particular importance in the German empire is due to the rank it occupies as a commercial center. Thousands of all kinds of shipping crafts lay along side the miles of wharves.

"Bremen lies on both sides of the river Weser, at a



Dutch Life in Some of the Remote Places of Holland. (See pages 318 and 319).



An Ordinary Holland Scene (See Page 319).

distance of about 120 kilo from the mouth, and according to the census taken in 1905, has 214,861 inhabitants. Tradition tells us that Bremen was founded as a fishing village before the time of Charlemagne by some fugutive low Saxon fishermen with their wives and children. These folks, with all their belongings, went up the river in small floating crafts with the intention of settling at some convenient spot. On the way they noticed a hen with her brood of young come out of the heather. At the sight of the fishermen the hen called her young together under her wings. They considered this a good omen, so they disembarked here and built themselves rude huts.

"Not much can be said of the history of Bremen before 780 years after Christ. From that time on Christianity and civilization spread among the Saxons and Frisians. In the 11th century Archbishop Adelbert, of the Catholic church, held sway here, but in 1522 through the preaching of Heinrich von Zütphens, on the Evangelical religion, it became a Protestant city.

"Before beginning on the general description of the modern city, will say that it plays an important part of the Bremen musicians, read in school books all over the country and originates from Grimm's Fairy Tales. The story is also circulated throughout America. I well remember the story read in my school days.

"I will commence with the Rathaus. The first cornerstone was laid in 1405, by mason Salome. Next to the third column from the Obern strasse is the emblem of Bremen; a hen with her brood under her wings.

"In the cellar of the Rathaus there are casks containing large quantities of rich wine, one made in 1655, containing 24,000 bottles, and another 30,000 bottles. The latter has not been re-filled since the beginning of the last century. Wine is kept here that was made in 1653 and 1666, and is valued at 93 marks per flask. Another large cask contains five hogsheads.

"Many an important affair of the state was settled here in one of the rooms, which is forty meters in length, and now in this present age of civilization the sparkling, seemingly innocent wine is here given out by the glass, I am informed, either by the city or state (which I was not able to discern) at wholesale prices. To think, that instead of preserving order and peace within its walls, as was the custom in days of yore, they sell the tumult and disorder which lurks in the wine cup. They have even brought the Scripture into playing a part in the cellar. In one cellar lie twelve casks, named after the twelve apostles. They contain wine from 1726 and 1727. The cellar is called the apostle cellar.

"The next place of importance is the Dom, an old church, with two big domes rising to quite a height. The building of this Roman-styled church was begun in the beginning of the tenth century and continued by Archbishop Adelbert. It required nearly 100 years to build it and was not finished until 1101. The lower pillars of the front show five statues carved in stone, extending from the side of the front, and represent David, Moses, Peter, Paul and in the center the figure of Charlemagne. At the foot of the first four figures are lions and griffins lying at the side of the steps as if to guard the doors.

"Besides the places mentioned, Bremen has many other places of interest, such as museums, the Kornhaus, the noted Bremen bank, Bleikeller, large, costly, ancient fountains, the Liebfrauen church and many other places. Indeed one could easily spend a whole week in this old town and visit new places of interest every day.

"The majority of tourists are drawn to the larger cities, I presume, by the luxuries existing there, and by the elegant buildings and finely lined streets, but we have all those in America, and for my part I could interest myself in the more ancient cities with their old churches, rathauses, old styled dwellings and quaint and narrow streets.



Market Place and Roland Statue, Referred to on Page 326.

Bremen has the advantage of having all these, besides many new buildings of note. The old town lies on the right bank of the Weser, while the new town lies on the left."

The Rathaus mentioned in the article is one of the chief attractions of the city. It is a veritable ornament to the city, and of great historical and artistic value. Being built when Gothic style yet prevailed, its sides are adorned with rich carvings and elegant figures.

Those on the south side of the magnificent building represent the "Kaiser" and seven of his "kürfürsten." On the east and west sides some wise men of antiquity, and some apostles are shown. In 1609–1612 a beautiful facade has been added to the building. This facade is so brilliant and full of life, as has caused the Rathaus to be admired as one of the most valuable treasures of German renascency. The entrances leading to it are on both short sides or gable sides of the building. On pedestals on both sides of the steps stand two excellently modelled horses, upon each of which is mounted a bold and fearless-looking knight. The knights are arrayed in full and magnificent armour, each resting his lance upon the ground. These equestrian statues are cast in solid copper.

Immediately opposite the Rathaus, on the market place, stands an imposing ancient-like figure. This is a certain ancient archbishop of great renown, whose name was Roland. The statue goes by the same name. To my estimation it is one of the most curious of statues of Germany. Its whitish color, ancient style, and its marked and set features makes it exceedingly impressive. The form is of white limestone supported by a sandstone base. It was erected in the year 1404. For many ages the country people have assembled on the market place around this veritable antique and offered their products for "vender." Generations upon generations have both existed and faded away and the old statue remains, probably for many gen-

erations to come. On his left arm Roland carries a shield, upon which is inserted the imperial eagle, and an inscription in the kind of ancient German language which was used in those years. It reads:

Vryheit do ick ju openbar
De Carl und mennich Vorst vorwar
Desser Steede gegeven hat
Des danket Gode, is min radt.

Stepping back to the Rathaus and passing through the entrance, one finds himself at the head of a winding stairway. Following these brings you into the spacious forty-meter-long room of which reference has been made before. The ceiling is ornamented with paintings of former emperors—from Charlemagne (year 800) to Kaiser Siegismund (1410). A marble statue of Bremen's greatest Bürgermeister also adorns the room.

Stairways lead both up and down into other chambers. These also have entrances and stairways leading into different cellars and apartments. Each chamber, room and cellar has its particular name and its own special adornments. In some rich paintings of both war-like and biblical history adorn the walls. In others rich and costly carvings furnish an imposing spectacle. Still in other rooms symbolic figures stand out with great eminence. In the cellars numerous large casks contain the sparkling wine. Like the rooms, each cask has his own particular name. The names given are usually in honor of some renowned men of antiquary.

In the main room four casks are located, which are said to contain exactly 93,000 bottles of wine. Behind these casks runs a narrow passage, at the end of which there is another entrance, leading into another hall, which is called the Echo Hall. It is estimated that millions upon millions of marks are here invested in the wine alone. The famous Rüdesheim wines, produced from the vintages as early as the year 1653 are stored here.

The "Priölken," or senates room, leading off to the left from the main room, is worthy a visit. For centuries upon centuries the senators have assembled here in joyful revel (often too joyful), as alluded in the words by Hermann Allmers:

"Jahrhunderte hat hier gezecht
In deutschem wein, Geschlecht auf Geschlecht;
Drum ehr auch du den geweihten ort—
Und, wie die väter: Zeche fort!"

Translated this reads something in this order:

Hundreds of years drank here to inspiration—
The German wine, generation upon generation;
Therefore honor thou also the consecrated spot
And like the forefathers: "Zeche faut."
(Continue drinking heavily as they did).

To a moral person's point of view this is rather bad advice.

A little poem comes to my mind:

The Germans to this day,
Love their revel, wine and song;
Hence it will be well—my stay
No longer to prolong.

Much could yet be said of the various and exceedingly interesting places of Bremen, of which the museum of Natural History, Ethnography and Trade; the Municipal Library; the Bleikeller and the Botanical Garden are the chief ones. The museum referred to was the first of its kind and has become a model for others.

The Bleikeller (lead cellar) at Bremen's Cathedral or Dom contains mummified corpses of human persons, which are more than two hundred years old. The body of a former noted countess, also that of a general, are among the corpses.

I would also like to relate something about Bremen's many Cafés and pastry shops; its numerous monuments and marvelous sculptored fountains; and also write about

the busy and prosperous people who live in this free state, but I can not tarry any longer, neither do I wish to tire my readers any more with affairs of the "old world," so we will depart for the "new."

The Departure--An Objectionable Experience.

We now proceed to Bremerhaven (meaning Bremen harbor). It lies about 55 kilo to the north. On the morning of my last day on German soil I left Bremen long before daybreak for the former place. I will not soon forget the event. Passengers for the North Lloyd steamship line here are transported by the company by rail to Bremerhaven. There were a large number of passengers on this occasion, numbering presumably several thousand who had secured passage tickets for New York. In order to secure seats for themselves, the pushing and crowding carried on by the mass of humanity was exceedingly great when boarding the trains. Women were actually pushed aside and some were nearly trampled over. Such crowded trains! Never before did I experience such an event, neither do I care to experience it again. A ride of almost two hours brought us to the immense harbor.

Here the large and newly built steamship, Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm, was awaiting the arrival of its passengers. It required several hours to embark and load the large piles of trunks and chests, which were hoisted on board with a large derrick. Another half hour was taken up in loosening the ropes and letting down the gangplanks. Not until eleven o'clock did the large steamer slowly begin to move out of the harbor.

Tug boats were first used, as the channel was very narrow. In fact it was so narrow that for the distance of about a mile the banks were so close that people walking

on them held a conversation with those on board the ship. After these slowly moving tug boats had tugged our ship into wider waters the machinery in the lower part of the ship was brought into action and we soon sped along under its propulsion. For a long time we passed along with land continually in sight, but some time in the afternoon we gradually left the land behind us.

A Week Between Two Continents.

Everything went along smoothly until the third day at sea. A high gale then came up and the small rolling waves gradually became larger and larger until in the course of several hours they became tossing billows. After this had been going on for a half day a large billow would occasionally come along and sweep over deck. The ship was now being tossed about like a feather. Sometimes it would dive headlong with its bow into a coming wave and then rise suddenly again, leaving the stern "down hill." Soon nearly everyone on board became seasick. I managed to "stomach it" the first day, but on the morning of the second day I, too, had to give way to this disagreeable sickness. This lasted two days, when the wind abated and the sea gradually regained its calmness. The last few days we had exceptionally fine sailing.

Seasickness is a miserable disease, and yet it hardly ever proves fatal. The attack often comes upon a person very suddenly. One may feel perfectly well and in the best of spirits, and in the course of less than half an hour may be terribly sick. I truly believe little would one care during a spell of intense seasickness if the vessel really would sink.

I have heard of other travelers relate of the sickness and its symptoms something like this: First stage: One is afraid he will become sick. Second: You fear you may die. Third: You wish you could die. It is a somewhat

singular, and to travelers a fortunate fact, that death seldom, if ever, results from this awful sickness. It may however occur when some other malady sets in.

On the morning of about the sixth day on board one of my roommates overheard a conversation between the nurses and several of the stewards to the effect that a certain emigrant lady died during the night and that early that morning her remains were let down overboard. Upon inquiring of several of the stewards as to the affair they flatly denied it and plainly showed their vexation of our having too open ears. I had already written an article for a certain paper, for which I was corresponding on my trip abroad, about the sad affair, but was obliged to leave that part out on account of not being able to verify the supposed facts. This much I know, the lady who was supposed to have been the victim was no more to be noticed afterwards. Previous to that she was daily observed on deck with her small family of three little children, the smallest a mere prattling youngster.

Different such cases were aboard the vessel where either the father or mother were left with a small family and were now on their way to seek and eke out their existence in the new world.

A company of twelve of us had clubed together and rented a sailor's room. All were Germans, with the exception of a certain Nebraska farmer and myself. This farmer had been abroad on a three weeks' visit to the country from which he formerly emigrated. Another member of the party was coming over to America for the third time. The storm did not seem to effect him in the least, and he merely made fun of us in our distress. Some of the party were coming "nach Amerika" to make their future home with some relative who formerly emigrated and who were now offering assistance to their friends abroad. "Uncle" was a religious man and came across on a visit.

Our party was bound for many different places in the United States. A few staid in New York and New Jersey; some in Pennsylvania, and others were bound for the western states, one even going as far as San Francisco. In bidding each other "ad yea" many good wishes were showered upon one another and the parting seemed like leaving intimate friends. Each room member had his particular name. One was called "uncle," others passed by names like "Fritz," "Kasper," "Hans," etc. "Jonah in the whale's belly" sufficed for myself.

Being in the interior of a great ship on a calm day one would not think he was aboard ship. Various sorts of amusements were continually on the go with the merry German young people. Much of the time was devoted to singing songs of the Fatherland. There was also a good musician among the company. Over the seasickness siege the room was rather quiet. We were all in bed, except the sturdy Nebraskan, who braced it through. He attended to us while we were sick, and as he was a middleaged man we jestfully rewarded him with the name of "papa."

Our meals were brought into the room, all we needed to do was sit down and dine on what was brought us. The utensils were cleaned by one of the stewards. Several times I had occasion to see how the steerage passengers dined. Large kettles of soup were brought in to one side of the large room. The men then came pushing and crowding along in order to get their measured quantity of soup. They came down on one side and returned on the other. Shortly before coming to where the victuals were handed out they passed through a narrow passage made by stretching a rope. Here a steward stood, allowing but one man to pass through at a time.

Besides soup, they were handed a piece of rye bread and occasionally cabbage and potatoes. Potatoes were mostly served with the "jackets" on. Sometimes meat was added. Each man washed and cared for his own uten-

sils. They were supplied with a small kettle for soup, a small pan for meat and potatoes, a tin cup for coffee, a spoon and fork. They were supposed to wash these after each meal, but by the greasy appearance of some of them I am afraid this was not always carried out.

Hundreds of them ate and slept in the same room. In passing through the room the odor was none of the best. The room, however, was cleaned and perfectly ventilated each day. When the cleaning began the emigrants were all driven up on the deck. The steerage passengers are divided into three compartments as follows: The male quarters, the female quarters and the married couples or family quarters. The latter's quarters are divided into smaller rooms or compartments.

Early on the morning of the last day on board the people began to rush out on the deck to get the first glimpse of land. It was quite a contrast and a beautiful spectacle to see the white, snow-clad earth again. I had not seen any snow worth mentioning since leaving Ober Alsace, the latter part of October, and the snow peaks of the Alps, which I saw the previous summer.

In traveling on fast steamers westward and away from the sun you have 25 hours each day. In traveling the opposite way, or towards Europe, there are only 23 hours each day. In taking an extended eastern voyage, one would finally gain a whole day and see the sun rise and set a day oftener than if he had remained at home. This may seem strange but nevertheless true.

The day previous to reaching New York the people were given an opportunity to send a wireless message to friends on land if they wished. Messages sent to points not far distant from New York city are dispatched for the small fee of forty cents. One can send a dispatch far inland when a hundred miles from land yet for reasonable rates, charged according to the distance from New York city and the length of the message.

cey" nut. When first seen it resembles some toy or brown rough coated ball. Breaking off this coat you have a good, appetizing fruit, similar in appearance to a prune, the inside also having a seed like a prune.

My friend informed me that many of these dirty, dingy, pig-eyed Chinamen are very treacherous and many rows occur among them. They are reputed to be regular cut-throats. Here murders of the most thrilling character have been committed. Not enough evi ence can be secured to punish them, as there are so many of them and they have so many stories that oftentimes nothing whatever can be done with the case.

It is wonderful to see the immense traffic of the principal streets, both regular trolleys and foot traffic. Also the hundreds of teams of all descriptions. At the corners of the streets policemen are stationed who alternately stop the foot traffic and then the wheel or team traffic. All are obliged to go by their commands.

On some of the trolley lines a new plan has been adopted in regard to paying the fares. It is called the "pay as you enter" system. The conductor stands in a separate compartment on the rear platform and you pay your fare as you enter. This does away with the old method of the conductor pushing and crowding through the much crowded cars to collect the fares.

Enough of New York—The home ones are sought. Reaching Philadelphia, I felt as if I was already almost at home. How familiar everything looked! Yonder stood William Penn with eminence above the city. Occasionally well known streets were observed as the train slowly moved through the city. Advadcing still a little further and I could here and there notice a very familiar building of note standing out eminently from the rest.

How slow the train seemed to move as I neared my native county (Lancaster). With a bound I could have almost run ahead of the train. Finally Lancaster! Lancas-

ter! rang in my ears. It was the brakeman, calling the station. How near to home—one more imaginary step, and we found "Home! home! sweet, sweet home!" There's no place like home.

CHAPTER XIX.

CLOSING REMARKS.

Since having composed and written the different chapters of this book, I can see instances where changes could or possibly should have been made. Things that have been omitted and that would undoubtedly have been more interesting than some things mentioned, now happen to come to my mind.

Changes as to the location in chapters in different articles may also have been made. Then, too, in some of the chapters some things could have been left out entirely in order to give room for things which in some of the latter chapters have been entirely omitted.

As this is my first attempt in "book making," I hope, my dear readers, you will overlook all these, as well as any other errors you may happen to notice.

I hope it may be the good fortune of some of you to at one time in the future make a visit to the old country.

You may then be able to see and learn for yourself what there is to be seen and experienced, of which my pen has only been able to give a frail idea.

Some of you may have relatives across the water; others may have a desire to see the land from which their forefathers came, and still others may merely have a desire for adventure, and tour the country for sightseeing and enterprising experiences. To all of you, I say, if you have not fully prepared yourself you should stay at home, unless you merely wish to go to one certain place. If perchance you do go, and "keep your eyes open and your wits together," there will be much to see and a vast lot to learn and experience.

To prepare one's self means much to make your trip interesting and beneficial. What good would it do a person to visit a certain place abroad if he does not know anything about the place? For example: Suppose you were to visit a certain city and you would not have first made yourself acquainted with things of interest and attractions to be seen, would you not be apt to return without seeing the most interesting places?

In preparing for a trip abroad one should study up on the country he or she proposes to visit. Study up the things for which the certain country or city is noted. Find out where there is most to be gained for your object in visiting the places. Make yourself familiar with the foreign railroads; in fact plan out the whole of your main route before you ever place foot upon the country you intend to visit. Read other travelers' experiences and profit thereby. One will at all times get to learn and know more about a country if he will "paddle his own canoe." A guide or accompanying a tourist party is sometimes very agreeable, but one will naturally lose his self conduct and rely too much on the guide.

Each country you will find has its own special interesting objects. England, for instance, has its magnificent

palaces, its costly country-seats where reside the rich noblemen, and its primitive, neat, little cottages of the lower class of people; its large forest reserves, in wich game abounds, is also an interesting item of the country.

The Channel Isles (Isle of Jersey and the surrounding Isles) have their intensely beautiful scenery much of which is made artificially so, while Switzerland has its magnificent and beautiful natural scenery, which is hardly equalled anywhere. What excites the admiration and wonder of a traveler in Germany are the many churches, rathauses and private buildings erected centuries ago, in Gothic style, whose carvings display great grandeur and undoubtedly puzzle the sculptors of modern times. What interested me intensely in this latter country were its numerous old castles and the strange stories, and in some instances peculiar legends connected with them.

Holland, too, has its certain attractions. Its many canals, many of which lie higher than the surrounding land, and its numerous and odd-looking, four-paddled windmills cause to make the aspect to be different from any country in the whole world. If you ever travel in Holland you will find some of the inhabitants as different from other nations as the country itself.

The people of Holland are called the Dutch and are known the world over as great smokers. The long stemmed pipe is their favorite. The stems of these pipes sometimes reach to their knees. Regardless of all this, they are an industrious people, and I know of nothing more comfortable than the inside of a Dutchman's house in his own country. The refined people, and mostly all those living in the larger towns, have a noticeable graceful air, which in the ladies especially makes them an attractive people.

To my point of view, Germany in this respect, is exactly the opposite. The people, to an American, seem to have a kind of an awkwardness about themselves, which is

however overlooked again in the manner they show their plain, yet sincere hospitality and friendliness to strangers. The Germans are very ingenious in the manufacture and carving of numerous curious toys for children. These toys are often so cunningly contrived as to even arouse the amusement of older folks. They are particularly skillful in the manufacture of musical instruments, and in the contrivance of cunningly arranged clocks.

Germany also stands to the front in arts. The German poets, of which there are many, are also greatly renowned. Scarcely any other nation is so fond of poetry as the Germans. Notwithstanding all this, the Germans, as a rule, are not an inquisitive, revealing or inventive class of people.

In the line of machinery very few important inventions have originated from this country. "Graf" (Count) Zeppelin, the great airship man and inventor of the dirigible balloon, is, however, an exception. He has set all the world astir by his ingenious invention, and, in spite of all mishaps, is still busily engaged on the problem of aerial navigation. He is already seventy-two years of age. During the war of 1870 he figured in a certain daring adventure, which time and space does not enable me to give an account of. It seems rather strange that such a class of people, who are so ingenious in small matters, hardly ever accomplish to invent larger and more useful things.

Each country, however, has, it seems, its adaptness and skill in making a certain class or line of things. France, for example, excels in things altogether different again. The manufactures of the latter country are numerous, and, as a rule, are very costly. The French seem to have a special fancy in making different kinds of costly jewelry, like necklaces, ear rings, high priced hair combs, finger rings, wristbands, diamonds, fine toilet articles, fine pottery; in fact anything and everything in the ornamental line. These are sent to all parts of the civilized world.

All things that give pleasure and are pleasing to the eye. Some of them may be of some use to the owners, but most of them may be considered unnecessary articles—more for people to squander their money upon.

The French people are very fond of dress, and the dress makers of Paris, I presume, my readers are aware, set the styles for the rest of the world who wish to follow the latest fashions. The milliners and gown makers of that city have more followers than any king that ever lived. The city of Paris is termed by some the queen of fashions.

The French, as a whole, are a very interesting and wonderful people. They are a gay and cheerful set and seem to enjoy themselves better than the people of most other nations. They like to get together and talk about all sorts of things. Their minds are easily excited, and when anything remarkable is going on among them you would think the whole set was almost mad or that they had been drinking too much wine. (From the evidence of my observations the latter too often is a real fact). During the holiday occasions, of which they have a great many, these facts become most notable.

One might think the French, as a whole, to be a frivolous and thoughtless class of people, yet France has produced many great men. Some of these stand at the head in science; others have proved themselves to be great geniuses. They are also very polite and usually treat strangers with extra civility. The men are exceedingly courteous to the ladies, and the ladies in return exert every means in their power to makes themselves agreeable to the men. One can neither judge the country people of different parts of France with the thriftless "smarts" of the refined cities. Among the former one finds sturdy and thrifty people, who are purely honest and devoid of any flattery in all their manners.

The leading religion of France is the Catholic. One can often travel for days where it is the sole religion of

every locality you happen to visit. There are parts of the republic, however, where the Protestants abound in large numbers. Religion, I am sorry to say, in some localities, is very little thought about. In the farming districts of these latter parts, unless you watch the date carefully, you will be at a loss to know when it is Sunday.

So much for the French; we will now give a little attention to the Swiss. They are in many respects entirely the opposite from the French. The Swiss are an amiable, quiet and honest race. You will undoubtedly remember that the country is very mountainous and one would likely think among such wild mountains one would perhaps meet with a wild and fierce dispositioned people. In the rural districts of both the lowlands and mountain regions the people lead a very simple life and live tenfold more content and happy than the gay-looking and exciteable French people. In this respect the Swiss, at all events, excel us Americans.

The city people of this hemmed-in country are busily engaged in the manufacture of one thing or another, of which watches and clocks are among the leading articles. In the manufacture of this latter line of articles they excel any other country. The Swiss makes are world renowned. They have genius enough to manufacture watches which strike the hour, besides they are so ingeniously made, that when one presses the stem he can tell the exact time without looking at the watch. These latter watches are made for the use of the blind. A certain blind friend of mine in this country has availed himself of the opportunity to get one of these watches. Their cost in this country is about the same as one pays for a horse or extra fine cow.

If any of my readers ever go abroad and visit this hilly, yet wonderfully picturesque country, I advise you to travel much on foot. I have been over this country and I went a great deal on foot. There will be so much to see and so many friendly chats to be had with the primitive

Swiss people, which could not be so fully enjoyed in merely traveling by rail.

I will endeavor to draw towards a close, with my additional remarks. Much could, however, yet be said of the different countries covered in my travels. Of Germany, especially, mention could be made. Of its great canal traffic; its railway system; of its peculiar method of some of its taxes, also its strange law concerning its people who rove the country in search of employment. I fear I may already have wearied some with my "too lengthy" articles. I humbly ask your pardon and entreat of you not to criticize too freely, this "better meant-than-written" work.

In conclusion allow me to say that my work on this book is scarcely satisfactory to myself. If I could have had my time in composing this book free from all other work, I know I could have done better. This, however, was not possible. While working at composing and writing I have been constantly called off and delayed to see to my farming. This occupation, I may add, is at present my means of making a livelihood. In my travels I was able to "pick up" many an idea and glean different information which has been a great aid to me in this profession.

It has been necessary to work this job in between as best I could. Besides doing my regular farm work, other business frequently took my required attention; visitors often interrupted me just as I got to writing; many, both business and private letters had to be answered and hundreds of little incidents frequently interposed this work. Consequently you see it would be utterly impossible under these circumstances for me to keep in mind what I had previously intended writing. Thus the work progressed slowly. This book became much larger, considerably more having been added to it than was at first anticipated, therefore these were also several reasons in not getting this work ready for distribution, as had at several times been announced.

One thing I wish to call to my readers' mind is, it is not the writing alone in composing a book that takes up the time. The composing and compiling of the facts herein contained required a much greater amount of time than the writing itself. For instance: On one occasion I was searching nearly two days for the name of a certain king and the year in which the narrative occurred. Such things were discouraging. I could of course have omitted the matter, but when I had once commenced a certain subject I tried, if possible, to give everything, both definitely and accurately. With all this caution and care I may sometimes have made mistakes.

The contents of this latter article may to some of my readers seem somewhat out of place, and in their estimation should have been affixed to the preface or introductory of this work. To others it may seem somewhat absurd to give it room in the book at all, but I feel assured to those of my readers to whom the work is especially dedicated it will prove interesting and hope it may cause a still more intimate feeling between us. Then, too, so many persons in reading a book omit the preface (which is a mistake), and hereby I can bestow upon them a few remarks which they would likely have otherwise passed over.

I sincerely beg your pardon for this from all of you. My schooling was very limited, the grammar course being especially neglected. Some of my readers, however, especially those of the more rural country districts, may think I should have made my reading mord plain in "wording," and that I should have used the most possible plainest language. In writing a book one can not, and if he truly tries, please all his readers. Consequently I composed this work in such language which I presumed would be the most pleasing to the majority of the people to which this work is especially dedicated.

THE END.


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Belgard
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Neu Buckow
Bublitz
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Pyritz
Köpitz
Naugard
Labes
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Tempelburg
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Dramburg



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